REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.
Archive
Collection

This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

ROKEBY

THE LORD OF THE ISLES

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

Sir Walter Scott

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1923

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

POEMS

IV

CONTENTS

ROKEBY

INTRODUCTION 3
CANTO FIRST 11
CANTO SECOND 45
CANTO THIRD 75
CANTO FOURTH 108
CANTO FIFTH 141
CANTO SIXTH 183

THE LORD OF THE ISLES

ADVERTISEMENT 225
INTRODUCTION 227
CANTO FIRST 231
CANTO SECOND 259
CANTO THIRD 287
CANTO FOURTH 318
CANTO FIFTH 350
CANTO SIXTH 384

NOTES 425

GLOSSARY 609

ROKEBY

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS

TO

JOHN B. S. MORRITT, ESQ.

THIS POEM,

THE SCENE OF WHICH IS LAID IN HIS BEAUTIFUL

DEMESNE OF

ROKEBY,

IS INSCRIBED, IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP,

BY

WALTER SCOTT

INTRODUCTION

BETWEEN the publication of *The Lady of the Lake*, which was so eminently successful, and that of *Rokeby*, in 1813, three years had intervened. I shall not, I believe, be accused of ever having attempted to usurp a superiority over many men of genius, my contemporaries; but, in point of popularity, not of actual talent, the caprice of the public had certainly given me such a temporary superiority over men, of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to loose the shoe-latch. On the other hand, it would be absurd affectation in me to deny, that I conceived myself to understand, more perfectly than many of my contemporaries, the manner most likely to interest the great mass of mankind. Yet, even with this belief, I must truly and fairly say that I always considered myself rather as one who held the bets in time to be paid over to the winner, than as having any pretence to keep them in my own right.

In the mean time years crept on, and not without their usual depredations on the passing generation. My sons had arrived at the age when the paternal home was no longer their best abode, as both were destined to active life. The field-sports, to which I was peculiarly attached, had now less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years attended to farming, a knowledge of which is, or at least was then, indispensable to the comfort of a family residing in a solitary country-house; but although this was the favourite amusement of many of my friends, I have never been able to consider it as a source of pleasure. I never could think it a matter of passing importance, that my cattle or crops were better or more plentiful than those of my neighbours; and nevertheless I began to feel the necessity

of some more quiet outdoor occupation, different from those I had hitherto pursued. I purchased a small farm of about one hundred acres, with the purpose of planting and improving it, to which property circumstances afterwards enabled me to make considerable additions; and thus an era took place in my life, almost equal to the important one mentioned by the Vicar of Wakefield, when he removed from the Blue-Room to the Brown. In point of neighbourhood, at least, the change of residence made little *more* difference. Abbotsford, to which we removed, was only six or seven miles down the Tweed, and lay on the same beautiful stream. It did not possess the romantic character of Ashestiel, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadow-land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape-gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own, like Uncle Toby's Bowling-Green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the gratification was long postponed, an early wish of mine to connect myself with my mother earth, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of Nature. I can trace, even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodsley's account of Shenstone's Leasowes, and I envied the poet much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds, than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to boot. My memory, also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old almanac of Charles the Second's time (when everything down to almanacs affected to be smart), in which the reader, in the month of June, is advised for health's sake to walk a mile or two every day before breakfast, and, if he can possibly so manage, to let his exercise be taken upon his own land.

With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfillment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent — the

smallest of possible cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader; I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, 'Time and I against any two.'

The difficult and indispensable point of finding a permanent subject of occupation was now at length attained; but there was annexed to it the necessity of becoming again a candidate for public favour; for as I was turned improver on the earth of the every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated.

I meditated, at first, a poem on the subject of Bruce, in which I made some progress, but afterwards judged it advisable to lay it aside, supposing that an English story might have more novelty; in consequence, the precedence was given to *Rokeby*.

If subject and scenery could have influenced the fate of a poem, that of *Rokeby* should have been eminently distinguished; for the grounds belonged to a dear friend, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy for many years, and the place itself united the romantic beauties of the wilds of Scotland with the rich and smiling aspect of the southern portion of the island. But the Cavaliers and Roundheads, whom I attempted to summon up to tenant this beautiful region, had for the public neither the novelty nor the peculiar interest of the primitive Highlanders. This, perhaps, was scarcely to be expected, considering that the general mind sympathises readily and at once with the stamp which Nature herself has affixed upon the manners of a people living in a simple and patriarchal state; whereas it has more difficulty in understanding or interesting itself in manners founded upon those peculiar habits of thinking or acting which are produced by the progress of society. We could read

with pleasure the tale of the adventures of a Cossack or a Mongol Tartar, while we only wonder and stare over those of the lovers in the *Pleasing Chinese History*, where the embarrassments turn upon difficulties arising out of unintelligible delicacies peculiar to the customs and manners of that affected people.

The cause of my failure had, however, a far deeper root. The manner, or style, which, by its novelty, attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been three times before them, exhausted the patience of the reader, and began in the fourth to lose its charms. The reviewers may be said to have apostrophised the author in the language of Parnell's *Edwin:*

> And here reverse the charm, he cries,
> And let it fairly now suffice,
> The gambol has been shown.

The licentious combination of rhymes, in a manner perhaps not very congenial to our language, had not been confined to the author. Indeed, in most similar cases, the inventors of such novelties have their reputation destroyed by their own imitators, as Actæon fell under the fury of his own dogs. The present author, like Bobadil, had taught his trick of fence to a hundred gentlemen (and ladies), who could fence very nearly or quite as well as himself. For this there was no remedy; the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt if he had not found out another road to public favour. What has been said of the metre only, must be considered to apply equally to the structure of the Poem and of the style. The very best passages of any popular style are not, perhaps, susceptible of imitation, but they may be approached by men of talent; and those who are less able to copy them, at least lay hold of their peculiar features, so as to produce a strong burlesque. In either way, the effect of the manner is rendered cheap and common; and, in the latter case, ridiculous to boot. The evil consequences to an author's reputation are at least as fatal as those which come upon the musical composer when his melody falls into the hands of the street ballad-singer.

Of the unfavourable species of imitation, the author's style gave room to a very large number, owing to an appearance of facility to which some of those who used the measure unquestionably leaned too far. The effect of the more favourable imitations, composed by persons of talent, was almost equally unfortunate to the original minstrel, by showing that they could overshoot him with his own bow. In short, the popularity which once attended the *School*, as it was called, was now fast decaying.

Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when *Rokeby* appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage,— a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that art of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had hitherto preceded better men than himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little velitation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the *Hours of Idleness*, nor the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed, and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, Nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist;

and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to those subjects of excitation by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition: —

How happily the days of Thalaba went by!

Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief diversion. Neither was I disposed to choose the alternative of sinking into a mere editor and commentator, though that was a species of labour which I had practised, and to which I was attached. But I could not endure to think that I might not, whether known or concealed, do something of more importance. My inmost thoughts were those of the Trojan Captain in the galley race: —

> Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo,
> Quanquam O! — sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti;
> Extremos pudeat rediisse: hoc vincite, cives,
> Et prohibete nefas.[1]
>
> *Æn.* lib. v, 194.

I had, indeed, some private reasons for my 'Quanquam O!' which were not worse than those of Mnestheus. I have already hinted that the materials were collected for a poem on the subject of Bruce, and fragments of it had been shown to some of my friends, and received with applause. Notwithstanding, therefore, the eminent success of Byron, and the great chance of his

[1] I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Though yet — but ah! that haughty wish is vain!
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be last, the lags of all the race! —
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.

DRYDEN

taking the wind out of my sails, there was, I judged, a species of cowardice in desisting from the task which I had undertaken, and it was time enough to retreat when the battle should be more decidedly lost. The sale of *Rokeby*, excepting as compared with that of *The Lady of the Lake*, was in the highest degree respectable; and as it included fifteen hundred quartos, in those quarto-reading days, the trade had no reason to be dissatisfied.

ABBOTSFORD, April, 1830.

ROKEBY

ADVERTISEMENT

The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that Vicinity.

The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five Days, Three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and the beginning of the Sixth Canto.

The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the Fictitious Narrative now presented to the Public.

CANTO FIRST

I

THE moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud;
On Barnard's towers and Tees's stream,[1]
She changes as a guilty dream,

[1] See Note 1.

When Conscience with remorse and fear
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seems now the blush of shame,
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame,
Shifting that shade to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the Woodland Tees,
Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,
Hears upon turret-roof and wall
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall,
Lists to the breeze's boding sound,
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

II

Those towers, which in the changeful gleam
Throw murky shadows on the stream,
Those towers of Barnard hold a guest,
The emotions of whose troubled breast,
In wild and strange confusion driven,
Rival the flitting rack of heaven.
Ere sleep stern OSWALD'S senses tied,
Oft had he changed his weary side,
Composed his limbs, and vainly sought

By effort strong to banish thought.
Sleep came at length, but with a train
Of feelings true and fancies vain,
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,
The expected future with the past.
Conscience, anticipating time,
Already rues the enacted crime,
And calls her furies forth to shake
The sounding scourge and hissing snake;
While her poor victim's outward throes
Bear witness to his mental woes,
And show what lesson may be read
Beside a sinner's restless bed.

III

Thus Oswald's labouring feelings trace
Strange changes in his sleeping face,
Rapid and ominous as these
With which the moonbeams tinge the Tees.
There might be seen of shame the blush,
There anger's dark and fiercer flush,
While the perturbèd sleeper's hand
Seemed grasping dagger-knife or brand.
Relaxed that grasp, the heavy sigh,
The tear in the half-opening eye,
The pallid cheek and brow, confessed
That grief was busy in his breast:

Nor paused that mood — a sudden start
Impelled the life-blood from the heart;
Features convulsed and mutterings dread
Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead.
That pang the painful slumber broke,
And Oswald with a start awoke.

IV

He woke, and feared again to close
His eyelids in such dire repose;
He woke, — to watch the lamp, and tell
From hour to hour the castle-bell,
Or listen to the owlet's cry,
Or the sad breeze that whistles by,
Or catch by fits the tuneless rhyme
With which the warder cheats the time,
And envying think how, when the sun
Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,
Couched on his straw and fancy-free,
He sleeps like careless infancy.

V

Far townward sounds a distant tread,
And Oswald, starting from his bed,
Hath caught it, though no human ear,
Unsharpened by revenge and fear,

Could e'er distinguish horse's clank,
Until it reached the castle bank.
Now nigh and plain the sound appears,
The warder's challenge now he hears,[1]
Then clanking chains and levers tell
That o'er the moat the drawbridge fell,
And, in the castle court below,
Voices are heard, and torches glow,
As marshalling the stranger's way
Straight for the room where Oswald lay;
The cry was, 'Tidings from the host,
Of weight — a messenger comes post.'
Stifling the tumult of his breast,
His answer Oswald thus expressed,
'Bring food and wine, and trim the fire;
Admit the stranger and retire.'

VI

The stranger came with heavy stride;
The morion's plumes his visage hide,
And the buff-coat in ample fold
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.[2]
Full slender answer deignèd he
To Oswald's anxious courtesy,
But marked by a disdainful smile
He saw and scorned the petty wile,

[1] See Note 2. [2] See Note 3.

When Oswald changed the torch's place,
Anxious that on the soldier's face
Its partial lustre might be thrown,
To show his looks yet hide his own.
His guest the while laid slow aside
The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide,
And to the torch glanced broad and clear
The corselet of a cuirassier;
Then from his brows the casque he drew
And from the dank plume dashed the dew,
From gloves of mail relieved his hands
And spread them to the kindling brands,
And, turning to the genial board,
Without a health or pledge or word
Of meet and social reverence said,
Deeply he drank and fiercely fed,
As free from ceremony's sway
As famished wolf that tears his prey.

VII

With deep impatience, tinged with fear,
His host beheld him gorge his cheer,
And quaff the full carouse that lent
His brow a fiercer hardiment.
Now Oswald stood a space aside,
Now paced the room with hasty stride,

In feverish agony to learn
Tidings of deep and dread concern,
Cursing each moment that his guest
Protracted o'er his ruffian feast,
Yet, viewing with alarm at last
The end of that uncouth repast,
Almost he seemed their haste to rue
As at his sign his train withdrew,
And left him with the stranger, free
To question of his mystery.
Then did his silence long proclaim
A struggle between fear and shame.

VIII

Much in the stranger's mien appears
To justify suspicious fears.
On his dark face a scorching clime
And toil had done the work of time,
Roughened the brow, the temples bared,
And sable hairs with silver shared,
Yet left — what age alone could tame —
The lip of pride, the eye of flame;
The full-drawn lip that upward curled,
The eye that seemed to scorn the world.
That lip had terror never blanched;
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quenched

The flash severe of swarthy glow
That mocked at pain and knew not woe.
Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornado and earthquake, flood and storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes and scorned them all.[1]

IX

But yet, though BERTRAM'S hardened look
Unmoved could blood and danger brook,
Still worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face;
For evil passions cherished long
Had ploughed them with impressions strong.
All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
Light folly, past with youth away,
But rooted stood in manhood's hour
The weeds of vice without their flower.
And yet the soil in which they grew,
Had it been tamed when life was new,
Had depth and vigour to bring forth
The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.
Not that e'en then his heart had known

[1] See Note 4.

The gentler feelings' kindly tone;
But lavish waste had been refined
To bounty in his chastened mind,
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,
Been lost in love of glory's meed,
And, frantic then no more, his pride
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

X

Even now, by conscience unrestrained,
Clogged by gross vice, by slaughter stained,
Still knew his daring soul to soar,
And mastery o'er the mind he bore;
For meaner guilt or heart less hard
Quailed beneath Bertram's bold regard.
And this felt Oswald, while in vain
He strove by many a winding train
To lure his sullen guest to show
Unasked the news he longed to know,
While on far other subject hung
His heart than faltered from his tongue.
Yet nought for that his guest did deign
To note or spare his secret pain,
But still in stern and stubborn sort
Returned him answer dark and short,
Or started from the theme to range

In loose digression wild and strange,
And forced the embarrassed host to buy
By query close direct reply.

XI

Awhile he glozed upon the cause
Of Commons, Covenant, and Laws,
And Church reformed — but felt rebuke
Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look,
Then stammered — 'Has a field been fought?
Has Bertram news of battle brought?
For sure a soldier, famed so far
In foreign fields for feats of war,
On eve of fight ne'er left the host
Until the field were won and lost.'
'Here, in your towers by circling Tees,
You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease;
Why deem it strange that others come
To share such safe and easy home,
From fields where danger, death, and toil
Are the reward of civil broil?' —
'Nay, mock not, friend! since well we know
The near advances of the foe,
To mar our northern army's work,
Encamped before beleaguered York.
Thy horse with valiant Fairfax lay,
And must have fought — how went the day?'

XII

'Wouldst hear the tale? — On Marston heath[1]
Met front to front the ranks of death;
Flourished the trumpets fierce, and now
Fired was each eye and flushed each brow;
On either side loud clamours ring,
"God and the Cause!" — "God and the King!"
Right English all, they rushed to blows,
With nought to win and all to lose.
I could have laughed — but lacked the time —
To see, in phrenesy sublime,
How the fierce zealots fought and bled
For king or state, as humour led;
Some for a dream of public good,
Some for church-tippet, gown, and hood,
Draining their veins, in death to claim
A patriot's or a martyr's name. —
Led Bertram Risingham the hearts
That countered there on adverse parts,
No superstitious fool had I
Sought El Dorados in the sky!
Chili had heard me through her states,
And Lima oped her silver gates,
Rich Mexico I had marched through,
And sacked the splendours of Peru,

[1] See Note 5.

Till sunk Pizarro's daring name,
And, Cortez, thine, in Bertram's fame.' —
'Still from the purpose wilt thou stray!
Good gentle friend, how went the day?'

XIII

'Good am I deemed at trumpet sound,
And good where goblets dance the round,
Though gentle ne'er was joined till now
With rugged Bertram's breast and brow. —
But I resume. The battle's rage
Was like the strife which currents wage
Where Orinoco in his pride
Rolls to the main no tribute tide,
But 'gainst broad ocean urges far
A rival sea of roaring war;
While, in ten thousand eddies driven,
The billows fling their foam to heaven,
And the pale pilot seeks in vain
Where rolls the river, where the main.
Even thus upon the bloody field
The eddying tides of conflict wheeled
Ambiguous, till that heart of flame,
Hot Rupert, on our squadrons came,
Hurling against our spears a line
Of gallants fiery as their wine;
Then ours, though stubborn in their zeal,

In zeal's despite began to reel.
What wouldst thou more? — in tumult tost,
Our leaders fell, our ranks were lost.
A thousand men who drew the sword
For both the Houses and the Word,
Preached forth from hamlet, grange, and down,
To curb the crosier and the crown,
Now, stark and stiff, lie stretched in gore,
And ne'er shall rail at mitre more. —
Thus fared it when I left the fight
With the good Cause and Commons' right.' —

XIV

'Disastrous news!' dark Wycliffe said;
Assumed despondence bent his head,
While troubled joy was in his eye,
The well-feigned sorrow to belie. —
'Disastrous news! — when needed most,
Told ye not that your chiefs were lost?
Complete the woful tale and say
Who fell upon that fatal day,
What leaders of repute and name
Bought by their death a deathless fame.
If such my direst foeman's doom,
My tears shall dew his honoured tomb. —
No answer? — Friend, of all our host,
Thou know'st whom I should hate the most,

Whom thou too once wert wont to hate,
Yet leavest me doubtful of his fate.' —
With look unmoved — 'Of friend or foe,
Aught,' answered Bertram, 'wouldst thou know,
Demand in simple terms and plain,
A soldier's answer shalt thou gain;
For question dark or riddle high
I have nor judgment nor reply.'

XV

The wrath his art and fear suppressed
Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast,
And brave from man so meanly born
Roused his hereditary scorn.
'Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt?
PHILIP OF MORTHAM, lives he yet?
False to thy patron or thine oath,
Traitorous or perjured, one or both.
Slave! hast thou kept thy promise plight,
To slay thy leader in the fight?'
Then from his seat the soldier sprung,
And Wycliffe's hand he strongly wrung;
His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,
Forced the red blood-drop from the nail —
'A health!' he cried; and ere he quaffed
Flung from him Wycliffe's hand and laughed —
'Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speaks thy heart!

Now play'st thou well thy genuine part!
Worthy, but for thy craven fear,
Like me to roam a buccaneer.
What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,
If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine?
What carest thou for beleaguered York,
If this good hand have done its work?
Or what though Fairfax and his best
Are reddening Marston's swarthy breast,
If Philip Mortham with them lie,
Lending his life-blood to the dye? —
Sit, then! and as 'mid comrades free
Carousing after victory,
When tales are told of blood and fear
That boys and women shrink to hear,
From point to point I frankly tell
The deed of death as it befell.

XVI

'When purposed vengeance I forego,
Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe;
And when an insult I forgive,
Then brand me as a slave and live! —
Philip of Mortham is with those
Whom Bertram Risingham calls foes;
Or whom more sure revenge attends,
If numbered with ungrateful friends.

As was his wont, ere battle glowed,
Along the marshalled ranks he rode,
And wore his visor up the while.
I saw his melancholy smile
When, full opposed in front, he knew
Where ROKEBY'S kindred banner flew.
"And thus," he said, "will friends divide!" —
I heard, and thought how side by side
We two had turned the battle's tide
In many a well-debated field
Where Bertram's breast was Philip's shield.
I thought on Darien's deserts pale
Where death bestrides the evening gale;
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,
And fenceless faced the deadly dew;
I thought on Quariana's cliff
Where, rescued from our foundering skiff,
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore
Exhausted Mortham to the shore;
And, when his side an arrow found,
I sucked the Indian's venomed wound.
These thoughts like torrents rushed along,
To sweep away my purpose strong.

XVII

'Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.

When Mortham bade me, as of yore,
Be near him in the battle's roar,
I scarcely saw the spears laid low,
I scarcely heard the trumpets blow;
Lost was the war in inward strife,
Debating Mortham's death or life.
'T was then I thought how, lured to come
As partner of his wealth and home,
Years of piratic wandering o'er,
With him I sought our native shore.
But Mortham's lord grew far estranged
From the bold heart with whom he ranged;
Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,
Saddened and dimmed descending years;
The wily priests their victim sought,
And damned each free-born deed and thought.
Then must I seek another home,
My license shook his sober dome;
If gold he gave, in one wild day
I revelled thrice the sum away.
An idle outcast then I strayed,
Unfit for tillage or for trade.
Deemed, like the steel of rusted lance,
Useless and dangerous at once.
The women feared my hardy look,
At my approach the peaceful shook;
The merchant saw my glance of flame,

And locked his hoards when Bertram came;
Each child of coward peace kept far
From the neglected son of war.

XVIII

'But civil discord gave the call,
And made my trade the trade of all.
By Mortham urged, I came again
His vassals to the fight to train.
What guerdon waited on my care?
I could not cant of creed or prayer;
Sour fanatics each trust obtained,
And I, dishonoured and disdained,
Gained but the high and happy lot
In these poor arms to front the shot! —
All this thou know'st, thy gestures tell;
Yet hear it o'er and mark it well.
'T is honour bids me now relate
Each circumstance of Mortham's fate.

XIX

'Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part,
Glance quick as lightning through the heart.
As my spur pressed my courser's side,
Philip of Mortham's cause was tried,
And ere the charging squadrons mixed
His plea was cast, his doom was fixed.

I watched him through the doubtful fray,
That changed as March's moody day,
Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,
Fierce Rupert thundered on our flank.
'T was then, 'midst tumult, smoke, and strife,
Where each man fought for death or life,
'T was then I fired my petronel,
And Mortham, steed and rider, fell.
One dying look he upward cast,
Of wrath and anguish — 't was his last.
Think not that there I stopped, to view
What of the battle should ensue;
But ere I cleared that bloody press,
Our northern horse ran masterless;
Monckton and Mitton told the news[1]
How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse,
And many a bonny Scot aghast,
Spurring his palfrey northward, past,
Cursing the day when zeal or meed
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.
Yet when I reached the banks of Swale,
Had rumour learned another tale;
With his barbed horse, fresh tidings say,
Stout Cromwell has redeemed the day:[2]
But whether false the news or true,
Oswald, I reck as light as you.'

[1] See Note 6. [2] See Note 7.

XX

Not then by Wycliffe might be shown
How his pride startled at the tone
In which his complice, fierce and free,
Asserted guilt's equality.
In smoothest terms his speech he wove
Of endless friendship, faith, and love;
Promised and vowed in courteous sort,
But Bertram broke professions short.
'Wycliffe, be sure not here I stay,
No, scarcely till the rising day;
Warned by the legends of my youth,
I trust not an associate's truth.
Do not my native dales prolong
Of Percy Rede, the tragic song,[1]
Trained forward to his bloody fall,
By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall?
Oft by the Pringle's haunted side
The shepherd sees his spectre glide.
And near the spot that gave me name,
The moated mound of Risingham,
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone;[2]

[1] See Note 8. [2] See Note 9.

Unmatched in strength, a giant he,
With quivered back and kirtled knee.
Ask how he died, that hunter bold,
The tameless monarch of the wold,
And age and infancy can tell
By brother's treachery he fell.
Thus warned by legends of my youth,
I trust to no associate's truth.

XXI

'When last we reasoned of this deed,
Nought, I bethink me, was agreed,
Or by what rule, or when, or where,
The wealth of Mortham we should share;
Then list while I the portion name
Our differing laws give each to claim.
Thou, vassal sworn to England's throne,
Her rules of heritage must own;
They deal thee, as to nearest heir,
Thy kinsman's lands and livings fair,
And these I yield: — do thou revere
The statutes of the buccaneer.[1]
Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn
To all that on her waves are borne,
When falls a mate in battle broil
His comrade heirs his portioned spoil;

[1] See Note 10.

When dies in fight a daring foe
He claims his wealth who struck the blow;
And either rule to me assigns
Those spoils of Indian seas and mines
Hoarded in Mortham's caverns dark;
Ingot of gold and diamond spark,
Chalice and plate from churches borne,
And gems from shrieking beauty torn,
Each string of pearl, each silver bar,
And all the wealth of western war.
I go to search where, dark and deep,
Those trans-Atlantic treasures sleep.
Thou must along — for, lacking thee,
The heir will scarce find entrance free;
And then farewell. I haste to try
Each varied pleasure wealth can buy;
When cloyed each wish, these wars afford
Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword.'

XXII

An undecided answer hung
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.
Despite his craft, he heard with awe
This ruffian stabber fix the law;
While his own troubled passions veer
Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear: —

Joyed at the soul that Bertram flies,
He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,
And feared to wend with him alone.
At length, that middle course to steer
To cowardice and craft so dear,
'His charge,' he said, 'would ill allow
His absence from the fortress now;
WILFRID on Bertram should attend,
His son should journey with his friend.'

XXIII

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,
And wreathed to savage smile his frown.
'Wilfrid, or thou — 't is one to me,
Whichever bears the golden key.
Yet think not but I mark, and smile
To mark, thy poor and selfish wile!
If injury from me you fear,
What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee here?
I've sprung from walls more high than these,
I've swam through deeper streams than Tees.
Might I not stab thee ere one yell
Could rouse the distant sentinel?
Start not — it is not my design,
But, if it were, weak fence were thine;

And, trust me that in time of need
This hand hath done more desperate deed.
Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son;
Time calls, and I must needs be gone.'

XXIV

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part
Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart,
A heart too soft from early life
To hold with fortune needful strife.
His sire, while yet a hardier race
Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace,
On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand
For feeble heart and forceless hand;
But a fond mother's care and joy
Were centred in her sickly boy.
No touch of childhood's frolic mood
Showed the elastic spring of blood;
Hour after hour he loved to pore
On Shakespeare's rich and varied lore,
But turned from martial scenes and light,
From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight,
To ponder Jaques' moral strain,
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain,
And weep himself to soft repose
O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

XXV

In youth he sought not pleasures found
By youth in horse and hawk and hound,
But loved the quiet joys that wake
By lonely stream and silent lake;
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
Where all is cliff and copse and sky;
To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.
Such was his wont; and there his dream
Soared on some wild fantastic theme
Of faithful love or ceaseless spring,
Till Contemplation's wearied wing
The enthusiast could no more sustain,
And sad he sunk to earth again.

XXVI

He loved — as many a lay can tell,
Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell;
For his was minstrel's skill, he caught
The art unteachable, untaught;
He loved — his soul did nature frame
For love, and fancy nursed the flame;
Vainly he loved — for seldom swain
Of such soft mould is loved again;
Silent he loved — in every gaze

Was passion, friendship in his phrase;
So mused his life away — till died
His brethren all, their father's pride.
Wilfrid is now the only heir
Of all his stratagems and care,
And destined darkling to pursue
Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

XXVII

Wilfrid must love and woo the bright
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.
To love her was an easy hest,
The secret empress of his breast;
To woo her was a harder task
To one that durst not hope or ask.
Yet all Matilda could she gave
In pity to her gentle slave;
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,
And praise, the poet's best reward!
She read the tales his taste approved,
And sung the lays he framed or loved;
Yet, loth to nurse the fatal flame
Of hopeless love in friendship's name,
In kind caprice she oft withdrew
The favouring glance to friendship due,
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,
And gave the dangerous smiles again.

XXVIII

So did the suit of Wilfrid stand
When war's loud summons waked the land.
Three banners, floating o'er the Tees,
The woe-foreboding peasant sees;
In concert oft they braved of old
The bordering Scot's incursion bold:
Frowning defiance in their pride,
Their vassals now and lords divide.
From his fair hall on Greta banks,
The Knight of Rokeby led his ranks,
To aid the valiant northern earls
Who drew the sword for royal Charles.
Mortham, by marriage near allied, —
His sister had been Rokeby's bride,
Though long before the civil fray
In peaceful grave the lady lay, —
Philip of Mortham raised his band,
And marched at Fairfax's command;
While Wycliffe, bound by many a train
Of kindred art with wily Vane,
Less prompt to brave the bloody field,
Made Barnard's battlements his shield,
Secured them with his Lunedale powers,
And for the Commons held the towers.

XXIX

The lovely heir of Rokeby's Knight
Waits in his halls the event of fight;
For England's war revered the claim
Of every unprotected name,
And spared amid its fiercest rage
Childhood and womanhood and age.
But Wilfrid, son to Rokeby's foe,
Must the dear privilege forego,
By Greta's side in evening grey,
To steal upon Matilda's way,
Striving with fond hypocrisy
For careless step and vacant eye;
Calming each anxious look and glance,
To give the meeting all to chance,
Or framing as a fair excuse
The book, the pencil, or the muse;
Something to give, to sing, to say,
Some modern tale, some ancient lay.
Then, while the longed-for minutes last, —
Ah! minutes quickly over-past! —
Recording each expression free
Of kind or careless courtesy,
Each friendly look, each softer tone,
As food for fancy when alone.
All this is o'er — but still unseen

Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood green,
To watch Matilda's wonted round,
While springs his heart at every sound.
She comes! — 't is but a passing sight,
Yet serves to cheat his weary night;
She comes not — he will wait the hour
When her lamp lightens in the tower;
'T is something yet if, as she past,
Her shade is o'er the lattice cast.
'What is my life, my hope?' he said;
'Alas! a transitory shade.'

XXX

Thus wore his life, though reason strove
For mastery in vain with love,
Forcing upon his thoughts the sum
Of present woe and ills to come,
While still he turned impatient ear
From Truth's intrusive voice severe.
Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,
In all but this unmoved he viewed
Each outward change of ill and good:
But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild,
Was Fancy's spoiled and wayward child;
In her bright car she bade him ride,
With one fair form to grace his side,
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,

Flung her high spells around his seat,
Bathed in her dews his languid head,
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread,
For him her opiates gave to flow,
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,
And placed him in her circle, free
From every stern reality,
Till to the Visionary seem
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

XXXI

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
Pity and woe! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind;
And woe to those who train such youth,
And spare to press the rights of truth,
The mind to strengthen and anneal
While on the stithy glows the steel!
O teach him while your lessons last
To judge the present by the past;
Remind him of each wish pursued,
How rich it glowed with promised good;
Remind him of each wish enjoyed,
How soon his hopes possession cloyed!
Tell him we play unequal game
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim;

And, ere he strip him for her race,
Show the conditions of the chase:
Two sisters by the goal are set,
Cold Disappointment and Regret;
One disenchants the winner's eyes,
And strips of all its worth the prize.
While one augments its gaudy show,
More to enhance the loser's woe.
The victor sees his fairy gold
Transformed when won to drossy mould,
But still the vanquished mourns his loss,
And rues as gold that glittering dross.

XXXII

More wouldst thou know — yon tower survey,
Yon couch unpressed since parting day,
Yon untrimmed lamp, whose yellow gleam
Is mingling with the cold moonbeam,
And yon thin form! — the hectic red
On his pale cheek unequal spread;
The head reclined, the loosened hair,
The limbs relaxed, the mournful air. —
See, he looks up; — a woful smile
Lightens his woe-worn cheek a while, —
'T is Fancy wakes some idle thought,
To gild the ruin she has wrought;
For, like the bat of Indian brakes,

Her pinions fan the wound she makes,
And, soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
She drinks his life-blood from the vein.
Now to the lattice turn his eyes,
Vain hope! to see the sun arise.
The moon with clouds is still o'ercast,
Still howls by fits the stormy blast;
Another hour must wear away
Ere the east kindle into day,
And hark! to waste that weary hour,
He tries the minstrel's magic power.

XXXIII

SONG

TO THE MOON

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,
  Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!
Hail, though the mists that o'er thee stream
  Lend to thy brow their sullen dye!
How should thy pure and peaceful eye
  Untroubled view our scenes below,
Or how a tearless beam supply
  To light a world of war and woe!

Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now,
  As once by Greta's fairy side;

Each little cloud that dimmed thy brow
  Did then an angel's beauty hide.
And of the shades I then could chide,
  Still are the thoughts to memory dear,
For, while a softer strain I tried,
  They hid my blush and calmed my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene
  Was formed to light some lonely dell,
By two fond lovers only seen,
  Reflected from the crystal well;
Or sleeping on their mossy cell,
  Or quivering on the lattice bright,
Or glancing on their couch, to tell
  How swiftly wanes the summer night

XXXIV

He starts — a step at this lone hour!
A voice! — his father seeks the tower,
With haggard look and troubled sense,
Fresh from his dreadful conference.
'Wilfrid! — what, not to sleep addressed?
Thou hast no cares to chase thy rest.
Mortham has fallen on Marston Moor;
Bertram brings warrant to secure
His treasures, bought by spoil and blood,
For the state's use and public good.

The menials will thy voice obey;
Let his commission have its way,
In every point, in every word.'
Then, in a whisper, — 'Take thy sword!
Bertram is — what I must not tell.
I hear his hasty step — farewell!'

CANTO SECOND

I

FAR in the chambers of the west,
The gale had sighed itself to rest;
The moon was cloudless now and clear,
But pale and soon to disappear.
The thin grey clouds waxed dimly light
On Brusleton and Houghton height;
And the rich dale that eastward lay
Waited the wakening touch of day,
To give its woods and cultured plain,
And towers and spires, to light again.
But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,
And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell,
And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar;
While as a livelier twilight falls,
Emerge proud Barnard's bannered walls.
High crowned he sits in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

II

What prospects from his watch-tower high
Gleam gradual on the warder's eye! —

Far sweeping to the east, he sees
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,[1]
And tracks his wanderings by the steam
Of summer vapours from the stream;
And ere he pace his destined hour
By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,
These silver mists shall melt away
And dew the woods with glittering spray.
Then in broad lustre shall be shown
That mighty trench of living stone,
And each huge trunk that from the side
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
Condemned to mine a channelled way
O'er solid sheets of marble grey.

III

Nor Tees alone in dawning bright
Shall rush upon the ravished sight;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own dark cell shall gleam:
Staindrop, who from her sylvan bowers
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;

[1] See Note 11.

The rural brook of Eglistone,
And Balder, named from Odin's son;
And Greta, to whose banks ere long
We lead the lovers of the song;
And silver Lune from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.
Who in that dim-wood glen hath strayed,
Yet longed for Roslin's magic glade?
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change
Even for that vale so stern and strange
Where Cartland's crags, fantastic rent,
Through her green copse like spires are sent?
Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine!
Thou bid'st him who by Roslin strays
List to the deeds of other days;
'Mid Cartland's crags thou show'st the cave,
The refuge of thy champion brave;
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To lend each scene the interest high
Which genius beams from Beauty's eye.

IV

Bertram awaited not the sight
Which sunrise shows from Barnard's height,
But from the towers, preventing day,
With Wilfrid took his early way,
While misty dawn and moonbeam pale
Still mingled in the silent dale.
By Barnard's bridge of stately stone
The southern bank of Tees they won;
Their winding path then eastward cast,
And Eglistone's grey ruins past;[1]
Each on his own deep visions bent,
Silent and sad they onward went.
Well may you think that Bertram's mood
To Wilfrid savage seemed and rude;
Well may you think bold Risingham
Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame;
And small the intercourse, I ween,
Such uncongenial souls between.

V

Stern Bertram shunned the nearer way
Through Rokeby's park and chase that lay,
And, skirting high the valley's ridge,
They crossed by Greta's ancient bridge,

[1] See Note 12.

Descending where her waters wind
Free for a space and unconfined
As, 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood glen,
She seeks wild Mortham's deeper den.
There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound
Raised by that Legion long renowned[1]
Whose votive shrine asserts their claim
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame,
'Stern sons of war!' sad Wilfrid sighed,
'Behold the boast of Roman pride!
What now of all your toils are known?
A grassy trench, a broken stone!' —
This to himself; for moral strain
To Bertram were addressed in vain.

VI

Of different mood a deeper sigh
Awoke when Rokeby's turrets high[2]
Were northward in the dawning seen
To rear them o'er the thicket green.
O then, though Spenser's self had strayed
Beside him through the lovely glade,
Lending his rich luxuriant glow
Of fancy all its charms to show,
Pointing the stream rejoicing free
As captive set at liberty,

[1] See Note 13.

[2] See Note 14.

Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,
And clamouring joyful on her road;
Pointing where, up the sunny banks,
The trees retire in scattered ranks,
Save where, advanced before the rest,
On knoll or hillock rears his crest,
Lonely and huge, the giant Oak,
As champions when their band is broke
Stand forth to guard the rearward post,
The bulwark of the scattered host —
All this and more might Spenser say,
Yet waste in vain his magic lay,
While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower
Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

VII

The open vale is soon passed o'er,
Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more;
Sinking 'mid Greta's thickets deep,
A wild and darker course they keep,
A stern and lone yet lovely road[1]
As e'er the foot of minstrel trode!
Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,
Deeper and narrower grew the dell;
It seemed some mountain, rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,

[1] See Note 15.

So high the cliffs of limestone grey
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
Yielding along their rugged base
A flinty footpath's niggard space,
Where he who winds 'twixt rock and wave
May hear the headlong torrent rave,
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
May view her chafe her waves to spray
O'er every rock that bars her way,
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

VIII

The cliffs that rear their haughty head
High o'er the river's darksome bed
Were now all naked, wild, and grey,
Now waving all with greenwood spray;
Here trees to every crevice clung
And o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splintered and uneven,
The shivered rocks ascend to heaven;
Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare

Its tendrils in the middle air.
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of baron bold,
When revelled loud the feudal rout
And the arched halls returned their shout,
Such and more wild is Greta's roar,
And such the echoes from her shore,
And so the ivied banners gleam,
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.

IX

Now from the stream the rocks recede,
But leave between no sunny mead,
No, nor the spot of pebbly sand
Oft found by such a mountain strand,
Forming such warm and dry retreat
As fancy deems the lonely seat
Where hermit, wandering from his cell,
His rosary might love to tell.
But here 'twixt rock and river grew
A dismal grove of sable yew,
With whose sad tints were mingled seen
The blighted fir's sepulchral green.
Seemed that the trees their shadows cast
The earth that nourished them to blast;
For never knew that swarthy grove
The verdant hue that fairies love,

Nor wilding green nor woodland flower
Arose within its baleful bower:
The dank and sable earth receives
Its only carpet from the leaves
That, from the withering branches cast,
Bestrewed the ground with every blast.
Though now the sun was o'er the hill,
In this dark spot 't was twilight still,
Save that on Greta's farther side
Some straggling beams through copsewood glide;
And wild and savage contrast made
That dingle's deep and funeral shade
With the bright tints of early day,
Which, glimmering through the ivy spray,
On the opposing summit lay.

X

The 'lated peasant shunned the dell;
For Superstition wont to tell
Of many a grisly sound and sight,
Scaring its path at dead of night.
When Christmas logs blaze high and wide
Such wonders speed the festal tide,
While Curiosity and Fear,
Pleasure and Pain, sit crouching near,
Till childhood's cheek no longer glows,
And village maidens lose the rose.

The thrilling interest rises higher,
The circle closes nigh and nigher,
And shuddering glance is cast behind,
As louder moans the wintry wind.
Believe that fitting scene was laid
For such wild tales in Mortham glade;
For who had seen on Greta's side
By that dim light fierce Bertram stride,
In such a spot, at such an hour, —
If touched by Superstition's power,
Might well have deemed that Hell had given
A murderer's ghost to upper heaven,
While Wilfrid's form had seemed to glide
Like his pale victim by his side.

XI

Nor think to village swains alone
Are these unearthly terrors known,
For not to rank nor sex confined
Is this vain ague of the mind;
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,
'Gainst faith and love and pity barred,
Have quaked, like aspen leaves in May,
Beneath its universal sway.
Bertram had listed many a tale
Of wonder in his native dale,
That in his secret soul retained

The credence they in childhood gained:
Nor less his wild adventurous youth
Believed in every legend's truth;
Learned when beneath the tropic gale
Full swelled the vessel's steady sail,
And the broad Indian moon her light
Poured on the watch of middle night,
When seamen love to hear and tell
Of portent, prodigy, and spell:
What gales are sold on Lapland's shore,[1]
How whistle rash bids tempests roar,[2]
Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,
Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light;[3]
Or of that Phantom Ship whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm
When the dark scud comes driving hard,
And lowered is every top-sail yard,
And canvas wove in earthly looms
No more to brave the storm presumes!
Then 'mid the war of sea and sky,
Top and top-gallant hoisted high,
Full spread and crowded every sail,
The Demon Frigate braves the gale,[4]
And well the doomed spectators know
The harbinger of wreck and woe.

[1] See Note 16.
[2] See Note 17.
[3] See Note 18.
[4] See Note 19.

XII

Then, too, were told in stifled tone
Marvels and omens all their own;
How, by some desert isle or key,[1]
Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty,
Or where the savage pirate's mood
Repaid it home in deeds of blood,
Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear
Appalled the listening buccaneer,
Whose light-armed shallop anchored lay
In ambush by the lonely bay.
The groan of grief, the shriek of pain,
Ring from the moonlight groves of cane;
The fierce adventurer's heart they scare,
Who wearies memory for a prayer,
Curses the roadstead, and with gale
Of early morning lifts the sail,
To give, in thirst of blood and prey,
A legend for another bay.

XIII

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child,
Trained in the mystic and the wild,
With this on Bertram's soul at times
Rushed a dark feeling of his crimes;

[1] See Note 20.

Such to his troubled soul their form
As the pale Death-ship to the storm,
And such their omen dim and dread
As shrieks and voices of the dead.
That pang, whose transitory force
Hovered 'twixt horror and remorse —
That pang, perchance, his bosom pressed
As Wilfrid sudden he addressed:
'Wilfrid, this glen is never trod
Until the sun rides high abroad,
Yet twice have I beheld to-day
A form that seemed to dog our way;
Twice from my glance it seemed to flee
And shroud itself by cliff or tree.
How think'st thou? — Is our path waylaid?
Or hath thy sire my trust betrayed?
If so' — Ere, starting from his dream
That turned upon a gentler theme,
Wilfrid had roused him to reply,
Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,
'Whate'er thou art, thou now shalt stand!'
And forth he darted, sword in hand.

XIV

As bursts the levin in its wrath,
He shot him down the sounding path;
Rock, wood, and stream rang wildly out

To his loud step and savage shout.
Seems that the object of his race
Hath scaled the cliffs; his frantic chase
Sidelong he turns, and now 't is bent
Right up the rock's tall battlement;
Straining each sinew to ascend,
Foot, hand, and knee their aid must lend.
Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay,
Views from beneath his dreadful way:
Now to the oak's warped roots he clings,
Now trusts his weight to ivy strings;
Now, like the wild-goat, must he dare
An unsupported leap in air;
Hid in the shrubby rain-course now,
You mark him by the crashing bough,
And by his corselet's sullen clank,
And by the stones spurned from the bank,
And by the hawk scared from her nest,
And raven's croaking o'er their guest,
Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay
The tribute of his bold essay.

XV

See, he emerges! — desperate now
All farther course — yon beetling brow,
In craggy nakedness sublime,
What heart or foot shall dare to climb?

It bears no tendril for his clasp,
Presents no angle to his grasp:
Sole stay his foot may rest upon
Is yon earth-bedded jetting stone.
Balanced on such precarious prop,
He strains his grasp to reach the top.
Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,
By heaven, his faithless footstool shakes!
Beneath his tottering bulk it bends,
It sways, it loosens, it descends,
And downward holds its headlong way,
Crashing o'er rock and copsewood spray!
Loud thunders shake the echoing dell!
Fell it alone? — alone it fell.
Just on the very verge of fate,
The hardy Bertram's falling weight
He trusted to his sinewy hands,
And on the top, unharmed, he stands!

XVI

Wilfrid a safer path pursued,
At intervals where, roughly hewed,
Rude steps ascending from the dell
Rendered the cliffs accessible.
By circuit slow he thus attained
The height that Risingham had gained,
And when he issued from the wood

Before the gate of Mortham stood.[1]
'T was a fair scene! the sunbeam lay
On battled tower and portal grey;
And from the grassy slope he sees
The Greta flow to meet the Tees
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,
She caught the morning's eastern red,
And through the softening vale below
Rolled her bright waves in rosy glow,
All blushing to her bridal bed,
Like some shy maid in convent bred,
While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay
Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.

XVII

'T was sweetly sung that roundelay,
That summer morn shone blithe and gay;
But morning beam and wild-bird's call
Awaked not Mortham's silent hall.
No porter by the low-browed gate
Took in the wonted niche his seat;
To the paved court no peasant drew;
Waked to their toil no menial crew;
The maiden's carol was not heard,
As to her morning task she fared:
In the void offices around

[1] See Note 21.

Rung not a hoof nor bayed a hound;
Nor eager steed with shrilling neigh
Accused the lagging groom's delay;
Untrimmed, undressed, neglected now,
Was alleyed walk and orchard bough;
All spoke the master's absent care,
All spoke neglect and disrepair.
South of the gate an arrow flight,
Two mighty elms their limbs unite,
As if a canopy to spread
O'er the lone dwelling of the dead;
For their huge boughs in arches bent
Above a massive monument,
Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise
With many a scutcheon and device:
There, spent with toil and sunk in gloom,
Bertram stood pondering by the tomb.

XVIII

'It vanished like a flitting ghost!
Behind this tomb,' he said, ''t was lost —
This tomb where oft I deemed lies stored
Of Mortham's Indian wealth the hoard.
'T is true, the aged servants said
Here his lamented wife is laid;
But weightier reasons may be guessed
For their lord's strict and stern behest

That none should on his steps intrude
Whene'er he sought this solitude.
An ancient mariner I knew,
What time I sailed with Morgan's crew,
Who oft 'mid our carousals spake
Of Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake;
Adventurous hearts! who bartered, bold,
Their English steel for Spanish gold.
Trust not, would his experience say,
Captain or comrade with your prey,
But seek some charnel, when, at full,
The moon gilds skeleton and skull:
There dig and tomb your precious heap,[1]
And bid the dead your treasure keep;
Sure stewards they, if fitting spell
Their service to the task compel.
Lacks there such charnel? — kill a slave
Or prisoner on the treasure-grave,
And bid his discontented ghost
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.
Such was his tale. Its truth, I ween,
Is in my morning vision seen.'

XIX

Wilfrid, who scorned the legend wild,
In mingled mirth and pity smiled,

[1] See Note 22.

Much marvelling that a breast so bold
In such fond tale belief should hold,
But yet of Bertram sought to know
The apparition's form and show.
The power within the guilty breast,
Oft vanquished, never quite suppressed,
That unsubdued and lurking lies
To take the felon by surprise
And force him, as by magic spell,[1]
In his despite his guilt to tell —
That power in Bertram's breast awoke;
Scarce conscious he was heard, he spoke:
'"T was Mortham's form, from foot to head!
His morion with the plume of red,
His shape, his mien — 't was Mortham, right
As when I slew him in the fight.' —
'Thou slay him? — thou?' — With conscious start
He heard, then manned his haughty heart —
'I slew him? — I! — I had forgot
Thou, stripling, knew'st not of the plot.
But it is spoken — nor will I
Deed done or spoken word deny.
I slew him; I! for thankless pride;
'T was by this hand that Mortham died.'

[1] See Note 23.

XX

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,
Averse to every active part,
But most adverse to martial broil,
From danger shrunk and turned from toil;
Yet the meek lover of the lyre
Nursed one brave spark of noble fire;
Against injustice, fraud, or wrong
His blood beat high, his hand waxed strong.
Not his the nerves that could sustain,
Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain;
But, when that spark blazed forth to flame,
He rose superior to his frame.
And now it came, that generous mood;
And, in full current of his blood,
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.
'Should every fiend to whom thou 'rt sold
Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold. —
Arouse there, ho! take spear and sword!
Attach the murderer of your lord!'

XXI

A moment, fixed as by a spell,
Stood Bertram — it seemed miracle,

That one so feeble, soft, and tame
Set grasp on warlike Risingham.
But when he felt a feeble stroke
The fiend within the ruffian woke!
To wrench the sword from Wilfrid's hand,
To dash him headlong on the sand,
Was but one moment's work, — one more
Had drenched the blade in Wilfred's gore.
But in the instant it arose
To end his life, his love, his woes,
A warlike form that marked the scene
Presents his rapier sheathed between,
Parries the fast-descending blow,
And steps 'twixt Wilfrid and his foe;
Nor then unscabbarded his brand,
But, sternly pointing with his hand,
With monarch's voice forbade the fight,
And motioned Bertram from his sight.
'Go, and repent,' he said, 'while time
Is given thee; add not crime to crime.'

XXII

Mute and uncertain and amazed,
As on a vision Bertram gazed!
'T was Mortham's bearing, bold and high,
His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,

His look and accent of command,
The martial gesture of his hand,
His stately form, spare-built and tall,
His war-bleached locks — 't was Mortham all.
Through Bertram's dizzy brain career
A thousand thoughts, and all of fear;
His wavering faith received not quite
The form he saw as Mortham's sprite,
But more he feared it if it stood
His lord in living flesh and blood.
What spectre can the charnel send,
So dreadful as an injured friend?
Then, too, the habit of command,
Used by the leader of the band
When Risingham for many a day
Had marched and fought beneath his sway,
Tamed him — and with reverted face
Backwards he bore his sullen pace,
Oft stopped, and oft on Mortham stared,
And dark as rated mastiff glared,
But when the tramp of steeds was heard
Plunged in the glen and disappeared;
Nor longer there the warrior stood,
Retiring eastward through the wood,
But first to Wilfrid warning gives,
'Tell thou to none that Mortham lives.'

XXIII

Still rung these words in Wilfrid's ear,
Hinting he knew not what of fear,
When nearer came the coursers' tread,
And, with his father at their head,
Of horsemen armed a gallant power
Reined up their steeds before the tower.
'Whence these pale looks, my son?' he said:
'Where's Bertram? Why that naked blade?'
Wilfrid ambiguously replied —
For Mortham's charge his honour tied —
'Bertram is gone — the villain's word
Avouched him murderer of his lord!
Even now we fought — but when your tread
Announced you nigh, the felon fled.'
In Wycliffe's conscious eye appear
A guilty hope, a guilty fear;
On his pale brow the dew-drop broke,
And his lip quivered as he spoke:

XXIV

'A murderer! — Philip Mortham died
Amid the battle's wildest tide.
Wilfrid, or Bertram raves or you!
Yet, grant such strange confession true,
Pursuit were vain — let him fly far —

Justice must sleep in civil war.'
A gallant youth rode near his side,
Brave Rokeby's page, in battle tried;
That morn an embassy of weight
He brought to Barnard's castle-gate,
And followed now in Wycliffe's train
An answer for his lord to gain.
His steed, whose arched and sable neck
An hundred wreaths of foam bedeck,
Chafed not against the curb more high
Than he at Oswald's cold reply;
He bit his lip, implored his saint —
His the old faith — then burst restraint:

XXV

'Yes! I beheld his bloody fall
By that base traitor's dastard ball,
Just when I thought to measure sword,
Presumptuous hope! with Mortham's lord.
And shall the murderer 'scape who slew
His leader, generous, brave, and true?
Escape, while on the dew you trace
The marks of his gigantic pace?
No! ere the sun that dew shall dry,
False Risingham shall yield or die. —
Ring out the castle larum-bell!
Arouse the peasants with the knell!

Meantime disperse — ride, gallants, ride!
Beset the wood on every side.
But if among you one there be
That honours Mortham's memory,
Let him dismount and follow me!
Else on your crests sit fear and shame,
And foul suspicion dog your name!'

XXVI

Instant to earth young REDMOND sprung;
Instant on earth the harness rung
Of twenty men of Wycliffe's band,
Who waited not their lord's command.
Redmond his spurs from buskins drew,
His mantle from his shoulders threw,
His pistols in his belt he placed,
The greenwood gained, the footsteps traced,
Shouted like huntsman to his hounds.
'To cover, hark!' — and in he bounds.
Scarce heard was Oswald's anxious cry,
'Suspicion! yes — pursue him — fly —
But venture not in useless strife
On ruffian desperate of his life;
Whoever finds him shoot him dead!
Five hundred nobles for his head!'

XXVII

The horsemen galloped to make good
Each path that issued from the wood.
Loud from the thickets rung the shout
Of Redmond and his eager rout;
With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire,
And envying Redmond's martial fire,
And emulous of fame. — But where
Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir?
He, bound by honour, law, and faith,
Avenger of his kinsman's death? —
Leaning against the elmin tree,
With drooping head and slackened knee,
And clenchèd teeth, and close-clasped hands,
In agony of soul he stands!
His downcast eye on earth is bent,
His soul to every sound is lent;
For in each shout that cleaves the air
May ring discovery and despair.

XXVIII

What 'vailed it him that brightly played
The morning sun on Mortham's glade?
All seems in giddy round to ride,
Like objects on a stormy tide
Seen eddying by the moonlight dim,

Imperfectly to sink and swim.
What 'vailed it that the fair domain,
Its battled mansion, hill, and plain,
On which the sun so brightly shone,
Envied so long, was now his own?
The lowest dungeon, in that hour,
Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,[1]
Had been his choice, could such a doom
Have opened Mortham's bloody tomb!
Forced, too, to turn unwilling ear
To each surmise of hope or fear,
Murmured among the rustics round,
Who gathered at the larum sound,
He dare not turn his head away,
Even to look up to heaven to pray,
Or call on hell in bitter mood
For one sharp death-shot from the wood!

XXIX

At length o'er-past that dreadful space,
Back straggling came the scattered chase;
Jaded and weary, horse and man,
Returned the troopers one by one.
Wilfrid the last arrived to say
All trace was lost of Bertram's way,
Though Redmond still up Brignall wood

[1] See Note 24.

The hopeless quest in vain pursued.
O, fatal doom of human race!
What tyrant passions passions chase!
Remorse from Oswald's brow is gone,
Avarice and pride resume their throne;
The pang of instant terror by,
They dictate thus their slave's reply:

XXX

'Ay — let him range like hasty hound!
And if the grim wolf's lair be found,
Small is my care how goes the game
With Redmond or with Risingham. —
Nay, answer not, thou simple boy!
Thy fair Matilda, all so coy
To thee, is of another mood
To that bold youth of Erin's blood.
Thy ditties will she freely praise,
And pay thy pains with courtly phrase;
In a rough path will oft command —
Accept at least — thy friendly hand;
His she avoids, or, urged and prayed,
Unwilling takes his proffered aid,
While conscious passion plainly speaks
In downcast look and blushing cheeks.
Whene'er he sings will she glide nigh,
And all her soul is in her eye;

Yet doubts she still to tender free
The wonted words of courtesy.
These are strong signs! — yet wherefore sigh,
And wipe, effeminate, thine eye?
Thine shall she be, if thou attend
The counsels of thy sire and friend.

XXXI

'Scarce wert thou gone, when peep of light
Brought genuine news of Marston's fight.
Brave Cromwell turned the doubtful tide,
And conquest blessed the rightful side;
Three thousand cavaliers lie dead,
Rupert and that bold Marquis fled;
Nobles and knights, so proud of late,
Must fine for freedom and estate.
Of these committed to my charge
Is Rokeby, prisoner at large;
Redmond his page arrived to say
He reaches Barnard's towers to-day.
Right heavy shall his ransom be[1]
Unless that maid compound with thee!
Go to her now — be bold of cheer
While her soul floats 'twixt hope and fear;
It is the very change of tide,
When best the female heart is tried —

[1] See Note 25.

Pride, prejudice, and modesty,
Are in the current swept to sea,
And the bold swain who plies his oar
May lightly row his bark to shore.'

CANTO THIRD

I

THE hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assigned.
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam:
Even tiger fell and sullen bear
Their likeness and their lineage spare;
Man only mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man,
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

II

The Indian, prowling for his prey,
Who hears the settlers track his way,

And knows in distant forest far
Camp his red brethren of the war —
He, when each double and disguise
To baffle the pursuit he tries,
Low crouching now his head to hide
Where swampy streams through rushes glide,
Now covering with the withered leaves[1]
The footprints that the dew receives —
He, skilled in every sylvan guile,
Knows not, nor tries, such various wile
As Risingham when on the wind
Arose the loud pursuit behind.
In Redesdale his youth had heard
Each art her wily dalesman dared,
When Rooken-edge and Redswair high
To bugle rung and blood-hound's cry,[2]
Announcing Jedwood-axe and spear,
And Lid'sdale riders in the rear;
And well his venturous life had proved
The lessons that his childhood loved.

III

Oft had he shown in climes afar
Each attribute of roving war;
The sharpened ear, the piercing eye,
The quick resolve in danger nigh;

[1] See Note 26. [2] See Note 27.

The speed that in the flight or chase
Outstripped the Charib's rapid race;
The steady brain, the sinewy limb,
To leap, to climb, to dive, to swim;
The iron frame, inured to bear
Each dire inclemency of air,
Nor less confirmed to undergo
Fatigue's faint chill and famine's throe.
These arts he proved, his life to save,
In peril oft by land and wave,
On Arawaca's desert shore,
Or where La Plata's billows roar,
When oft the sons of vengeful Spain
Tracked the marauder's steps in vain.
These arts, in Indian warfare tried,
Must save him now by Greta's side.

IV

'T was then, in hour of utmost need,
He proved his courage, art, and speed.
Now slow he stalked with stealthy pace,
Now started forth in rapid race,
Oft doubling back in mazy train
To blind the trace the dews retain;
Now clomb the rocks projecting high
To baffle the pursuer's eye;
Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound

The echo of his footsteps drowned.
But if the forest verge he nears,
There trample steeds, and glimmer spears;
If deeper down the copse he drew,
He heard the rangers' loud halloo,
Beating each cover while they came,
As if to start the sylvan game.
'T was then — like tiger close beset
At every pass with toil and net,
'Countered where'er he turns his glare
By clashing arms and torches' flare,
Who meditates with furious bound
To burst on hunter, horse and hound —
'T was then that Bertram's soul arose,
Prompting to rush upon his foes:
But as that crouching tiger, cowed
By brandished steel and shouting crowd,
Retreats beneath the jungle's shroud,
Bertram suspends his purpose stern,
And crouches in the brake and fern,
Hiding his face lest foemen spy
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.[1]

V

Then Bertram might the bearing trace
Of the bold youth who led the chase;

[1] See Note 28.

Who paused to list for every sound,
Climbed every height to look around,
Then rushing on with naked sword,
Each dingle's bosky depths explored.
'T was Redmond — by the azure eye;
'T was Redmond — by the locks that fly
Disordered from his glowing cheek;
Mien, face, and form young Redmond speak.
A form more active, light, and strong,
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along;
The modest yet the manly mien
Might grace the court of maiden queen;
A face more fair you well might find,
For Redmond's knew the sun and wind,
Nor boasted, from their tinge when free,
The charm of regularity;
But every feature had the power
To aid the expression of the hour:
Whether gay wit and humour sly
Danced laughing in his light-blue eye,
Or bended brow and glance of fire
And kindling cheek spoke Erin's ire,
Or soft and saddened glances show
Her ready sympathy with woe;
Or in that wayward mood of mind
When various feelings are combined,
When joy and sorrow mingle near,

And hope's bright wings are checked by fear,
And rising doubts keep transport down,
And anger lends a short-lived frown;
In that strange mood which maids approve
Even when they dare not call it love —
With every change his features played,
As aspens show the light and shade.

VI

Well Risingham young Redmond knew,
And much he marvelled that the crew
Roused to revenge bold Mortham dead
Were by that Mortham's foeman led;
For never felt his soul the woe
That wails a generous foeman low,
Far less that sense of justice strong
That wreaks a generous foeman's wrong.
But small his leisure now to pause;
Redmond is first, whate'er the cause:
And twice that Redmond came so near
Where Bertram couched like hunted deer,
The very boughs his steps displace
Rustled against the ruffian's face,
Who desperate twice prepared to start,
And plunge his dagger in his heart!
But Redmond turned a different way,
And the bent boughs resumed their sway,

And Bertram held it wise, unseen,
Deeper to plunge in coppice green.
Thus, circled in his coil, the snake,
When roving hunters beat the brake,
Watches with red and glistening eye,
Prepared, if heedless step draw nigh,
With forkèd tongue and venomed fang
Instant to dart the deadly pang;
But if the intruders turn aside,
Away his coils unfolded glide,
And through the deep savannah wind,
Some undisturbed retreat to find.

VII

But Bertram, as he backward drew,
And heard the loud pursuit renew,
And Redmond's hollo on the wind,
Oft muttered in his savage mind —
'Redmond O'Neale! were thou and I
Alone this day's event to try,
With not a second here to see
But the grey cliff and oaken tree,
That voice of thine that shouts so loud
Should ne'er repeat its summons proud!
No! nor e'er try its melting power
Again in maiden's summer bower.'
Eluded, now behind him die

Faint and more faint each hostile cry;
He stands in Scargill wood alone,
Nor hears he now a harsher tone
Than the hoarse cushat's plaintive cry,
Or Greta's sound that murmurs by;
And on the dale, so lone and wild,
The summer sun in quiet smiled.

VIII

He listened long with anxious heart,
Ear bent to hear and foot to start,
And, while his stretched attention glows,
Refused his weary frame repose.
'T was silence all — he laid him down,
Where purple heath profusely strown,
And throatwort with its azure bell,[1]
And moss and thyme his cushion swell.
There, spent with toil, he listless eyed
The course of Greta's playful tide;
Beneath her banks now eddying dun,
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,
As, dancing over rock and stone,
In yellow light her currents shone,
Matching in hue the favourite gem
Of Albin's mountain-diadem.
Then, tired to watch the currents play,

1 See Note 29.

He turned his weary eyes away
To where the bank opposing showed
Its huge, square cliffs through shaggy wood.
One, prominent above the rest,
Reared to the sun its pale grey breast;
Around its broken summit grew
The hazel rude and sable yew;
A thousand varied lichens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten side,
And round its rugged basis lay,
By time or thunder rent away,
Fragments that from its frontlet torn
Were mantled now by verdant thorn.
Such was the scene's wild majesty
That filled stern Bertram's gazing eye.

IX

In sullen mood he lay reclined,
Revolving in his stormy mind
The felon deed, the fruitless guilt,
His patron's blood by treason spilt;
A crime, it seemed, so dire and dread
That it had power to wake the dead.
Then, pondering on his life betrayed
By Oswald's art to Redmond's blade,
In treacherous purpose to withhold,
So seemed it, Mortham's promised gold,

A deep and full revenge he vowed
On Redmond, forward, fierce, and proud;
Revenge on Wilfrid — on his sire
Redoubled vengeance, swift and dire! —
If, in such mood — as legends say,
And well believed that simple day —
The Enemy of Man has power
To profit by the evil hour,
Here stood a wretch prepared to change
His soul's redemption for revenge![1]
But though his vows with such a fire
Of earnest and intense desire
For vengeance dark and fell were made
As well might reach hell's lowest shade,
No deeper clouds the grove embrowned,
No nether thunders shook the ground;
The demon knew his vassal's heart,
And spared temptation's needless art.

X

Oft, mingled with the direful theme,
Came Mortham's form — was it a dream?
Or had he seen in vision true
That very Mortham whom he slew?
Or had in living flesh appeared
The only man on earth he feared? —

1 See Note 30.

To try the mystic cause intent,
His eyes that on the cliff were bent
'Countered at once a dazzling glance,
Like sunbeam flashed from sword or lance.
At once he started as for fight,
But not a foeman was in sight;
He heard the cushat's murmur hoarse,
He heard the river's sounding course;
The solitary woodlands lay,
As slumbering in the summer ray.
He gazed, like lion roused, around,
Then sunk again upon the ground.
'T was but, he thought, some fitful beam,
Glanced sudden from the sparkling stream;
Then plunged him in his gloomy train
Of ill-connected thoughts again,
Until a voice behind him cried,
'Bertram! well met on Greta-side.'

XI

Instant his sword was in his hand,
As instant sunk the ready brand;
Yet, dubious still, opposed he stood
To him that issued from the wood:
'Guy Denzil! — is it thou?' he said;
'Do we two meet in Scargill shade! —
Stand back a space! — thy purpose show,

Whether thou comest as friend or foe.
Report hath said, that Denzil's name
From Rokeby's band was razed with shame' —
'A shame I owe that hot O'Neale,
Who told his knight in peevish zeal
Of my marauding on the clowns[1]
Of Calverley and Bradford downs.
I reck not. In a war to strive,
Where save the leaders none can thrive,
Suits ill my mood; and better game
Awaits us both, if thou'rt the same
Unscrupulous, bold Risingham
Who watched with me in midnight dark
To snatch a deer from Rokeby Park.
How think'st thou?' — 'Speak thy purpose out;
I love not mystery or doubt.' —

XII

'Then list. — Not far there lurk a crew
Of trusty comrades staunch and true,
Gleaned from both factions — Roundheads, freed
From cant of sermon and of creed,
And Cavaliers, whose souls like mine
Spurn at the bonds of discipline.
Wiser, we judge, by dale and wold
A warfare of our own to hold

[1] See Note 31.

Than breathe our last on battle-down
For cloak or surplice, mace or crown.
Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,
A chief and leader lack we yet.
Thou art a wanderer, it is said,
For Mortham's death thy steps waylaid,
Thy head at price — so say our spies,
Who ranged the valley in disguise.
Join then with us: though wild debate
And wrangling rend our infant state,
Each, to an equal loth to bow,
Will yield to chief renowned as thou.' —

XIII

'Even now,' thought Bertram, passion-stirred,
'I called on hell, and hell has heard!
What lack I, vengeance to command,
But of staunch comrades such a band?
This Denzil, vowed to every evil,
Might read a lesson to the devil.
Well, be it so! each knave and fool
Shall serve as my revenge's tool.' —
Aloud, 'I take thy proffer, Guy,
But tell me where thy comrades lie.'
'Not far from hence,' Guy Denzil said;
'Descend and cross the river's bed
Where rises yonder cliff so grey.'

'Do thou,' said Bertram, 'lead the way.'
Then muttered, 'It is best make sure;
Guy Denzil's faith was never pure.'
He followed down the steep descent,
Then through the Greta's streams they went;
And when they reached the farther shore
They stood the lonely cliff before.

XIV

With wonder Bertram heard within
The flinty rock a murmured din;
But when Guy pulled the wilding spray
And brambles from its base away,
He saw appearing to the air
A little entrance low and square,
Like opening cell of hermit lone,
Dark winding through the living stone.
Here entered Denzil, Bertram here;
And loud and louder on their ear,
As from the bowels of the earth,
Resounded shouts of boisterous mirth.
Of old the cavern strait and rude
In slaty rock the peasant hewed;
And Brignall's woods and Scargill's wave[1]
E'en now o'er many a sister cave,
Where, far within the darksome rift,

[1] See Note 32.

The wedge and lever ply their thrift.
But war had silenced rural trade,
And the deserted mine was made
The banquet-hall and fortress too
Of Denzil and his desperate crew.
There Guilt his anxious revel kept,
There on his sordid pallet slept
Guilt-born Excess, the goblet drained
Still in his slumbering grasp retained;
Regret was there, his eye still cast
With vain repining on the past;
Among the feasters waited near
Sorrow and unrepentant Fear,
And Blasphemy, to frenzy driven,
With his own crimes reproaching Heaven;
While Bertram showed amid the crew
The Master-Fiend that Milton drew.

XV

Hark! the loud revel wakes again
To greet the leader of the train.
Behold the group by the pale lamp
That struggles with the earthy damp.
By what strange features Vice hath known
To single out and mark her own!
Yet some there are whose brows retain
Less deeply stamped her brand and stain.

See yon pale stripling! when a boy,
A mother's pride, a father's joy!
Now, 'gainst the vault's rude walls reclined,
An early image fills his mind:
The cottage once his sire's he sees,
Embowered upon the banks of Tees;
He views sweet Winston's woodland scene,
And shares the dance on Gainford green.
A tear is springing — but the zest
Of some wild tale or brutal jest
Hath to loud laughter stirred the rest.
On him they call, the aptest mate
For jovial song and merry feat:
Fast flies his dream — with dauntless air,
As one victorious o'er despair,
He bids the ruddy cup go round
Till sense and sorrow both are drowned;
And soon in merry wassail he,
The life of all their revelry,
Peals his loud song! — The muse has found
Her blossoms on the wildest ground,
'Mid noxious weeds at random strewed,
Themselves all profitless and rude. —
With desperate merriment he sung,
The cavern to the chorus rung,
Yet mingled with his reckless glee
Remorse's bitter agony.

XVI

SONG

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
  And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
  Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
  Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
  Was singing merrily, —

CHORUS

'O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
  And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
  Than reign our English queen.'

'If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
  To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
  That dwell by dale and down?
And if thou canst that riddle read,
  As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
  As blithe as Queen of May.'

CHORUS

Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

XVII

'I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood.'
'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 't is at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.'

CHORUS

Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

'With burnished brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.'

'I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS

'And O, though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

XVIII

'Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

CHORUS

'Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.'

When Edmund ceased his simple song,
Was silence on the sullen throng.
Till waked some ruder mate their glee
With note of coarser minstrelsy.
But far apart in dark divan,
Denzil and Bertram many a plan
Of import foul and fierce designed,
While still on Bertram's grasping mind
The wealth of murdered Mortham hung;
Though half he feared his daring tongue,
When it should give his wishes birth,
Might raise a spectre from the earth!

XIX

At length his wondrous tale he told;
When scornful smiled his comrade bold,
For, trained in license of a court,
Religion's self was Denzil's sport;
Then judge in what contempt he held
The visionary tales of eld!
His awe for Bertram scarce repressed
The unbeliever's sneering jest;
"'T were hard,' he said, 'for sage or seer
To spell the subject of your fear;
Nor do I boast the art renowned
Vision and omen to expound.
Yet, faith if I must needs afford

To spectre watching treasured hoard,
As ban-dog keeps his master's roof,
Bidding the plunderer stand aloof,
This doubt remains — thy goblin gaunt
Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt;
For why his guard on Mortham hold,
When Rokeby Castle hath the gold
Thy patron won on Indian soil
By stealth, by piracy and spoil?' —

XX

At this he paused — for angry shame
Lowered on the brow of Risingham.
He blushed to think, that he should seem
Asserter of an airy dream,
And gave his wrath another theme.
'Denzil,' he says, 'though lowly laid,
Wrong not the memory of the dead;
For while he lived at Mortham's look
Thy very soul, Guy Denzil, shook!
And when he taxed thy breach of word
To yon fair rose of Allenford,
I saw thee crouch like chastened hound
Whose back the huntsman's lash hath found.
Nor dare to call his foreign wealth
The spoil of piracy or stealth;
He won it bravely with his brand

When Spain waged warfare with our land.[1]
Mark, too — I brook no idle jeer,
Nor couple Bertram's name with fear;
Mine is but half the demon's lot,
For I believe, but tremble not.
Enough of this. Say, why this hoard
Thou deem'st at Rokeby Castle stored;
Or think'st that Mortham would bestow
His treasure with his faction's foe?'

XXI

Soon quenched was Denzil's ill-timed mirth;
Rather he would have seen the earth
Give to ten thousand spectres birth
Than venture to awake to flame
The deadly wrath of Risingham.
Submiss he answered, 'Mortham's mind,
Thou know'st, to joy was ill inclined.
In youth, 't is said, a gallant free,
A lusty reveller was he;
But since returned from over sea,
A sullen and a silent mood
Hath numbed the current of his blood.
Hence he refused each kindly call
To Rokeby's hospitable hall,
And our stout knight, at dawn or morn

[1] See Note 33.

Who loved to hear the bugle-horn,
Nor less, when eve his oaks embrowned,
To see the ruddy cup go round,
Took umbrage that a friend so near
Refused to share his chase and cheer;
Thus did the kindred barons jar
Ere they divided in the war.
Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair
Of Mortham's wealth is destined heir.'

XXII

'Destined to her! to yon slight maid!
The prize my life had wellnigh paid
When 'gainst Laroche by Cayo's wave
I fought my patron's wealth to save! —
Denzil, I knew him long, yet ne'er
Knew him that joyous cavalier
Whom youthful friends and early fame
Called soul of gallantry and game.
A moody man he sought our crew,
Desperate and dark, whom no one knew,
And rose, as men with us must rise,
By scorning life and all its ties.
On each adventure rash he roved,
As danger for itself he loved;
On his sad brow nor mirth nor wine
Could e'er one wrinkled knot untwine;

Ill was the omen if he smiled,
For 't was in peril stern and wild;
But when he laughed each luckless mate
Might hold our fortune desperate.
Foremost he fought in every broil,
Then scornful turned him from the spoil,
Nay, often strove to bar the way
Between his comrades and their prey;
Preaching even then to such as we,
Hot with our dear-bought victory,
Of mercy and humanity.

XXIII

'I loved him well — his fearless part,
His gallant leading, won my heart.
And after each victorious fight,
'T was I that wrangled for his right,
Redeemed his portion of the prey
That greedier mates had torn away,
In field and storm thrice saved his life,
And once amid our comrades' strife.[1]
Yes, I have loved thee! Well hath proved
My toil, my danger, how I loved!
Yet will I mourn no more thy fate,
Ingrate in life, in death ingrate.
Rise if thou canst!' he looked around

[1] See Note 34.

And sternly stamped upon the ground —
'Rise, with thy bearing proud and high,
Even as this morn it met mine eye,
And give me, if thou darest, the lie!'
He paused — then, calm and passion-freed,
Bade Denzil with his tale proceed.

XXIV

'Bertram, to thee I need not tell,
What thou hast cause to wot so well,
How Superstition's nets were twined
Around the Lord of Mortham's mind;
But since he drove thee from his tower,
A maid he found in Greta's bower
Whose speech, like David's harp, had sway
To charm his evil fiend away.
I know not if her features moved
Remembrance of the wife he loved,
But he would gaze upon her eye,
Till the mood softened to a sigh.
He, whom no loving mortal sought
To question of his secret thought,
Now every thought and care confessed
To his fair niece's faithful breast;
Nor was there aught of rich and rare,
In earth, in ocean, or in air,
But it must deck Matilda's hair.

Her love still bound him unto life;
But then awoke the civil strife,
And menials bore by his commands
Three coffers with their iron bands
From Mortham's vault at midnight deep
To her lone bower in Rokeby Keep,
Ponderous with gold and plate of pride,
His gift, if he in battle died.'

XXV

'Then Denzil, as I guess, lays train
These iron-banded chests to gain,
Else wherefore should he hover here
Where many a peril waits him near
For all his fears of war and peace,
For plundered boors, and harts of greese?
Since through the hamlets as he fared
What hearth has Guy's marauding spared,
Or where the chase that hath not rung
With Denzil's bow at midnight strung?'
'I hold my wont — my rangers go,
Even now to track a milk-white doe.[1]
By Rokeby Hall she takes her lair,
In Greta wood she harbours fair,
And when my huntsman marks her way,
What think'st thou, Bertram, of the prey?

[1] See Note 35.

Were Rokeby's daughter in our power,
We rate her ransom at her dower.'

XXVI

''T is well! — there's vengeance in the thought,
Matilda is by Wilfrid sought;
And hot-brained Redmond too, 't is said,
Pays lover's homage to the maid.
Bertram she scorned — if met by chance
She turned from me her shuddering glance,
Like a nice dame that will not brook
On what she hates and loathes to look;
She told to Mortham she could ne'er
Behold me without secret fear,
Foreboding evil: — she may rue
To find her prophecy fall true! —
The war has weeded Rokeby's train,
Few followers in his halls remain;
If thy scheme miss, then, brief and bold,
We are enow to storm the hold,
Bear off the plunder and the dame,
And leave the castle all in flame.'

XXVII

'Still art thou Valour's venturous son!
Yet ponder first the risk to run:
The menials of the castle, true

And stubborn to their charge, though few —
The wall to scale — the moat to cross —
The wicket-grate — the inner fosse' —
'Fool! if we blench for toys like these,
On what fair guerdon can we seize?
Our hardiest venture, to explore
Some wretched peasant's fenceless door,
And the best prize we bear away,
The earnings of his sordid day.'
'A while thy hasty taunt forbear:
In sight of road more sure and fair
Thou wouldst not choose, in blindfold wrath
Or wantonness a desperate path?
List, then; — for vantage or assault,
From gilded vane to dungeon vault,
Each pass of Rokeby House I know:
There is one postern dark and low
That issues at a secret spot,
By most neglected or forgot.
Now, could a spial of our train
On fair pretext admittance gain,
That sally-port might be unbarred;
Then, vain were battlement and ward!'

XXVIII

'Now speak'st thou well: to me the same
If force or art shall urge the game;

Indifferent if like fox I wind,
Or spring like tiger on the hind. —
But, hark! our merry men so gay
Troll forth another roundelay.'

SONG

'A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green, —
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

'This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.'
He turned his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, 'Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore.'[1]

[1] See Note 36.

XXIX

'What youth is this your band among
The best for minstrelsy and song?
In his wild notes seem aptly met
A strain of pleasure and regret.' —
'Edmund of Winston is his name;
The hamlet sounded with the fame
Of early hopes his childhood gave, —
Now centred all in Brignall cave!
I watch him well — his wayward course
Shows oft a tincture of remorse.
Some early love-shaft grazed his heart,
And oft the scar will ache and smart.
Yet is he useful; — of the rest
By fits the darling and the jest,
His harp, his story, and his lay,
Oft aid the idle hours away:
When unemployed, each fiery mate
Is ripe for mutinous debate.
He tuned his strings e'en now — again
He wakes them with a blither strain.'

XXX

SONG

ALLEN-A-DALE

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,

Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth[1] prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross[2] on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home:
'Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall,' quoth bold Allen, 'shows gallanter still;
'T is the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale
And with all its bright spangles!' said Allen-a-Dale.

[1] See Note 37. [2] See Note 38.

The father was steel and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch and they bade him be gone;
But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry:
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

XXXI

'Thou see'st that, whether sad or gay,
Love mingles ever in his lay.
But when his boyish wayward fit
Is o'er, he hath address and wit;
O, 't is a brain of fire, can ape
Each dialect, each various shape!' —
'Nay then, to aid thy project, Guy —
Soft! who comes here?' — 'My trusty spy.
Speak, Hamlin! hast thou lodged our deer?'[1]
'I have — but two fair stags are near.
I watched her as she slowly strayed
From Eglistone up Thorsgill glade,
But Wilfrid Wycliffe sought her side,
And then young Redmond in his pride
Shot down to meet them on their way;
Much, as it seemed, was theirs to say:
There's time to pitch both toil and net
Before their path be homeward set.'

[1] See Note 39.

A hurried and a whispered speech
Did Bertram's will to Denzil teach,
Who, turning to the robber band,
Bade four, the bravest, take the brand.

CANTO FOURTH

I

WHEN Denmark's raven soared on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
The hovering near her fatal croak
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke,[1]
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blackened each cataract and spring
Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,
Thundering o'er Caldron and High Force;[2]
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fixed on each vale a Runic name,[3]
Reared high their altar's rugged stone,
And gave their gods the land they won.
Then, Balder, one bleak garth was thine
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,
And Woden's Croft did title gain
From the stern Father of the Slain;
But to the Monarch of the Mace,
That held in fight the foremost place,
To Odin's son and Sifia's spouse,
Near Startforth high they paid their vows,

[1] See Note 40. [2] See Note 41. [3] See Note 42.

Remembered Thor's victorious fame,
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

II

Yet Scald or Kemper erred, I ween,
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,
With all its varied light and shade,
And every little sunny glade,
And the blithe brook that strolls along
Its pebbled bed with summer song,
To the grim God of blood and scar,
The grisly King of Northern War.
O, better were its banks assigned
To spirits of a gentler kind!
For where the thicket-groups recede
And the rath primrose decks the mead,
The velvet grass seems carpet meet
For the light fairies' lively feet.
Yon tufted knoll with daisies strown
Might make proud Oberon a throne,
While, hidden in the thicket nigh,
Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly;
And where profuse the wood-vetch clings
Round ash and elm in verdant rings,
Its pale and azure-pencilled flower
Should canopy Titania's bower.

III

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade;
But, skirting every sunny glade,
In fair variety of green
The woodland lends its sylvan screen.
Hoary yet haughty, frowns the oak,
Its boughs by weight of ages broke;
And towers erect in sable spire
The pine tree scathed by lightning-fire;
The drooping ash and birch between
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green,
And all beneath at random grow
Each coppice dwarf of varied show,
Or, round the stems profusely twined,
Fling summer odours on the wind.
Such varied group Urbino's hand
Round Him of Tarsus nobly planned,
What time he bade proud Athens own
On Mars's Mount the God Unknown!
Then grey Philosophy stood nigh,
Though bent by age, in spirit high:
There rose the scar-seamed veteran's spear,
There Grecian Beauty bent to hear,
While Childhood at her foot was placed,
Or clung delighted to her waist.

IV

'And rest we here,' Matilda said,
And sat her in the varying shade.
'Chance-met, we well may steal an hour,
To friendship due from fortune's power.
Thou, Wilfrid, ever kind, must lend
Thy counsel to thy sister-friend;
And, Redmond, thou, at my behest,
No farther urge thy desperate quest.
For to my care a charge is left,
Dangerous to one of aid bereft,
Wellnigh an orphan and alone,
Captive her sire, her house o'erthrown.'
Wilfrid, with wonted kindness graced,
Beside her on the turf she placed;
Then paused with downcast look and eye,
Nor bade young Redmond seat him nigh.
Her conscious diffidence he saw,
Drew backward as in modest awe,
And sat a little space removed,
Unmarked to gaze on her he loved.

V

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
Half hid and half revealed to view

Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
The rose with faint and feeble streak
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek
That you had said her hue was pale;
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was expressed
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivalled the blush of rising day.
There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned; —
'T is that which Roman art has given,
To mark their maiden Queen of Heaven.
In hours of sport that mood gave way
To Fancy's light and frolic play;
And when the dance, or tale, or song
In harmless mirth sped time along,
Full oft her doting sire would call
His Maud the merriest of them all.
But days of war and civil crime
Allowed but ill such festal time,

And her soft pensiveness of brow
Had deepened into sadness now.
In Marston field her father ta'en,
Her friends dispersed, brave Mortham slain,
While every ill her soul foretold
From Oswald's thirst of power and gold,
And boding thoughts that she must part
With a soft vision of her heart, —
All lowered around the lovely maid,
To darken her dejection's shade.

VI

Who has not heard — while Erin yet
Strove 'gainst the Saxon's iron bit —
Who has not heard how brave O'Neale[1]
In English blood imbrued his steel,
Against St. George's cross blazed high
The banners of his Tanistry,
To fiery Essex gave the foil,
And reigned a prince on Ulster's soil?
But chief arose his victor pride
When that brave Marshal fought and died,[2]
And Avon-Duff to ocean bore
His billows red with Saxon gore.
'T was first in that disastrous fight
Rokeby and Mortham proved their might.

[1] See Note 43. [2] See Note 44.

There had they fallen amongst the rest,
But pity touched a chieftain's breast;
The Tanist he to great O'Neale,[1]
He checked his followers' bloody zeal,
To quarter took the kinsmen bold,
And bore them to his mountain-hold,
Gave them each sylvan joy to know
Slieve-Donard's cliffs and woods could show,
Shared with them Erin's festal cheer,
Showed them the chase of wolf and deer,
And, when a fitting time was come,
Safe and unransomed sent them home,
Loaded with many a gift to prove
A generous foe's respect and love.

VII

Years speed away. On Rokeby's head
Some touch of early snow was shed;
Calm he enjoyed by Greta's wave
The peace which James the Peaceful gave,
While Mortham far beyond the main
Waged his fierce wars on Indian Spain. —
It chanced upon a wintry night
That whitened Stanmore's stormy height,
The chase was o'er, the stag was killed,
In Rokeby Hall the cups were filled,

[1] See Note 45.

And by the huge stone chimney sate
The knight in hospitable state.
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,
When a loud summons shook the gate,
And sore for entrance and for aid
A voice of foreign accent prayed.
The porter answered to the call,
And instant rushed into the hall
A man whose aspect and attire
Startled the circle by the fire.

VIII

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread[1]
Around his bare and matted head;
On leg and thigh, close stretched and trim,
His vesture showed the sinewy limb;
In saffron dyed, a linen vest
Was frequent folded round his breast;
A mantle long and loose he wore,
Shaggy with ice and stained with gore.
He clasped a burden to his heart,
And, resting on a knotted dart,
The snow from hair and beard he shook,
And round him gazed with 'wildered look.
Then up the hall with staggering pace
He hastened by the blaze to place,

[1] See Note 46.

Half lifeless from the bitter air,
His load, a boy of beauty rare.
To Rokeby next he louted low,
Then stood erect his tale to show
With wild majestic port and tone,
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.[1]
'Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear!
Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear;
He graces thee, and to thy care
Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair.
He bids thee breed him as thy son,
For Turlough's days of joy are done,
And other lords have seized his land,
And faint and feeble is his hand,
And all the glory of Tyrone
Is like a morning vapour flown.
To bind the duty on thy soul,
He bids thee think on Erin's bowl!
If any wrong the young O'Neale,
He bids thee think of Erin's steel.
To Mortham first this charge was due,
But in his absence honours you. —
Now is my master's message by,
And Ferraught will contented die.'

[1] See Note 47.

IX

His look grew fixed, his cheek grew pale,
He sunk when he had told his tale;
For, hid beneath his mantle wide,
A mortal wound was in his side.
Vain was all aid — in terror wild
And sorrow screamed the orphan child.
Poor Ferraught raised his wistful eyes,
And faintly strove to soothe his cries;
All reckless of his dying pain,
He blest and blest him o'er again,
And kissed the little hands outspread,
And kissed and crossed the infant head,
And in his native tongue and phrase
Prayed to each saint to watch his days;
Then all his strength together drew
The charge to Rokeby to renew.
When half was faltered from his breast,
And half by dying signs expressed,
'Bless thee, O'Neale!' he faintly said,
And thus the faithful spirit fled.

X

'T was long ere soothing might prevail
Upon the child to end the tale:
And then he said that from his home

His grandsire had been forced to roam,
Which had not been if Redmond's hand
Had but had strength to draw the brand,
The brand of Lenaugh More the Red,
That hung beside the grey wolf's head. —
'T was from his broken phrase descried,
His foster father was his guide,[1]
Who in his charge from Ulster bore
Letters and gifts a goodly store;
But ruffians met them in the wood,
Ferraught in battle boldly stood,
Till wounded and o'erpowered at length,
And stripped of all, his failing strength
Just bore him here — and then the child
Renewed again his moaning wild.

XI

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
Won by their care, the orphan child
Soon on his new protector smiled,
With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,
Through his thick curls of flaxen hair,
But blithest laughed that cheek and eye,

[1] See Note 48.

When Rokeby's little maid was nigh;
'T was his with elder brother's pride
Matilda's tottering steps to guide;
His native lays in Irish tongue
To soothe her infant ear he sung,
And primrose twined with daisy fair
To form a chaplet for her hair.
By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,
The children still were hand in hand,
And good Sir Richard smiling eyed
The early knot so kindly tied.

XII

But summer months bring wilding shoot
From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit;
And years draw on our human span
From child to boy, from boy to man;
And soon in Rokeby's woods is seen
A gallant boy in hunter's green.
He loves to wake the felon boar
In his dark haunt on Greta's shore,
And loves against the deer so dun
To draw the shaft, or lift the gun:
Yet more he loves in autumn prime
The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,
And down its clustered stores to hail
Where young Matilda holds her veil.

And she whose veil receives the shower
Is altered too and knows her power,
Assumes a monitress's pride
Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide,
Yet listens still to hear him tell
How the grim wild-boar fought and fell,
How at his fall the bugle rung,
Till rock and greenwood answer flung;
Then blesses her that man can find
A pastime of such savage kind!

XIII

But Redmond knew to weave his tale
So well with praise of wood and dale,
And knew so well each point to trace
Gives living interest to the chase,
And knew so well o'er all to throw
His spirit's wild romantic glow,
That, while she blamed and while she feared,
She loved each venturous tale she heard.
Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain
To bower and hall their steps restrain,
Together they explored the page
Of glowing bard or gifted sage;
Oft, placed the evening fire beside,
The minstrel art alternate tried,
While gladsome harp and lively lay

Bade winter night flit fast away:
Thus, from their childhood blending still
Their sport, their study, and their skill,
An union of the soul they prove,
But must not think that it was love.
But though they dared not, envious Fame
Soon dared to give that union name;
And when so often side by side
From year to year the pair she eyed,
She sometimes blamed the good old knight
As dull of ear and dim of sight,
Sometimes his purpose would declare
That young O'Neale should wed his heir.

XIV

The suit of Wilfrid rent disguise
And bandage from the lovers' eyes;
'T was plain that Oswald for his son
Had Rokeby's favour wellnigh won.
Now must they meet with change of cheer,
With mutual looks of shame and fear;
Now must Matilda stray apart
To school her disobedient heart,
And Redmond now alone must rue
The love he never can subdue.
But factions rose, and Rokeby sware
No rebel's son should wed his heir;

And Redmond, nurtured while a child
In many a bard's traditions wild,
Now sought the lonely wood or stream,
To cherish there a happier dream
Of maiden won by sword or lance,
As in the regions of romance;
And count the heroes of his line,
Great Nial of the Pledges Nine,[1]
Shane-Dymas[2] wild, and Geraldine,[3]
And Connan-more, who vowed his race
For ever to the fight and chase,
And cursed him of his lineage born
Should sheathe the sword to reap the corn,
Or leave the mountain and the wold
To shroud himself in castled hold.
From such examples hope he drew,
And brightened as the trumpet blew.

XV

If brides were won by heart and blade,
Redmond had both his cause to aid,
And all beside of nurture rare
That might beseem a baron's heir.
Turlough O'Neale in Erin's strife
On Rokeby's Lord bestowed his life,
And well did Rokeby's generous knight

[1] See Note 49. [2] See Note 50. [3] See Note 51.

Young Redmond for the deed requite.
Nor was his liberal care and cost
Upon the gallant stripling lost:
Seek the North Riding broad and wide,
Like Redmond none could steed bestride;
From Tynemouth search to Cumberland,
Like Redmond none could wield a brand;
And then, of humour kind and free,
And bearing him to each degree
With frank and fearless courtesy,
There never youth was formed to steal
Upon the heart like brave O'Neale.

XVI

Sir Richard loved him as his son;
And when the days of peace were done,
And to the gales of war he gave
The banner of his sires to wave,
Redmond, distinguished by his care,
He chose that honoured flag to bear,[1]
And named his page, the next degree
In that old time to chivalry.[2]
In five pitched fields he well maintained
The honoured place his worth obtained,
And high was Redmond's youthful name
Blazed in the roll of martial fame.

[1] See Note 52. [2] See Note 53.

Had fortune smiled on Marston fight,
The eve had seen him dubbed a knight;
Twice 'mid the battle's doubtful strife
Of Rokeby's Lord he saved the life,
But when he saw him prisoner made,
He kissed and then resigned his blade,
And yielded him an easy prey
To those who led the knight away,
Resolved Matilda's sire should prove
In prison, as in fight, his love.

XVII

When lovers meet in adverse hour,
'T is like a sun-glimpse through a shower,
A watery ray an instant seen
The darkly closing clouds between.
As Redmond on the turf reclined,
The past and present filled his mind:
'It was not thus,' Affection said,
'I dreamed of my return, dear maid!
Not thus when from thy trembling hand
I took the banner and the brand,
When round me, as the bugles blew,
Their blades three hundred warriors drew,
And, while the standard I unrolled,
Clashed their bright arms, with clamour bold.

Where is that banner now? — its pride
Lies whelmed in Ouse's sullen tide!
Where now these warriors? — in their gore
They cumber Marston's dismal moor!
And what avails a useless brand,
Held by a captive's shackled hand,
That only would his life retain
To aid thy sire to bear his chain!'
Thus Redmond to himself apart,
Nor lighter was his rival's heart;
For Wilfrid, while his generous soul
Disdained to profit by control,
By many a sign could mark too plain,
Save with such aid, his hopes were vain.
But now Matilda's accents stole
On the dark visions of their soul,
And bade their mournful musing fly,
Like mist before the zephyr's sigh.

XVIII

'I need not to my friends recall,
How Mortham shunned my father's hall,
A man of silence and of woe,
Yet ever anxious to bestow
On my poor self whate'er could prove
A kinsman's confidence and love.

My feeble aid could sometimes chase
The clouds of sorrow for a space;
But oftener, fixed beyond my power,
I marked his deep despondence lower.
One dismal cause, by all unguessed,
His fearful confidence confessed;
And twice it was my hap to see
Examples of that agony
Which for a season can o'erstrain
And wreck the structure of the brain.
He had the awful power to know
The approaching mental overthrow,
And while his mind had courage yet
To struggle with the dreadful fit,
The victim writhed against its throes,
Like wretch beneath a murderer's blows.
This malady, I well could mark,
Sprung from some direful cause and dark,
But still he kept its source concealed,
Till arming for the civil field;
Then in my charge he bade me hold
A treasure huge of gems and gold,
With this disjointed dismal scroll
That tells the secret of his soul
In such wild words as oft betray
A mind by anguish forced astray.'

XIX

MORTHAM'S HISTORY

'Matilda! thou hast seen me start,
As if a dagger thrilled my heart,
When it has happed some casual phrase
Waked memory of my former days.
Believe that few can backward cast
Their thought with pleasure on the past;
But I! — my youth was rash and vain,
And blood and rage my manhood stain,
And my grey hairs must now descend
To my cold grave without a friend!
Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown
Thy kinsman when his guilt is known.
And must I lift the bloody veil
That hides my dark and fatal tale?
I must — I will — Pale phantom, cease!
Leave me one little hour in peace!
Thus haunted, think'st thou I have skill
Thine own commission to fulfil?
Or, while thou point'st with gesture fierce
Thy blighted cheek, thy bloody hearse,
How can I paint thee as thou wert,
So fair in face, so warm in heart! —

XX

'Yes, she was fair! — Matilda, thou
Hast a soft sadness on thy brow;
But hers was like the sunny glow,
That laughs on earth and all below!
We wedded secret — there was need —
Differing in country and in creed;
And when to Mortham's tower she came,
We mentioned not her race and name,
Until thy sire, who fought afar,
Should turn him home from foreign war,
On whose kind influence we relied
To soothe her father's ire and pride.
Few months we lived retired, unknown
To all but one dear friend alone,
One darling friend — I spare his shame,
I will not write the villain's name!
My trespasses I might forget,
And sue in vengeance for the debt
Due by a brother worm to me,
Ungrateful to God's clemency,
That spared me penitential time,
Nor cut me off amid my crime. —

XXI

'A kindly smile to all she lent,
But on her husband's friend 't was bent
So kind that from its harmless glee
The wretch misconstrued villainy.
Repulsed in his presumptuous love,
A vengeful snare the traitor wove.
Alone we sat — the flask had flowed,
My blood with heat unwonted glowed,
When through the alleyed walk we spied
With hurried step my Edith glide,
Cowering beneath the verdant screen,
As one unwilling to be seen.
Words cannot paint the fiendish smile
That curled the traitor's cheek the while!
Fiercely I questioned of the cause;
He made a cold and artful pause,
Then prayed it might not chafe my mood —
"There was a gallant in the wood!"
We had been shooting at the deer;
My cross-bow — evil chance! — was near:
That ready weapon of my wrath
I caught and, hasting up the path,
In the yew grove my wife I found;
A stranger's arms her neck had bound!
I marked his heart — the bow I drew —

I loosed the shaft — 't was more than true!
I found my Edith's dying charms
Locked in her murdered brother's arms!
He came in secret to enquire
Her state and reconcile her sire.

XXII

'All fled my rage — the villain first
Whose craft my jealousy had nursed;
He sought in far and foreign clime
To 'scape the vengeance of his crime.
The manner of the slaughter done
Was known to few, my guilt to none;
Some tale my faithful steward framed —
I know not what — of shaft mis-aimed;
And even from those the act who knew
He hid the hand from which it flew.
Untouched by human laws I stood,
But God had heard the cry of blood!
There is a blank upon my mind,
A fearful vision ill-defined
Of raving till my flesh was torn,
Of dungeon-bolts and fetters worn —
And when I waked to woe more mild
And questioned of my infant child —
Have I not written that she bare
A boy, like summer morning fair? —

With looks confused my menials tell
That armed men in Mortham dell
Beset the nurse's evening way,
And bore her with her charge away.
My faithless friend, and none but he,
Could profit by this villainy;
Him then I sought with purpose dread
Of treble vengeance on his head!
He 'scaped me — but my bosom's wound
Some faint relief from wandering found,
And over distant land and sea
I bore my load of misery.

XXIII

"'T was then that fate my footsteps led
Among a daring crew and dread,
With whom full oft my hated life
I ventured in such desperate strife
That even my fierce associates saw
My frantic deeds with doubt and awe.
Much then I learned and much can show
Of human guilt and human woe,
Yet ne'er have in my wanderings known
A wretch whose sorrows matched my own! —
It chanced that after battle fray
Upon the bloody field we lay;
The yellow moon her lustre shed

Upon the wounded and the dead,
While, sense in toil and wassail drowned,
My ruffian comrades slept around,
There came a voice — its silver tone
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own —
"Ah, wretch!" it said, "what mak'st thou here,
While unavenged my bloody bier,
While unprotected lives mine heir
Without a father's name and care?"

XXIV

'I heard — obeyed — and homeward drew;
The fiercest of our desperate crew
I brought, at time of need to aid
My purposed vengeance long delayed.
But humble be my thanks to Heaven
That better hopes and thoughts has given,
And by our Lord's dear prayer has taught
Mercy by mercy must be bought! —
Let me in misery rejoice —
I've seen his face — I've heard his voice —
I claimed of him my only child —
As he disowned the theft, he smiled!
That very calm and callous look,
That fiendish sneer his visage took,
As when he said, in scornful mood,
"There is a gallant in the wood!" —

I did not slay him as he stood —
All praise be to my Maker given!
Long suffrance is one path to heaven.'

XXV

Thus far the woful tale was heard
When something in the thicket stirred.
Up Redmond sprung; the villain Guy —
For he it was that lurked so nigh —
Drew back — he durst not cross his steel
A moment's space with brave O'Neale
For all the treasured gold that rests
In Mortham's iron-banded chests.
Redmond resumed his seat; — he said
Some roe was rustling in the shade.
Bertram laughed grimly when he saw
His timorous comrade backward draw;
'A trusty mate art thou, to fear
A single arm, and aid so near!
Yet have I seen thee mark a deer.
Give me thy carabine — I'll show
An art that thou wilt gladly know,
How thou mayst safely quell a foe.'

XXVI

On hands and knees fierce Bertram drew
The spreading birch and hazels through,

Till he had Redmond full in view;
The gun he levelled — Mark like this
Was Bertram never known to miss,
When fair opposed to aim there sate
An object of his mortal hate.
That day young Redmond's death had seen,
But twice Matilda came between
The carabine and Redmond's breast
Just ere the spring his finger pressed.
A deadly oath the ruffian swore,
But yet his fell design forbore:
'It ne'er,' he muttered, 'shall be said
That thus I scathed thee, haughty maid!'
Then moved to seek more open aim,
When to his side Guy Denzil came:
'Bertram, forbear! — we are undone
For ever, if thou fire the gun.
By all the fiends, an armèd force
Descends the dell of foot and horse!
We perish if they hear a shot —
Madman! we have a safer plot —
Nay, friend, be ruled, and bear thee back!
Behold, down yonder hollow track
The warlike leader of the band
Comes with his broadsword in his hand.'
Bertram looked up; he saw, he knew
That Denzil's fears had counselled true,

Then cursed his fortune and withdrew,
Threaded the woodlands undescried,
And gained the cave on Greta-side.

XXVII

They whom dark Bertram in his wrath
Doomed to captivity or death,
Their thoughts to one sad subject lent,
Saw not nor heard the ambushment.
Heedless and unconcerned they sate
While on the very verge of fate,
Heedless and unconcerned remained
When Heaven the murderer's arm restrained;
As ships drift darkling down the tide,
Nor see the shelves o'er which they glide.
Uninterrupted thus they heard
What Mortham's closing tale declared.
He spoke of wealth as of a load
By fortune on a wretch bestowed,
In bitter mockery of hate,
His cureless woes to aggravate;
But yet he prayed Matilda's care
Might save that treasure for his heir —
His Edith's son — for still he raved
As confident his life was saved;
In frequent vision, he averred,
He saw his face, his voice he heard,

Then argued calm — had murder been,
The blood, the corpses, had been seen;
Some had pretended, too, to mark
On Windermere a stranger bark,
Whose crew, with jealous care yet mild,
Guarded a female and a child.
While these faint proofs he told and pressed,
Hope seemed to kindle in his breast;
Though inconsistent, vague, and vain,
It warped his judgment and his brain.

XXVIII

These solemn words his story close: —
'Heaven witness for me that I chose
My part in this sad civil fight
Moved by no cause but England's right.
My country's groans have bid me draw
My sword for gospel and for law; —
These righted, I fling arms aside
And seek my son through Europe wide.
My wealth, on which a kinsman nigh
Already casts a grasping eye,
With thee may unsuspected lie.
When of my death Matilda hears,
Let her retain her trust three years;
If none from me the treasure claim,
Perished is Mortham's race and name.

Then let it leave her generous hand,
And flow in bounty o'er the land,
Soften the wounded prisoner's lot,
Rebuild the peasant's ruined cot;
So spoils, acquired by fight afar,
Shall mitigate domestic war.'

XXIX

'The generous youths, who well had known
Of Mortham's mind the powerful tone,
To that high mind by sorrow swerved
Gave sympathy his woes deserved;
But Wilfrid chief, who saw revealed
Why Mortham wished his life concealed,
In secret, doubtless, to pursue
The schemes his 'wildered fancy drew.
Thoughtful he heard Matilda tell
That she would share her father's cell,
His partner of captivity,
Where'er his prison-house should be;
Yet grieved to think that Rokeby Hall,
Dismantled and forsook by all,
Open to rapine and to stealth,
Had now no safeguard for the wealth
Entrusted by her kinsman kind
And for such noble use designed.
'Was Barnard Castle then her choice,'

Wilfrid enquired with hasty voice,
'Since there the victor's laws ordain
Her father must a space remain?'
A fluttered hope his accent shook,
A fluttered joy was in his look.
Matilda hastened to reply,
For anger flashed in Redmond's eye; —
'Duty,' she said, with gentle grace,
'Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of place;
Else had I for my sire assigned
Prison less galling to his mind
Than that his wild-wood haunts which sees
And hears the murmur of the Tees,
Recalling thus with every glance
What captive's sorrow can enhance;
But where those woes are highest, there
Needs Rokeby most his daughter's care.'

XXX

He felt the kindly check she gave,
And stood abashed — then answered grave:
'I sought thy purpose, noble maid,
Thy doubts to clear, thy schemes to aid.
I have beneath mine own command,
So wills my sire, a gallant band,
And well could send some horsemen wight
To bear the treasure forth by night,

And so bestow it as you deem
In these ill days may safest seem.'
'Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks,' she said:
'O, be it not one day delayed!
And, more thy sister-friend to aid,
Be thou thyself content to hold
In thine own keeping Mortham's gold,
Safest with thee.' — While thus she spoke,
Armed soldiers on their converse broke,
The same of whose approach afraid
The ruffians left their ambuscade.
Their chief to Wilfrid bended low,
Then looked around as for a foe.
'What mean'st thou, friend,' young Wycliffe said,
'Why thus in arms beset the glade?'
'That would I gladly learn from you;
For up my squadron as I drew
To exercise our martial game
Upon the moor of Barninghame,
A stranger told you were waylaid,
Surrounded, and to death betrayed.
He had a leader's voice, I ween,
A falcon glance, a warrior's mien.
He bade me bring you instant aid;
I doubted not and I obeyed.'

XXXI

Wilfrid changed colour, and amazed
Turned short and on the speaker gazed,
While Redmond every thicket round
Tracked earnest as a questing hound,
And Denzil's carabine he found;
Sure evidence by which they knew
The warning was as kind as true.
Wisest it seemed with cautious speed
To leave the dell. It was agreed
That Redmond with Matilda fair
And fitting guard should home repair;
At nightfall Wilfrid should attend
With a strong band his sister-friend,
To bear with her from Rokeby's bowers
To Barnard Castle's lofty towers
Secret and safe the banded chests
In which the wealth of Mortham rests.
This hasty purpose fixed, they part,
Each with a grieved and anxious heart.

CANTO FIFTH

I

THE sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have hid the sun,
But mountain peak and village spire
Retain reflection of his fire.
Old Barnard's towers are purple still
To those that gaze from Toller Hill;
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes
Like steel upon the anvil glows;
And Stanmore's ridge behind that lay
Rich with the spoils of parting day,
In crimson and in gold arrayed,
Streaks yet awhile the closing shade,
Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
The tints which brighter hours had given.
Thus aged men full loth and slow
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er
Till memory lends her light no more.

II

The eve that slow on upland fades
Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades
Where, sunk within their banks profound,

Her guardian streams to meeting wound.
The stately oaks, whose sombre frown
Of noontide made a twilight brown,
Impervious now to fainter light,
Of twilight make an early night.
Hoarse into middle air arose
The vespers of the roosting crows,
And with congenial murmurs seem
To wake the Genii of the stream;
For louder clamoured Greta's tide,
And Tees in deeper voice replied,
And fitful waked the evening wind,
Fitful in sighs its breath resigned.
Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured soul
Felt in the scene a soft control,
With lighter footstep pressed the ground,
And often paused to look around;
And, though his path was to his love,
Could not but linger in the grove,
To drink the thrilling interest dear
Of awful pleasure checked by fear.
Such inconsistent moods have we,
Even when our passions strike the key.

III

Now, through the wood's dark mazes past,
The opening lawn he reached at last

Where, silvered by the moonlight ray,
The ancient Hall before him lay.
Those martial terrors long were fled
That frowned of old around its head:
The battlements, the turrets grey,
Seemed half abandoned to decay;[1]
On barbican and keep of stone
Stern Time the foeman's work had done.
Where banners the invader braved,
The harebell now and wallflower waved;
In the rude guard-room where of yore
Their weary hours the warders wore,
Now, while the cheerful faggots blaze,
On the paved floor the spindle plays;
The flanking guns dismounted lie,
The moat is ruinous and dry,
The grim portcullis gone — and all
The fortress turned to peaceful Hall.

IV

But yet precautions lately ta'en
Showed danger's day revived again;
The courtyard wall showed marks of care
The fall'n defences to repair,
Lending such strength as might withstand
The insult of marauding band.

[1] See Note 54.

The beams once more were taught to bear
The trembling drawbridge into air,
And not till questioned o'er and o'er
For Wilfrid oped the jealous door,
And when he entered bolt and bar
Resumed their place with sullen jar;
Then, as he crossed the vaulted porch,
The old grey porter raised his torch,
And viewed him o'er from foot to head
Ere to the hall his steps he led.
That huge old hall of knightly state
Dismantled seemed and desolate.
The moon through transom-shafts of stone
Which crossed the latticed oriels shone,
And by the mournful light she gave
The Gothic vault seemed funeral cave.
Pennon and banner waved no more
O'er beams of stag and tusks of boar,
Nor glimmering arms were marshalled seen
To glance those sylvan spoils between.
Those arms, those ensigns, borne away,
Accomplished Rokeby's brave array,
But all were lost on Marston's day!
Yet here and there the moonbeams fall
Where armour yet adorns the wall,
Cumbrous of size, uncouth to sight,
And useless in the modern fight,

Like veteran relic of the wars
Known only by neglected scars.

V

Matilda soon to greet him came,
And bade them light the evening flame;
Said all for parting was prepared,
And tarried but for Wilfrid's guard.
But then, reluctant to unfold
His father's avarice of gold,
He hinted that lest jealous eye
Should on their precious burden pry,
He judged it best the castle-gate
To enter when the night wore late;
And therefore he had left command
With those he trusted of his band
That they should be at Rokeby met
What time the midnight-watch was set.
Now Redmond came, whose anxious care
Till then was busied to prepare
All needful, meetly to arrange
The mansion for its mournful change.
With Wilfrid's care and kindness pleased,
His cold unready hand he seized,
And pressed it till his kindly strain
The gentle youth returned again.
Seemed as between them this was said,

'Awhile let jealousy be dead,
And let our contest be whose care
Shall best assist this helpless fair.'

VI

There was no speech the truce to bind;
It was a compact of the mind,
A generous thought at once impressed
On either rival's generous breast.
Matilda well the secret took
From sudden change of mien and look,
And — for not small had been her fear
Of jealous ire and danger near —
Felt even in her dejected state
A joy beyond the reach of fate.
They closed beside the chimney's blaze,
And talked, and hoped for happier days,
And lent their spirits' rising glow
Awhile to gild impending woe —
High privilege of youthful time,
Worth all the pleasures of our prime!
The bickering faggot sparkled bright
And gave the scene of love to sight,
Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow,
Played on Matilda's neck of snow,
Her nut-brown curls and forehead high,
And laughed in Redmond's azure eye.

Two lovers by the maiden sate
Without a glance of jealous hate;
The maid her lovers sat between
With open brow and equal mien;
It is a sight but rarely spied,
Thanks to man's wrath and woman's pride.

VII

While thus in peaceful guise they sate
A knock alarmed the outer gate,
And ere the tardy porter stirred
The tinkling of a harp was heard.
A manly voice of mellow swell
Bore burden to the music well: —

SONG

'Summer eve is gone and past,
Summer dew is falling fast;
I have wandered all the day,
Do not bid me farther stray!
Gentle hearts of gentle kin,
Take the wandering harper in!'

But the stern porter answer gave,
With 'Get thee hence, thou strolling knave!
The king wants soldiers; war, I trow,
Were meeter trade for such as thou.'

At this unkind reproof again
Answered the ready Minstrel's strain: —

SONG RESUMED

'Bid not me, in battle-field,
Buckler lift or broadsword wield!
All my strength and all my art
Is to touch the gentle heart
With the wizard notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel-string.'

The porter, all unmoved, replied, —
'Depart in peace, with Heaven to guide;
If longer by the gate thou dwell,
Trust me, thou shalt not part so well.'

VIII

With somewhat of appealing look
The harper's part young Wilfrid took:
'These notes so wild and ready thrill,
They show no vulgar minstrel's skill;
Hard were his task to seek a home
More distant, since the night is come;
And for his faith I dare engage —
Your Harpool's blood is soured by age;
His gate, once readily displayed
To greet the friend, the poor to aid,

Now even to me though known of old
Did but reluctantly unfold.' —
'O blame not as poor Harpool's crime
An evil of this evil time.
He deems dependent on his care
The safety of his patron's heir,
Nor judges meet to ope the tower
To guest unknown at parting hour,
Urging his duty to excess
Of rough and stubborn faithfulness.
For this poor harper, I would fain
He may relax: — hark to his strain!'

IX

SONG RESUMED

'I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,
Fairy tale to lull the heir,
Goblin grim the maids to scare.
Dark the night and long till day,
Do not bid me farther stray!

'Rokeby's lords of martial fame,
I can count them name by name;[1]
Legends of their line there be,
Known to few, but known to me;

[1] See Note 55.

If you honour Rokeby's kin,
Take the wandering harper in!

'Rokeby's lords had fair regard
For the harp and for the bard;
Baron's race throve never well
Where the curse of minstrel fell.
If you love that noble kin,
Take the weary harper in!'

'Hark! Harpool parleys — there is hope,'
Said Redmond, 'that the gate will ope.' —
'For all thy brag and boast, I trow,
Nought knowest thou of the Felon Sow,'[1]
Quoth Harpool, 'nor how Greta-side
She roamed and Rokeby forest wide;
Nor how Ralph Rokeby gave the beast
To Richmond's friars to make a feast.
Of Gilbert Griffinson the tale
Goes, and of gallant Peter Dale
That well could strike with sword amain,
And of the valiant son of Spain,
Friar Middleton, and blithe Sir Ralph;
There were a jest to make us laugh!
If thou canst tell it, in yon shed,
Thou 'st won thy supper and thy bed.'

[1] See Note 56.

X

Matilda smiled; 'Cold hope,' said she,
'From Harpool's love of minstrelsy!
But for this harper may we dare,
Redmond, to mend his couch and fare?' —
'O, ask me not! — At minstrel-string
My heart from infancy would spring;
Nor can I hear its simplest strain
But it brings Erin's dream again,
When placed by Owen Lysagh's knee —
The Filea of O'Neale was he,[1]
A blind and bearded man whose eld
Was sacred as a prophet's held —
I've seen a ring of rugged kerne,
With aspects shaggy, wild, and stern,
Enchanted by the master's lay,
Linger around the livelong day,
Shift from wild rage to wilder glee,
To love, to grief, to ecstasy,
And feel each varied change of soul
Obedient to the bard's control. —
Ah! Clandeboy! thy friendly floor
Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more;[2]
Nor Owen's harp beside the blaze
Tell maiden's love or hero's praise!

[1] See Note 57. [2] See Note 58.

The mantling brambles hide thy hearth,
Centre of hospitable mirth;
All undistinguished in the glade,
My sires' glad home is prostrate laid,
Their vassals wander wide and far,
Serve foreign lords in distant war,
And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Clandeboy!'
He spoke, and proudly turned aside
The starting tear to dry and hide.

XI

Matilda's dark and softened eye
Was glistening ere O'Neale's was dry.
Her hand upon his arm she laid, —
'It is the will of Heaven,' she said.
'And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part
From this loved home with lightsome heart,
Leaving to wild neglect whate'er
Even from my infancy was dear?
For in this calm domestic bound
Were all Matilda's pleasures found.
That hearth my sire was wont to grace
Full soon may be a stranger's place;
This hall in which a child I played
Like thine, dear Redmond, lowly laid,
The bramble and the thorn may braid;

Or, passed for aye from me and mine,
It ne'er may shelter Rokeby's line.
Yet is this consolation given,
My Redmond, — 't is the will of Heaven.'
Her word, her action, and her phrase
Were kindly as in early days;
For cold reserve had lost its power
In sorrow's sympathetic hour.
Young Redmond dared not trust his voice;
But rather had it been his choice
To share that melancholy hour
Than, armed with all a chieftain's power,
In full possession to enjoy
Slieve-Donard wide and Clandeboy.

XII

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek,
Matilda sees and hastes to speak. —
'Happy in friendship's ready aid,
Let all my murmurs here be staid!
And Rokeby's maiden will not part
From Rokeby's hall with moody heart.
This night at least for Rokeby's fame
The hospitable hearth shall flame,
And ere its native heir retire
Find for the wanderer rest and fire,
While this poor harper by the blaze

Recounts the tale of other days.
Bid Harpool ope the door with speed,
Admit him and relieve each need. —
Meantime, kind Wycliffe, wilt thou try
Thy minstrel skill? — Nay, no reply —
And look not sad! — I guess thy thought;
Thy verse with laurels would be bought,
And poor Matilda, landless now,
Has not a garland for thy brow.
True, I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades,
Nor wander more in Greta shades;
But sure, no rigid jailer, thou
Wilt a short prison-walk allow
Where summer flowers grow wild at will
On Marwood Chase and Toller Hill;[1]
Then holly green and lily gay
Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay.'
The mournful youth a space aside
To tune Matilda's harp applied,
And then a low sad descant rung
As prelude to the lay he sung.

XIII

THE CYPRESS WREATH

'O, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

[1] See Note 59.

Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly 's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

'Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

'Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses bought so dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipped in dew;
On favoured Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green —
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

'Strike the wild harp while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;

And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing-bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.

'Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue, —
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.'

XIV

O'Neale observed the starting tear,
And spoke with kind and blithesome cheer —
'No, noble Wilfrid! ere the day
When mourns the land thy silent lay,
Shall many a wreath be freely wove
By hand of friendship and of love.
I would not wish that rigid Fate
Had doomed thee to a captive's state,
Whose hands are bound by honour's law,
Who wears a sword he must not draw;

But were it so, in minstrel pride
The land together would we ride
On prancing steeds, like harpers old,
Bound for the halls of barons bold;
Each lover of the lyre we'd seek
From Michael's Mount to Skiddaw's Peak,
Survey wild Albin's mountain strand,
And roam green Erin's lovely land,
While thou the gentler souls should move
With lay of pity and of love,
And I, thy mate, in rougher strain
Would sing of war and warriors slain.
Old England's bards were vanquished then,
And Scotland's vaunted Hawthornden,[1]
And, silenced on Iernian shore,
M'Curtin's harp should charm no more!'[2]
In lively mood he spoke to wile
From Wilfrid's woe-worn cheek a smile.

XV

'But,' said Matilda, 'ere thy name,
Good Redmond, gain its destined fame,
Say, wilt thou kindly deign to call
Thy brother-minstrel to the hall?
Bid all the household too attend,
Each in his rank a humble friend;

[1] See Note 60. [2] See Note 61.

I know their faithful hearts will grieve
When their poor mistress takes her leave;
So let the horn and beaker flow
To mitigate their parting woe.'
The harper came; — in youth's first prime
Himself; in mode of olden time
His garb was fashioned, to express
The ancient English minstrel's dress,[1]
A seemly gown of Kendal green
With gorget closed of silver sheen;
His harp in silken scarf was slung,
And by his side an anlace hung.
It seemed some masquer's quaint array
For revel or for holiday.

XVI

He made obeisance with a free
Yet studied air of courtesy.
Each look and accent framed to please
Seemed to affect a playful ease;
His face was of that doubtful kind
That wins the eye, but not the mind;
Yet harsh it seemed to deem amiss
Of brow so young and smooth as this.
His was the subtle look and sly
That, spying all, seems nought to spy;

[1] See Note 62.

Round all the group his glances stole,
Unmarked themselves, to mark the whole.
Yet sunk beneath Matilda's look,
Nor could the eye of Redmond brook.
To the suspicious or the old
Subtle and dangerous and bold
Had seemed this self-invited guest;
But young our lovers, — and the rest,
Wrapt in their sorrow and their fear
At parting of their Mistress dear,
Tear-blinded to the castle-hall
Came as to bear her funeral pall.

XVII

All that expression base was gone
When waked the guest his minstrel tone;
It fled at Inspiration's call,
As erst the demon fled from Saul.
More noble glance he cast around,
More free-drawn breath inspired the sound,
His pulse beat bolder and more high
In all the pride of minstrelsy!
Alas! too soon that pride was o'er,
Sunk with the lay that bade it soar!
His soul resumed with habit's chain
Its vices wild and follies vain,

And gave the talent with him born
To be a common curse and scorn.
Such was the youth whom Rokeby's maid
With condescending kindness prayed
Here to renew the strains she loved,
At distance heard and well approved.

XVIII

SONG

THE HARP

'I was a wild and wayward boy,
My childhood scorned each childish toy;
Retired from all, reserved and coy,
To musing prone,
I wooed my solitary joy,
My Harp alone.

'My youth with bold ambition's mood
Despised the humble stream and wood
Where my poor father's cottage stood,
To fame unknown; —
What should my soaring views make good?
My Harp alone!

'Love came with all his frantic fire,
And wild romance of vain desire:

The baron's daughter heard my lyre
And praised the tone; —
What could presumptuous hope inspire?
My Harp alone!

'At manhood's touch the bubble burst,
And manhood's pride the vision curst,
And all that had my folly nursed
Love's sway to own;
Yet spared the spell that lulled me first,
My Harp alone!

'Woe came with war, and want with woe,
And it was mine to undergo
Each outrage of the rebel foe: —
Can aught atone
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low?
My Harp alone!

'Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,
Have rued of penury the smart,
Have felt of love the venomed dart,
When hope was flown;
Yet rests one solace to my heart, —
My Harp alone!

'Then over mountain, moor, and hill,
My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee still;

And when this life of want and ill
Is wellnigh gone,
Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,
My Harp alone!'

XIX

'A pleasing lay!' Matilda said;
But Harpool shook his old grey head,
And took his baton and his torch
To seek his guard-room in the porch.
Edmund observed — with sudden change
Among the strings his fingers range,
Until they waked a bolder glee
Of military melody;
Then paused amid the martial sound,
And looked with well-feigned fear around: —
'None to this noble house belong,'
He said, 'that would a minstrel wrong
Whose fate has been through good and ill
To love his Royal Master still,
And with your honoured leave would fain
Rejoice you with a royal strain.'
Then, as assured by sign and look,
The warlike tone again he took;
And Harpool stopped and turned to hear
A ditty of the Cavalier.

XX

SONG

THE CAVALIER

'While the dawn on the mountain was misty and grey,
My true love has mounted his steed and away,
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down;
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the Crown!'

'He has doffed the silk doublet the breastplate to bear,
He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long-flowing hair,
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down, —
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the Crown!

'For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws,
Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause;
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown, —
God strike with the gallant that strikes for the Crown!

'They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,
That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.

'There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes;
There's Erin's high Ormond and Scotland's Montrose!
Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and
Brown,
With the Barons of England that fight for the Crown?

'Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier!
Be his banner unconquered, resistless his spear,
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown,
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her
Crown.'

XXI

'Alas!' Matilda said, 'that strain,
Good harper, now is heard in vain!
The time has been at such a sound
When Rokeby's vassals gathered round,
An hundred manly hearts would bound;
But now, the stirring verse we hear
Like trump in dying soldier's ear!
Listless and sad the notes we own,
The power to answer them is flown.
Yet not without his meet applause
Be he that sings the rightful cause,
Even when the crisis of its fate
To human eye seems desperate.
While Rokeby's heir such power retains,

Let this slight guerdon pay thy pains: —
And lend thy harp; I fain would try
If my poor skill can aught supply,
Ere yet I leave my fathers' hall,
To mourn the cause in which we fall.'

XXII

The harper with a downcast look
And trembling hand her bounty took.
As yet the conscious pride of art
Had steeled him in his treacherous part;
A powerful spring of force unguessed
That hath each gentler mood suppressed,
And reigned in many a human breast,
From his that plans the red campaign
To his that wastes the woodland reign.
The failing wing, the blood-shot eye
The sportsman marks with apathy,
Each feeling of his victim's ill
Drowned in his own successful skill.
The veteran, too, who now no more
Aspires to head the battle's roar,
Loves still the triumph of his art,
And traces on the pencilled chart
Some stern invader's destined way
Through blood and ruin to his prey;
Patriots to death, and towns to flame

He dooms, to raise another's name,
And shares the guilt, though not the fame.
What pays him for his span of time
Spent in premeditating crime?
What against pity arms his heart?
It is the conscious pride of art.

XXIII

But principles in Edmund's mind
Were baseless, vague, and undefined.
His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On passion's changeful tide was tost;
Nor vice nor virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour;
And O, when Passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to Virtue's share!
Yet now she roused her — for the pride
That lack of sterner guilt supplied
Could scarce support him when arose
The lay that mourned Matilda's woes.

SONG

THE FAREWELL

'The sound of Rokeby's woods I hear,
They mingle with the song:
Dark Greta's voice is in mine ear,
I must not hear them long.

From every loved and native haunt
The native heir must stray,
And, like a ghost whom sunbeams daunt,
Must part before the day.

'Soon from the halls my fathers reared,
Their 'scutcheons may descend,
A line so long beloved and feared
May soon obscurely end.
No longer here Matilda's tone
Shall bid these echoes swell;
Yet shall they hear her proudly own
The cause in which we fell.'

The lady paused, and then again
Resumed the lay in loftier strain. —

XXIV

'Let our halls and towers decay,
Be our name and line forgot,
Lands and manors pass away, —
We but share our monarch's lot.
If no more our annals show
Battles won and banners taken,
Still in death, defeat, and woe,
Ours be loyalty unshaken!

'Constant still in danger's hour,
Princes owned our fathers' aid;
Lands and honours, wealth and power,
Well their loyalty repaid.
Perish wealth and power and pride,
Mortal boons by mortals given!
But let constancy abide,
Constancy 's the gift of Heaven.'

XXV

While thus Matilda's lay was heard,
A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirred.
In peasant life he might have known
As fair a face, as sweet a tone;
But village notes could ne'er supply
That rich and varied melody,
And ne'er in cottage maid was seen
The easy dignity of mien,
Claiming respect yet waiving state,
That marks the daughters of the great.
Yet not perchance had these alone
His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown;
But while her energy of mind
Superior rose to griefs combined,
Lending its kindling to her eye,
Giving her form new majesty, —
To Edmund's thought Matilda seemed

The very object he had dreamed
When, long ere guilt his soul had known,
In Winston bowers he mused alone,
Taxing his fancy to combine
The face, the air, the voice divine,
Of princess fair by cruel fate
Reft of her honours, power, and state,
Till to her rightful realm restored
By destined hero's conquering sword.

XXVI

'Such was my vision!' Edmund thought;
'And have I then the ruin wrought
Of such a maid that fancy ne'er
In fairest vision formed her peer?
Was it my hand that could unclose
The postern to her ruthless foes?
Foes lost to honour, law, and faith,
Their kindest mercy sudden death!
Have I done this? I, who have swore
That if the globe such angel bore,
I would have traced its circle broad
To kiss the ground on which she trode! —
And now — O, would that earth would rive
And close upon me while alive! —
Is there no hope? — is all then lost? —
Bertram's already on his post!

Even now beside the hall's arched door
I saw his shadow cross the floor!
He was to wait my signal strain —
A little respite thus we gain:
By what I heard the menials say,
Young Wycliffe's troop are on their way —
Alarm precipitates the crime!
My harp must wear away the time.' —
And then in accents faint and low
He faltered forth a tale of woe.

XXVII

BALLAD

'"And whither would you lead me then?"
Quoth the friar of orders grey;
And the ruffians twain replied again,
"By a dying woman to pray." —

'"I see," he said, "a lovely sight,
A sight bodes little harm,
A lady as a lily bright
With an infant on her arm." —

'"Then do thine office, friar grey,
And see thou shrive her free!
Else shall the sprite that parts to-night
Fling all its guilt on thee.

'"Let mass be said and trentals read
When thou'rt to convent gone,
And bid the bell of St. Benedict
Toll out its deepest tone."

'The shrift is done, the friar is gone,
Blindfolded as he came —
Next morning all in Littlecot Hall
Were weeping for their dame.

'Wild Darrell is an altered man,
The village crones can tell;
He looks pale as clay and strives to pray,
If he hears the convent bell.

'If prince or peer cross Durrell's way,
He'll beard him in his pride —
If he meet a friar of orders grey,
He droops and turns aside.' [1]

XXVIII

'Harper! methinks thy magic lays,'
Matilda said, 'can goblins raise!
Wellnigh my fancy can discern
Near the dark porch a visage stern;

[1] See Note 63.

E'en now in yonder shadowy nook
I see it! — Redmond, Wilfrid, look! —
A human form distinct and clear —
God, for thy mercy! — It draws near!'
She saw too true. Stride after stride,
The centre of that chamber wide
Fierce Bertram gained; then made a stand
And, proudly waving with his hand,
Thundered — 'Be still, upon your lives! —
He bleeds who speaks, he dies who strives.'
Behind their chief the robber crew,
Forth from the darkened portal drew
In silence — save that echo dread
Returned their heavy measured tread.
The lamp's uncertain lustre gave
Their arms to gleam, their plumes to wave;
File after file in order pass,
Like forms on Banquo's mystic glass.
Then, halting at their leader's sign,
At once they formed and curved their line,
Hemming within its crescent drear
Their victims like a herd of deer.
Another sign, and to the aim
Levelled at once their muskets came,
As waiting but their chieftain's word
To make their fatal volley heard.

XXIX

Back in a heap the menials drew;
Yet, even in mortal terror true,
Their pale and startled group oppose
Between Matilda and the foes.
'O, haste thee, Wilfrid!' Redmond cried;
'Undo that wicket by thy side!
Bear hence Matilda — gain the wood —
The pass may be awhile made good —
Thy band ere this must sure be nigh —
O speak not — dally not — but fly!'
While yet the crowd their motions hide,
Through the low wicket door they glide.
Through vaulted passages they wind,
In Gothic intricacy twined;
Wilfrid half led and half he bore
Matilda to the postern door,
And safe beneath the forest tree,
The lady stands at liberty.
The moonbeams, the fresh gale's caress,
Renewed suspended consciousness; —
'Where's Redmond?' eagerly she cries:
'Thou answer'st not — he dies! he dies!
And thou hast left him all bereft
Of mortal aid — with murderers left!
I know it well — he would not yield

His sword to man — his doom is sealed!
For my scorned life, which thou hast bought
At price of his, I thank thee not.'

XXX

The unjust reproach, the angry look,
The heart of Wilfrid could not brook.
'Lady,' he said, 'my band so near,
In safety thou mayst rest thee here.
For Redmond's death thou shalt not mourn,
If mine can buy his safe return.'
He turned away — his heart throbbed high,
The tear was bursting from his eye;
The sense of her injustice pressed
Upon the maid's distracted breast, —
'Stay, Wilfrid, stay! all aid is vain!'
He heard but turned him not again!
He reaches now the postern door,
Now enters — and is seen no more.

XXXI

With all the agony that e'er
Was gendered 'twixt suspense and fear,
She watched the line of windows tall
Whose Gothic lattice lights the hall,
Distinguished by the paly red
The lamps in dim reflection shed,

While all beside in wan moonlight
Each grated casement glimmered white.
No sight of harm, no sound of ill,
It is a deep and midnight still.
Who looked upon the scene had guessed
All in the castle were at rest —
When sudden on the windows shone
A lightning flash just seen and gone!
A shot is heard — again the flame
Flashed thick and fast — a volley came!
Then echoed wildly from within
Of shout and scream the mingled din,
And weapon-clash and maddening cry,
Of those who kill and those who die! —
As filled the hall with sulphurous smoke,
More red, more dark, the death-flash broke,
And forms were on the lattice cast
That struck or struggled as they past.

XXXII

What sounds upon the midnight wind
Approach so rapidly behind?
It is, it is, the tramp of steeds,
Matilda hears the sound, she speeds,
Seizes upon the leader's rein —
'O, haste to aid ere aid be vain!
Fly to the postern — gain the hall!'

From saddle spring the troopers all;
Their gallant steeds at liberty
Run wild along the moonlight lea.
But ere they burst upon the scene
Full stubborn had the conflict been.
When Bertram marked Matilda's flight,
It gave the signal for the fight;
And Rokeby's veterans, seamed with scars
Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars,
Their momentary panic o'er,
Stood to the arms which then they bore —
For they were weaponed and prepared
Their mistress on her way to guard.
Then cheered them to the fight O'Neale,
Then pealed the shot, and clashed the steel;
The war-smoke soon with sable breath
Darkened the scene of blood and death,
While on the few defenders close
The bandits with redoubled blows,
And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell
Renew the charge with frantic yell.

XXXIII

Wilfrid has fallen — but o'er him stood
Young Redmond soiled with smoke and blood,
Cheering his mates with heart and hand
Still to make good their desperate stand:

'Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.
What! faint ye for their savage cry,
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?
These rafters have returned a shout
As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout,
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.[1]
Stand to it yet! renew the fight
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right!
These slaves! they dare not hand to hand
Bide buffet from a true man's brand.'
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent
His brandished falchion's sheer descent!
Backward they scattered as he came,
Like wolves before the levin flame,
When, 'mid their howling conclave driven,
Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.
Bertram rushed on — But Harpool clasped
His knees, although in death he gasped,
His falling corpse before him flung,
And round the trammelled ruffian clung.
Just then the soldiers filled the dome,
And shouting charged the felons home

[1] See Note 64.

So fiercely that in panic dread
They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled,
Bertram's stern voice they heed no more,
Though heard above the battle's roar;
While, trampling down the dying man,
He strove with volleyed threat and ban
In scorn of odds, in fate's despite,
To rally up the desperate fight.

XXXIV

Soon murkier clouds the hall enfold
Than e'er from battle-thunders rolled,
So dense the combatants scarce know
To aim or to avoid the blow.
Smothering and blindfold grows the fight —
But soon shall dawn a dismal light!
'Mid cries and clashing arms there came
The hollow sound of rushing flame;
New horrors on the tumult dire
Arise — the castle is on fire!
Doubtful if chance had cast the brand
Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand,
Matilda saw — for frequent broke
From the dim casements gusts of smoke,
Yon tower, which late so clear defined
On the fair hemisphere reclined
That, pencilled on its azure pure,

The eye could count each embrasure,
Now, swathed within the sweeping cloud,
Seems giant-spectre in his shroud;
Till, from each loop-hole flashing light,
A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,
And, gathering to united glare,
Streams high into the midnight air;
A dismal beacon, far and wide
That wakened Greta's slumbering side.
Soon all beneath, through gallery long
And pendent arch, the fire flashed strong,
Snatching whatever could maintain,
Raise, or extend its furious reign;
Startling with closer cause of dread
The females who the conflict fled,
And now rushed forth upon the plain,
Filling the air with clamours vain.

XXXV

But ceased not yet the hall within
The shriek, the shout, the carnage-din,
Till bursting lattices give proof
The flames have caught the raftered roof
What! wait they till its beams amain
Crash on the slayers and the slain?
The alarm is caught — the drawbridge falls,
The warriors hurry from the walls,

But by the conflagration's light
Upon the lawn renew the fight.
Each straggling felon down was hewed,
Not one could gain the sheltering wood;
But forth the affrighted harper sprung,
And to Matilda's robe he clung.
Her shriek, entreaty, and command
Stopped the pursuer's lifted hand.
Denzil and he alive were ta'en;
The rest save Bertram all are slain.

XXXVI

And where is Bertram? — Soaring high,
The general flame ascends the sky;
In gathered group the soldiers gaze
Upon the broad and roaring blaze,
When, like infernal demon, sent
Red from his penal element,
To plague and to pollute the air,
His face all gore, on fire his hair,
Forth from the central mass of smoke
The giant form of Bertram broke!
His brandished sword on high he rears,
Then plunged among opposing spears;
Round his left arm his mantle trussed,
Received and foiled three lances' thrust;
Nor these his headlong course withstood,

Like reeds he snapped the tough ashwood.
In vain his foes around him clung;
With matchless force aside he flung
Their boldest, — as the bull at bay
Tosses the ban-dogs from his way,
Through forty foes his path he made,
And safely gained the forest glade.

XXXVII

Scarce was this final conflict o'er
When from the postern Redmond bore
Wilfrid, who, as of life bereft,
Had in the fatal hall been left,
Deserted there by all his train;
But Redmond saw and turned again.
Beneath an oak he laid him down
That in the blaze gleamed ruddy brown,
And then his mantle's clasp undid;
Matilda held his drooping head,
Till, given to breathe the freer air,
Returning life repaid their care.
He gazed on them with heavy sigh, —
'I could have wished even thus to die!'
No more he said, — for now with speed
Each trooper had regained his steed;
The ready palfreys stood arrayed
For Redmond and for Rokeby's maid;

Two Wilfrid on his horse sustain,
One leads his charger by the rein.
But oft Matilda looked behind,
As up the vale of Tees they wind,
Where far the mansion of her sires
Beaconed the dale with midnight fires.
In gloomy arch above them spread,
The clouded heaven lowered bloody red;
Beneath in sombre light the flood
Appeared to roll in waves of blood.
Then one by one was heard to fall
The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall.
Each rushing down with thunder sound
A space the conflagration drowned;
Till gathering strength again it rose,
Announced its triumph in its close,
Shook wide its light the landscape o'er,
Then sunk — and Rokeby was no more!

CANTO SIXTH

I

THE summer sun, whose early power
Was wont to gild Matilda's bower
And rouse her with his matin ray
Her duteous orisons to pay,
That morning sun has three times seen
The flowers unfold on Rokeby green,
But sees no more the slumbers fly
From fair Matilda's hazel eye;
That morning sun has three times broke
On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak,
But, rising from their sylvan screen,
Marks no grey turrets glance between.
A shapeless mass lie keep and tower,
That, hissing to the morning shower,
Can but with smouldering vapour pay
The early smile of summer day.
The peasant, to his labour bound,
Pauses to view the blackened mound,
Striving amid the ruined space
Each well-remembered spot to trace.
That length of frail and fire-scorched wall
Once screened the hospitable hall;

When yonder broken arch was whole,
'T was there was dealt the weekly dole;
And where yon tottering columns nod
The chapel sent the hymn to God.
So flits the world's uncertain span!
Nor zeal for God nor love for man
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.
The towers must share the builder's doom;
Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb:
But better boon benignant Heaven
To Faith and Charity has given,
And bids the Christian hope sublime
Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.

II

Now the third night of summer came
Since that which witnessed Rokeby's flame.
On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake
The owlet's homilies awake,
The bittern screamed from rush and flag,
The raven slumbered on his crag,
Forth from his den the otter drew, —
Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,
As between reed and sedge he peers,
With fierce round snout and sharpened ears,
Or prowling by the moonbeam cool

Watches the stream or swims the pool; —
Perched on his wonted eyrie high,
Sleep sealed the tercelet's wearied eye,
That all the day had watched so well
The cushat dart across the dell.
In dubious beam reflected shone
That lofty cliff of pale grey stone
Beside whose base the secret cave
To rapine late a refuge gave.
The crag's wild crest of copse and yew
On Greta's breast dark shadows threw,
Shadows that met or shunned the sight
With every change of fitful light,
As hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.

III

Gliding by crag and copsewood green,
A solitary form was seen
To trace with stealthy pace the wold.
Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,
And pauses oft, and cowers dismayed
At every breath that stirs the shade.
He passes now the ivy bush, —
The owl has seen him and is hush;
He passes now the doddered oak, —
He heard the startled raven croak;

Lower and lower he descends,
Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends;
The otter hears him tread the shore,
And dives and is beheld no more;
And by the cliff of pale grey stone
The midnight wanderer stands alone.
Methinks that by the moon we trace
A well-remembered form and face!
That stripling shape, that cheek so pale,
Combine to tell a rueful tale,
Of powers misused, of passion's force,
Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse!
'T is Edmund's eye at every sound
That flings that guilty glance around;
'T is Edmund's trembling haste divides
The brushwood that the cavern hides;
And when its narrow porch lies bare
'T is Edmund's form that enters there.

IV

His flint and steel have sparkled bright,
A lamp hath lent the cavern light.
Fearful and quick his eye surveys
Each angle of the gloomy maze.
Since last he left that stern abode,
It seemed as none its floor had trode;
Untouched appeared the various spoil,

The purchase of his comrades' toil;
Masks and disguises grimed with mud,
Arms broken and defiled with blood,
And all the nameless tools that aid
Night-felons in their lawless trade,
Upon the gloomy walls were hung
Or lay in nooks obscurely flung.
Still on the sordid board appear
The relics of the noontide cheer:
Flagons and emptied flasks were there,
And bench o'erthrown and shattered chair;
And all around the semblance showed,
As when the final revel glowed,
When the red sun was setting fast
And parting pledge Guy Denzil past.
'To Rokeby treasure-vaults!' they quaffed,
And shouted loud and wildly laughed,
Poured maddening from the rocky door,
And parted — to return no more!
They found in Rokeby vaults their doom, —
A bloody death, a burning tomb!

V

There his own peasant dress he spies,
Doffed to assume that quaint disguise,
And shuddering thought upon his glee
When pranked in garb of minstrelsy.

'O, be the fatal art accurst,'
He cried, 'that moved my folly first,
Till, bribed by bandits' base applause,
I burst through God's and Nature's laws!
Three summer days are scantly past
Since I have trod this cavern last,
A thoughtless wretch, and prompt to err —
But O, as yet no murderer!
Even now I list my comrades' cheer,
That general laugh is in mine ear
Which raised my pulse and steeled my heart,
As I rehearsed my treacherous part —
And would that all since then could seem
The phantom of a fever's dream!
But fatal memory notes too well
The horrors of the dying yell
From my despairing mates that broke
When flashed the fire and rolled the smoke,
When the avengers shouting came
And hemmed us 'twixt the sword and flame!
My frantic flight — the lifted brand —
That angel's interposing hand! —
If for my life from slaughter freed
I yet could pay some grateful meed!
Perchance this object of my quest
May aid' — he turned nor spoke the rest.

VI

Due northward from the rugged hearth
With paces five he meets the earth,
Then toiled with mattock to explore
The entrails of the cavern floor,
Nor paused till deep beneath the ground
His search a small steel casket found.
Just as he stooped to loose its hasp
His shoulder felt a giant grasp;
He started and looked up aghast,
Then shrieked! — 'T was Bertram held him fast.
'Fear not!' he said; but who could hear
That deep stern voice and cease to fear?
'Fear not! — By heaven, he shakes as much
As partridge in the falcon's clutch:'
He raised him and unloosed his hold,
While from the opening casket rolled
A chain and reliquaire of gold.
Bertram beheld it with surprise,
Gazed on its fashion and device,
Then, cheering Edmund as he could,
Somewhat he smoothed his rugged mood,
For still the youth's half-lifted eye
Quivered with terror's agony,
And sidelong glanced as to explore
In meditated flight the door.

'Sit,' Bertram said, 'from danger free:
Thou canst not and thou shalt not flee.
Chance brings me hither; hill and plain
I've sought for refuge-place in vain.
And tell me now, thou aguish boy,
What makest thou here? what means this toy?
Denzil and thou, I marked, were ta'en;
What lucky chance unbound your chain?
I deemed, long since on Baliol's tower,
Your heads were warped with sun and shower.
Tell me the whole — and mark! nought e'er
Chafes me like falsehood or like fear.'
Gathering his courage to his aid
But trembling still, the youth obeyed.

VII

'Denzil and I two nights passed o'er
In fetters on the dungeon floor.
A guest the third sad morrow brought;
Our hold, dark Oswald Wycliffe sought,
And eyed my comrade long askance
With fixed and penetrating glance.
"Guy Denzil art thou called?" — "The same."
"At Court who served wild Buckinghame;
Thence banished, won a keeper's place,
So Villiers willed, in Marwood Chase;
That lost — I need not tell thee why —

Thou madest thy wit thy wants supply,
Then fought for Rokeby: — have I guessed
My prisoner right?" — "At thy behest." —
He paused awhile, and then went on
With low and confidential tone; —
Me, as I judge, not then he saw
Close nestled in my couch of straw. —
"List to me, Guy. Thou know'st the great
Have frequent need of what they hate;
Hence, in their favour oft we see
Unscrupled, useful men like thee.
Were I disposed to bid thee live,
What pledge of faith hast thou to give?"

VIII

'The ready fiend who never yet
Hath failed to sharpen Denzil's wit
Prompted his lie — "His only child
Should rest his pledge." — The baron smiled,
And turned to me — "Thou art his son?"
I bowed — our fetters were undone,
And we were led to hear apart
A dreadful lesson of his art.
Wilfrid, he said, his heir and son,
Had fair Matilda's favour won;
And long since had their union been
But for her father's bigot spleen,

Whose brute and blindfold party-rage
Would, force perforce, her hand engage
To a base kern of Irish earth,
Unknown his lineage and his birth,
Save that a dying ruffian bore
The infant brat to Rokeby door.
Gentle restraint, he said, would lead
Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed;
But fair occasion he must find
For such restraint well meant and kind,
The knight being rendered to his charge
But as a prisoner at large.

IX.

'He schooled us in a well-forged tale
Of scheme the castle-walls to scale,
To which was leagued each Cavalier
That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear,
That Rokeby, his parole forgot,
Had dealt with us to aid the plot.
Such was the charge which Denzil's zeal
Of hate to Rokeby and O'Neale
Proffered as witness to make good,
Even though the forfeit were their blood.
I scrupled until o'er and o'er
His prisoners' safety Wycliffe swore;
And then — alas! what needs there more?

I knew I should not live to say
The proffer I refused that day;
Ashamed to live, yet loth to die,
I soiled me with their infamy!'
'Poor youth!' said Bertram, 'wavering still,
Unfit alike for good or ill!
But what fell next?' — 'Soon as at large
Was scrolled and signed our fatal charge,
There never yet on tragic stage
Was seen so well a painted rage
As Oswald's showed! With loud alarm
He called his garrison to arm;
From tower to tower, from post to post,
He hurried as if all were lost;
Consigned to dungeon and to chain
The good old knight and all his train;
Warned each suspected Cavalier
Within his limits to appear
To-morrow at the hour of noon
In the high church of Eglistone.' —

X

'Of Eglistone! — Even now I past,'
Said Bertram, 'as the night closed fast;
Torches and cressets gleamed around,
I heard the saw and hammer sound,

And I could mark they toiled to raise
A scaffold, hung with sable baize,
Which the grim headsman's scene displayed,
Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid.
Some evil deed will there be done
Unless Matilda wed his son; —
She loves him not — 't is shrewdly guessed
That Redmond rules the damsel's breast.
This is a turn of Oswald's skill;
But I may meet, and foil him still! —
How camest thou to thy freedom?' — 'There
Lies mystery more dark and rare.
In midst of Wycliffe's well-feigned rage,
A scroll was offered by a page,
Who told a muffled horseman late
Had left it at the castle-gate.
He broke the seal — his cheek showed change,
Sudden, portentous, wild, and strange;
The mimic passion of his eye
Was turned to actual agony;
His hand like summer sapling shook,
Terror and guilt were in his look.
Denzil he judged in time of need
Fit counsellor for evil deed;
And thus apart his counsel broke,
While with a ghastly smile he spoke: —

XI

'"As in the pageants of the stage
The dead awake in this wild age,
Mortham — whom all men deemed decreed
In his own deadly snare to bleed,
Slain by a bravo whom o'er sea
He trained to aid in murdering me, —
Mortham has 'scaped! The coward shot
The steed, but harmed the rider not."'
Here with an execration fell
Bertram leaped up and paced the cell: —
'Thine own grey head or bosom dark,'
He muttered, 'may be surer mark!'
Then sat and signed to Edmund, pale
With terror, to resume his tale.
'Wycliffe went on: — "Mark with what flights
Of 'wildered reverie he writes: —

THE LETTER

'"Ruler of Mortham's destiny!
Though dead, thy victim lives to thee.
Once had he all that binds to life,
A lovely child, a lovelier wife;
Wealth, fame, and friendship were his own —
Thou gavest the word and they are flown.
Mark how he pays thee: to thy hand

He yields his honours and his land,
One boon premised; — restore his child!
And, from his native land exiled,
Mortham no more returns to claim
His lands, his honours, or his name;
Refuse him this and from the slain
Thou shalt see Mortham rise again." —

XII

'This billet while the baron read,
His faltering accents showed his dread;
He pressed his forehead with his palm,
Then took a scornful tone and calm;
"Wild as the winds, as billows wild!
What wot I of his spouse or child?
Hither he brought a joyous dame,
Unknown her lineage or her name:
Her in some frantic fit he slew;
The nurse and child in fear withdrew.
Heaven be my witness, wist I where
To find this youth, my kinsman's heir,
Unguerdoned I would give with joy
The father's arms to fold his boy,
And Mortham's lands and towers resign
To the just heirs of Mortham's line."
Thou know'st that scarcely e'en his fear
Suppresses Denzil's cynic sneer; —

"Then happy is thy vassal's part,"
He said, "to ease his patron's heart!
In thine own jailer's watchful care
Lies Mortham's just and rightful heir;
Thy generous wish is fully won, —
Redmond O'Neale is Mortham's son." —

XIII

'Up starting with a frenzied look,
His clenched hand the baron shook:
"Is Hell at work? or dost thou rave,
Or darest thou palter with me, slave!
Perchance thou wot'st not, Barnard's towers
Have racks of strange and ghastly powers."
Denzil, who well his safety knew,
Firmly rejoined, "I tell thee true.
Thy racks could give thee but to know
The proofs which I, untortured, show.
It chanced upon a winter night
When early snow made Stanmore white,
That very night when first of all
Redmond O'Neale saw Rokeby Hall,
It was my goodly lot to gain
A reliquary and a chain,
Twisted and chased of massive gold.
Demand not how the prize I hold!
It was not given nor lent nor sold.

Gilt tablets to the chain were hung
With letters in the Irish tongue.
I hid my spoil, for there was need
That I should leave the land with speed,
Nor then I deemed it safe to bear
On mine own person gems so rare.
Small heed I of the tablets took,
But since have spelled them by the book,
When some sojourn in Erin's land
Of their wild speech had given command.
But darkling was the sense; the phrase
And language those of other days,
Involved of purpose, as to foil
An interloper's prying toil.
The words, but not the sense, I knew,
Till fortune gave the guiding clue.

XIV

"'Three days since, was that clue revealed
In Thorsgill as I lay concealed,
And heard at full when Rokeby's maid
Her uncle's history displayed;
And now I can interpret well
Each syllable the tablets tell.
Mark, then: fair Edith was the joy
Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy;
But from her sire and country fled

In secret Mortham's lord to wed.
O'Neale, his first resentment o'er,
Despatched his son to Greta's shore,
Enjoining he should make him known —
Until his farther will were shown —
To Edith, but to her alone.
What of their ill-starred meeting fell
Lord Wycliffe knows, and none so well.

XV

"'O'Neale it was who in despair
Robbed Mortham of his infant heir;
He bred him in their nurture wild,
And called him murdered Connel's child.
Soon died the nurse; the clan believed
What from their chieftain they received.
His purpose was that ne'er again
The boy should cross the Irish main,
But, like his mountain sires, enjoy
The woods and wastes of Clandeboy.
Then on the land wild troubles came,
And stronger chieftains urged a claim,
And wrested from the old man's hands
His native towers, his father's lands.
Unable then amid the strife
To guard young Redmond's rights or life,
Late and reluctant he restores

The infant to his native shores,
With goodly gifts and letters stored,
With many a deep conjuring word,
To Mortham and to Rokeby's lord.
Nought knew the clod of Irish earth,
Who was the guide, of Redmond's birth,
But deemed his chief's commands were laid
On both, by both to be obeyed.
How he was wounded by the way
I need not, and I list not say." —

XVI

"'A wondrous tale! and, grant it true,
What," Wycliffe answered, "might I do?
Heaven knows, as willingly as now
I raise the bonnet from my brow,
Would I my kinsman's manors fair
Restore to Mortham or his heir;
But Mortham is distraught — O'Neale
Has drawn for tyranny his steel,
Malignant to our rightful cause
And trained in Rome's delusive laws.
Hark thee apart!" They whispered long,
Till Denzil's voice grew bold and strong:
"My proofs! I never will," he said,
"Show mortal man where they are laid.
Nor hope discovery to foreclose

By giving me to feed the crows;
For I have mates at large who know
Where I am wont such toys to stow.
Free me from peril and from band,
These tablets are at thy command;
Nor were it hard to form some train,
To wile old Mortham o'er the main.
Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand
Should wrest from thine the goodly land."
"I like thy wit," said Wycliffe, "well;
But here in hostage shalt thou dwell.
Thy son, unless my purpose err,
May prove the trustier messenger.
A scroll to Mortham shall he bear
From me, and fetch these tokens rare.
Gold shalt thou have, and that good store,
And freedom, his commission o'er;
But if his faith should chance to fail,
The gibbet frees thee from the jail."

XVII

'Meshed in the net himself had twined,
What subterfuge could Denzil find?
He told me with reluctant sigh
That hidden here the tokens lie,
Conjured my swift return and aid,
By all he scoffed and disobeyed,

And looked as if the noose were tied
And I the priest who left his side.
This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe gave,
Whom I must seek by Greta's wave,
Or in the hut where chief he hides,
Where Thorsgill's forester resides. —
Thence chanced it, wandering in the glade,
That he descried our ambuscade. —
I was dismissed as evening fell,
And reached but now this rocky cell.'
'Give Oswald's letter.' — Bertram read,
And tore it fiercely shred by shred: —
'All lies and villainy! to blind
His noble kinsman's generous mind,
And train him on from day to day,
Till he can take his life away. —
And now, declare thy purpose, youth,
Nor dare to answer, save the truth;
If aught I mark of Denzil's art,
I'll tear the secret from thy heart!' —

XVIII

'It needs not. I renounce,' he said,
'My tutor and his deadly trade.
Fixed was my purpose to declare
To Mortham, Redmond is his heir;
To tell him in what risk he stands,

And yield these tokens to his hands.
Fixed was my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done;
And fixed it rests — if I survive
This night, and leave this cave alive.' —
'And Denzil?' — 'Let them ply the rack,
Even till his joints and sinews crack!
If Oswald tear him limb from limb,
What ruth can Denzil claim from him
Whose thoughtless youth he led astray
And damned to this unhallowed way?
He schooled me, faith and vows were vain;
Now let my master reap his gain.' —
'True,' answered Bertram, ''t is his meed;
There's retribution in the deed.
But thou — thou art not for our course,
Hast fear, hast pity, hast remorse;
And he with us the gale who braves
Must heave such cargo to the waves,
Or lag with overloaded prore
While barks unburdened reach the shore.'

XIX

He paused and, stretching him at length,
Seemed to repose his bulky strength.
Communing with his secret mind,
As half he sat and half reclined,

One ample hand his forehead pressed,
And one was dropped across his breast.
The shaggy eyebrows deeper came
Above his eyes of swarthy flame;
His lip of pride awhile forebore
The haughty curve till then it wore;
The unaltered fierceness of his look
A shade of darkèned sadness took, —
For dark and sad a presage pressed
Resistlessly on Bertram's breast, —
And when he spoke, his wonted tone,
So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.
His voice was steady, low, and deep,
Like distant waves when breezes sleep;
And sorrow mixed with Edmund's fear,
Its low unbroken depth to hear.

XX

'Edmund, in thy sad tale I find
The woe that warped my patron's mind;
'T would wake the fountains of the eye
In other men, but mine are dry.
Mortham must never see the fool
That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool,
Yet less from thirst of sordid gain
Than to avenge supposed disdain.
Say Bertram rues his fault — a word

Till now from Bertram never heard:
Say, too, that Mortham's lord he prays
To think but on their former days;
On Quariana's beach and rock,
On Cayo's bursting battle-shock,
On Darien's sands and deadly dew,
And on the dart Tlatzeca threw; —
Perchance my patron yet may hear
More that may grace his comrade's bier.
My soul hath felt a secret weight,
A warning of approaching fate:
A priest had said, "Return, repent!"
As well to bid that rock be rent.
Firm as that flint I face mine end;
My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

XXI

'The dawning of my youth with awe
And prophecy the Dalesmen saw;
For over Redesdale it came,
As bodeful as their beacon-flame.
Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine
When, challenging the Clans of Tyne
To bring their best my brand to prove,
O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove;[1]
But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,

[1] See Note 65.

Held champion meet to take it down.
My noontide India may declare;
Like her fierce sun, I fired the air!
Like him, to wood and cave bade fly
Her natives from mine angry eye.
Panama's maids shall long look pale
When Risingham inspires the tale;
Chili's dark matrons long shall tame
The froward child with Bertram's name.
And now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disk like battle-target red
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once — and all is night. —

XXII

'Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly,
Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie
To Richmond where his troops are laid,
And lead his force to Redmond's aid.
Say till he reaches Eglistone
A friend will watch to guard his son.
Now, fare-thee-well; for night draws on,
And I would rest me here alone.'

Despite his ill-dissembled fear,
There swam in Edmund's eye a tear;
A tribute to the courage high
Which stooped not in extremity,
But strove, irregularly great,
To triumph o'er approaching fate!
Bertram beheld the dew-drop start,
It almost touched his iron heart:
'I did not think there lived,' he said,
'One who would tear for Bertram shed.'
He loosened then his baldric's hold,
A buckle broad of massive gold; —
'Of all the spoil that paid his pains
But this with Risingham remains;
And this, dear Edmund, thou shalt take,
And wear it long for Bertram's sake.
Once more — to Mortham speed amain;
Farewell! and turn thee not again.'

XXIII

The night has yielded to the morn,
And far the hours of prime are worn.
Oswald, who since the dawn of day
Had cursed his messenger's delay,
Impatient questioned now his train,
'Was Denzil's son returned again?'
It chanced there answered of the crew

A menial who young Edmund knew:
'No son of Denzil this,' he said;
'A peasant boy from Winston glade,
For song and minstrelsy renowned
And knavish pranks the hamlets round.'
'Not Denzil's son! — from Winston vale! —
Then it was false, that specious tale;
Or worse — he hath despatched the youth
To show to Mortham's lord its truth.
Fool that I was! — But 't is too late; —
This is the very turn of fate! —
The tale, or true or false, relies
On Denzil's evidence! — He dies! —
Ho! Provost Marshal! instantly
Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree!
Allow him not a parting word;
Short be the shrift and sure the cord!
Then let his gory head appall
Marauders from the castle-wall.
Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,
With best despatch to Eglistone. —
Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straight
Attend me at the castle-gate.'

XXIV

'Alas!' the old domestic said,
And shook his venerable head,

'Alas, my lord! full ill to-day
May my young master brook the way!
The leech has spoke with grave alarm
Of unseen hurt, of secret harm,
Of sorrow lurking at the heart,
That mars and lets his healing art.'
'Tush! tell not me! — Romantic boys
Pine themselves sick for airy toys,
I will find cure for Wilfrid soon;
Bid him for Eglistone be boune,
And quick! — I hear the dull death-drum
Tell Denzil's hour of fate is come.'
He paused with scornful smile, and then
Resumed his train of thought agen.
'Now comes my fortune's crisis near!
Entreaty boots not — instant fear,
Nought else, can bend Matilda's pride
Or win her to be Wilfrid's bride.
But when she sees the scaffold placed,
With axe and block and headsman graced,
And when she deems that to deny
Dooms Redmond and her sire to die,
She must give way. — Then, were the line
Of Rokeby once combined with mine,
I gain the weather-gauge of fate!
If Mortham come, he comes too late,
While I, allied thus and prepared,

Bid him defiance to his beard. —
If she prove stubborn, shall I dare
To drop the axe? — Soft! pause we there.
Mortham still lives — yon youth may tell
His tale — and Fairfax loves him well; —
Else, wherefore should I now delay
To sweep this Redmond from my way? —
But she to piety perforce
Must yield. — Without there! Sound to horse!'

XXV

'T was bustle in the court below, —
'Mount, and march forward!' Forth they go;
Steeds neigh and trample all around,
Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound. —
Just then was sung his parting hymn;
And Denzil turned his eyeballs dim,
And, scarcely conscious what he sees,
Follows the horsemen down the Tees;
And scarcely conscious what he hears,
The trumpets tingle in his ears.
O'er the long bridge they're sweeping now,
The van is hid by greenwood bough;
But ere the rearward had passed o'er
Guy Denzil heard and saw no more!
One stroke upon the castle-bell
To Oswald rung his dying knell.

XXVI

O, for that pencil, erst profuse
Of chivalry's emblazoned hues,
That traced of old in Woodstock bower
The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,
And bodied forth the tourney high
Held for the hand of Emily!
Then might I paint the tumult broad
That to the crowded abbey flowed,
And poured, as with an ocean's sound,
Into the church's ample bound!
Then might I show each varying mien,
Exulting, woful, or serene;
Indifference, with his idiot stare,
And Sympathy, with anxious air;
Paint the dejected Cavalier,
Doubtful, disarmed, and sad of cheer;
And his proud foe, whose formal eye
Claimed conquest now and mastery;
And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal
Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,
And loudest shouts when lowest lie
Exalted worth and station high.
Yet what may such a wish avail?
'T is mine to tell an onward tale,
Hurrying, as best I can, along

The hearers and the hasty song; —
Like traveller when approaching home,
Who sees the shades of evening come,
And must not now his course delay,
Or choose the fair but winding way:
Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend,
Where o'er his head the wildings bend,
To bless the breeze that cools his brow
Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

XXVII

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profaned, dishonoured, and defaced.
Through storied lattices no more
In softened light the sunbeams pour,
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich
Of shrine and monument and niche.
The civil fury of the time
Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
For dark fanaticism rent
Altar and screen and ornament,
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew
Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh.
And now was seen, unwonted sight,
In holy walls a scaffold dight!
Where once the priest of grace divine
Dealt to his flock the mystic sign,

There stood the block displayed, and there
The headsman grim his hatchet bare,
And for the word of hope and faith
Resounded loud a doom of death.
Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was heard,
And echoed thrice the herald's word,
Dooming, for breach of martial laws
And treason to the Commons' cause,
The Knight of Rokeby, and O'Neale,
To stoop their heads to block and steel.
The trumpets flourished high and shrill,
Then was a silence dead and still;
And silent prayers to Heaven were cast,
And stifled sobs were bursting fast,
Till from the crowd begun to rise
Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,
And from the distant aisles there came
Deep-muttered threats with Wycliffe's name.

XXVIII

But Oswald, guarded by his band,
Powerful in evil, waved his hand,
And bade Sedition's voice be dead,
On peril of the murmurer's head.
Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight,
Who gazed on the tremendous sight
As calm as if he came a guest

To kindred baron's feudal feast,
As calm as if that trumpet-call
Were summons to the bannered hall;
Firm in his loyalty he stood,
And prompt to seal it with his blood.
With downcast look drew Oswald nigh, —
He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye! —
And said with low and faltering breath,
'Thou know'st the terms of life and death.'
The knight then turned and sternly smiled:
'The maiden is mine only child,
Yet shall my blessing leave her head
If with a traitor's son she wed.'
Then Redmond spoke: 'The life of one
Might thy malignity atone,
On me be flung a double guilt!
Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt!'
Wycliffe had listened to his suit,
But dread prevailed and he was mute.

XXIX

And now he pours his choice of fear
In secret on Matilda's ear;
'An union formed with me and mine
Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line.
Consent, and all this dread array
Like morning dream shall pass away;

Refuse, and by my duty pressed
I give the word — thou know'st the rest.'
Matilda, still and motionless,
With terror heard the dread address,
Pale as the sheeted maid who dies
To hopeless love a sacrifice;
Then wrung her hands in agony,
And round her cast bewildered eye,
Now on the scaffold glanced, and now
On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow.
She veiled her face, and with a voice
Scarce audible, 'I make my choice!
Spare but their lives! — for aught beside
Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide.
He once was generous!' As she spoke,
Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph broke:
'Wilfrid, where loitered ye so late?
Why upon Basil rest thy weight? —
Art spell-bound by enchanter's wand? —
Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded hand;
Thank her with raptures, simple boy!
Should tears and trembling speak thy joy?'
'O hush, my sire! To prayer and tear
Of mine thou hast refused thine ear;
But now the awful hour draws on
When Truth must speak in loftier tone.'

XXX

He took Matilda's hand: 'Dear maid,
Couldst thou so injure me,' he said,
'Of thy poor friend so basely deem
As blend with him this barbarous scheme?
Alas! my efforts made in vain
Might well have saved this added pain.
But now, bear witness earth and heaven
That ne'er was hope to mortal given
So twisted with the strings of life
As this — to call Matilda wife!
I bid it now for ever part,
And with the effort bursts my heart.'
His feeble frame was worn so low,
With wounds, with watching, and with woe
That nature could no more sustain
The agony of mental pain.
He kneeled — his lip her hand had pressed,
Just then he felt the stern arrest.
Lower and lower sunk his head, —
They raised him, — but the life was fled!
Then first alarmed his sire and train
Tried every aid, but tried in vain.
The soul, too soft its ills to bear,
Had left our mortal hemisphere,
And sought in better world the meed
To blameless life by Heaven decreed.

XXXI

The wretched sire beheld aghast
With Wilfrid all his projects past,
All turned and centred on his son,
On Wilfrid all — and he was gone.
'And I am childless now,' he said;
'Childless, through that relentless maid!
A lifetime's arts in vain essayed
Are bursting on their artist's head!
Here lies my Wilfrid dead — and there
Comes hated Mortham for his heir,
Eager to knit in happy band
With Rokeby's heiress Redmond's hand.
And shall their triumph soar o'er all
The schemes deep-laid to work their fall?
No! — deeds which prudence might not dare
Appall not vengeance and despair.
The murderess weeps upon his bier —
I 'll change to real that feigned tear!
They all shall share destruction's shock; —
Ho! lead the captives to the block!'
But ill his provost could divine
His feelings, and forbore the sign.
'Slave! to the block! — or I or they
Shall face the judgment-seat this day!'

XXXII

The outmost crowd have heard a sound
Like horse's hoof on hardened ground;
Nearer it came, and yet more near, —
The very death's-men paused to hear.
'T is in the churchyard now — the tread
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead!
Fresh sod and old sepulchral stone
Return the tramp in varied tone.
All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman armed at headlong speed —
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.[1]
Fire from the flinty floor was spurned,
The vaults unwonted clang returned! —
One instant's glance around he threw,
From saddlebow his pistol drew.
Grimly determined was his look!
His charger with the spurs he strook —
All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!
Three bounds that noble courser gave;
The first has reached the central nave,
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third — he was at Wycliffe's side.

[1] See Note 66.

Full levelled at the baron's head,
Rung the report — the bullet sped —
And to his long account and last
Without a groan dark Oswald past!
All was so quick that it might seem
A flash of lightning or a dream.

XXXIII

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels;
But floundered on the pavement-floor
The steed and down the rider bore,
And, bursting in the headlong sway,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
'T was while he toiled him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.
Sword, halberd, musket-butt, their blows
Hailed upon Bertram as he rose;
A score of pikes with each a wound
Bore down and pinned him to the ground;
But still his struggling force he rears,
'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears,
Thrice from assailants shook him free,
Once gained his feet and twice his knee.
By tenfold odds oppressed at length,

Despite his struggles and his strength,
He took a hundred mortal wounds
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds;
And when he died his parting groan
Had more of laughter than of moan!
They gazed as when a lion dies,
And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,
But bend their weapons on the slain
Lest the grim king should rouse again!
Then blow and insult some renewed,
And from the trunk the head had hewed,
But Basil's voice the deed forbade;
A mantle o'er the corse he laid:—
'Fell as he was in act and mind,
He left no bolder heart behind:
Then, give him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding sheet.'

XXXIV

No more of death and dying pang,
No more of trump and bugle clang,
Though through the sounding woods there come
Banner and bugle, trump and drum.
Armed with such powers as well had freed
Young Redmond at his utmost need,
And backed with such a band of horse
As might less ample powers enforce,

Possessed of every proof and sign
That gave an heir to Mortham's line,
And yielded to a father's arms
An image of his Edith's charms, —
Mortham is come, to hear and see
Of this strange morn the history.
What saw he? — not the church's floor,
Cumbered with dead and stained with gore;
What heard he? — not the clamorous crowd,
That shout their gratulations loud:
Redmond he saw and heard alone,
Clasped him and sobbed, 'My son! my son!'

XXXV

This chanced upon a summer morn,
When yellow waved the heavy corn:
But when brown August o'er the land
Called forth the reaper's busy band,
A gladsome sight the sylvan road
From Eglistone to Mortham showed.
Awhile the hardy rustic leaves
The task to bind and pile the sheaves,
And maids their sickles fling aside
To gaze on bridegroom and on bride.
And childhood's wondering group draws near,
And from the gleaner's hands the ear
Drops while she folds them for a prayer

And blessing on the lovely pair.
'T was then the Maid of Rokeby gave
Her plighted troth to Redmond brave;
And Teesdale can remember yet
How Fate to Virtue paid her debt,
And for their troubles bade them prove
A lengthened life of peace and love.

Time and Tide had thus their sway,
Yielding, like an April day,
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow!

THE LORD OF THE ISLES

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS

ADVERTISEMENT

THE Scene of this Poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Artornish, on the coast of Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and upon the coast of Ayrshire. Finally it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the spring of the year 1307, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the English, and the Barons who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the Island of Rachrin on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scottish crown. Many of the personages and incidents introduced are of historical celebrity. The authorities used are chiefly those of the venerable Lord Hailes, as well entitled to be called the restorer of Scottish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scottish Monarchy; and of Archdeacon Barbour; a correct edition of whose Metrical History of Robert Bruce will soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson.

ABBOTSFORD, 10th December, 1814.

INTRODUCTION

I COULD hardly have chosen a subject more popular in Scotland than anything connected with the Bruce's history, unless I had attempted that of Wallace. But I am decidedly of opinion that a popular, or what is called a *taking*, title, though well qualified to ensure the publishers against loss, and clear their shelves of the original impression, is rather apt to be hazardous than otherwise to the reputation of the author. He who attempts a subject of distinguished popularity has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and glows, it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself. In this case the warmth of the author is inferior to that of the party whom he addresses, who has therefore little chance of being, in Bayes's phrase, 'elevated and surprised' by what he has thought of with more enthusiasm than the writer. The sense of this risk, joined to the consciousness of striving against wind and tide, made the task of composing the proposed Poem somewhat heavy and hopeless; but, like the prize-fighter in *As You Like It*, I was to wrestle for my reputation, and not neglect any advantage. In a most agreeable pleasure-voyage, which I have tried to commemorate in the Introduction to the new edition of the *Pirate*, I visited, in social and friendly company, the coasts and islands of Scotland, and made myself acquainted with the localities of which I meant to treat. But this voyage, which was in every other effect so delightful, was in its conclusion saddened by one of those strokes of fate which so often mingle themselves with our pleasures. The accomplished and excellent person who had recommended to me the subject for *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* [Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch], and to whom I proposed to inscribe what I already suspected might be the close of my poetical labours, was unexpectedly removed from the world,

which she seemed only to have visited for purposes of kindness and benevolence. It is needless to say how the author's feelings, or the composition of his trifling work, were affected by a circumstance which occasioned so many tears and so much sorrow. True it is, that *The Lord of the Isles* was concluded, unwillingly and in haste, under the painful feeling of one who has a task which must be finished, rather than with the ardour of one who endeavours to perform that task well. Although the Poem cannot be said to have made a favourable impression on the public, the sale of fifteen thousand copies enabled the Author to retreat from the field with the honours of war.

In the mean time, what was necessarily to be considered as a failure was much reconciled to my feelings by the success attending my attempt in another species of composition. *Waverley* had, under strict incognito, taken its flight from the press, just before I set out upon the voyage already mentioned; it had now made its way to popularity, and the success of that work and the volumes which followed was sufficient to have satisfied a greater appetite for applause than I have at any time possessed.

I may as well add in this place, that, being much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily no more, William Erskine (a Scottish judge, by the title of Lord Kinedder), I agreed to write the little romantic tale called the *Bridal of Triermain;* but it was on the condition that he should make no serious effort to disown the composition, if report should lay it at his door. As he was more than suspected of a taste for poetry, and as I took care, in several places, to mix something which might resemble (as far as was in my power) my friend's feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold. A third being called for, Lord Kinedder became unwilling to aid any longer a deception which was going farther than he expected or desired, and the real author's name was given. Upon another occasion, I sent up another of these trifles, which, like schoolboy's kites, served to show how the wind of popular taste was setting. The manner was supposed to be that of a rude minstrel, or Scald, in opposition to the *Bridal of Triermain*, which was designed to

belong rather to the Italian school. This new fugitive piece was called *Harold the Dauntless;* and I am still astonished at my having committed the gross error of selecting the very name which Lord Byron had made so famous. It encountered rather an odd fate. My ingenious friend, Mr. James Hogg, had published, about the same time, a work called the *Poetic Mirror*, containing imitations of the principal living poets. There was in it a very good imitation of my own style, which bore such a resemblance to *Harold the Dauntless*, that there was no discovering the original from the imitation; and I believe that many who took the trouble of thinking upon the subject, were rather of opinion that my ingenious friend was the true, and not the fictitious Simon Pure. Since this period, which was in the year 1816, the Author has not been an intruder on the public by any poetical work of importance.

ABBOTSFORD, April, 1830.

CANTO FIRST

AUTUMN departs — but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet drooped with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat and the redbreast shrill;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs — from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream and gale that wafts it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hushed the clanging wain,
On the waste hills no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal strain,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of scattered grain.

Deem'st thou these saddened scenes have pleasure still,
Lov'st thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,

To see the heath-flower withered on the hill,
To listen to the woods' expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralise on mortal joy and pain? —
O, if such scenes thou lov'st, scorn not the minstrel strain!

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist in autumn's evening sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound;
Nor mock my toil — a lonely gleaner I
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound
Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
In distant lands, by the rough West reproved,
Still live some relics of the ancient lay.
For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
With such the Seer of Skye the eve beguiles;
'T is known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
In Harries known and in Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.

I

'Wake, Maid of Lorn!' the minstrels sung. —
Thy rugged halls, Artornish, rung,[1]
And the dark seas thy towers that lave
Heaved on the beach a softer wave,
As 'mid the tuneful choir to keep
The diapason of the deep.
Lulled were the winds on Inninmore
And green Loch-Alline's woodland shore,
As if wild woods and waves had pleasure
In listing to the lovely measure.
And ne'er to symphony more sweet
Gave mountain echoes answer meet
Since, met from mainland and from isle,
Ross, Arran, Islay, and Argyle,
Each minstrel's tributary lay
Paid homage to the festal day.
Dull and dishonoured were the bard,
Worthless of guerdon and regard,
Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame,
Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim,
Who on that morn's resistless call
Was silent in Artornish hall.

[1] See Note 67.

II

'Wake, Maid of Lorn!' — 't was thus they sung,
And yet more proud the descant rung,
'Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours
To charm dull sleep from Beauty's Bowers;
Earth, ocean, air, have nought so shy
But owns the power of minstrelsy.
In Lettermore the timid deer
Will pause the harp's wild chime to hear;
Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark;[1]
To list his notes the eagle proud
Will poise him on Ben-Cailliach's cloud;
Then let not maiden's ear disdain
The summons of the minstrel train,
But while our harps wild music make,
Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!

III

'O, wake while Dawn with dewy shine
Wakes Nature's charms to vie with thine!
She bids the mottled thrush rejoice
To mate thy melody of voice;
The dew that on the violet lies
Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes;

[1] See Note 68.

But, Edith, wake, and all we see
Of sweet and fair shall yield to thee!' —
'She comes not yet,' grey Ferrand cried;
'Brethren, let softer spell be tried,
Those notes prolonged, that soothing theme,
Which best may mix with Beauty's dream,
And whisper with their silvery tone
The hope she loves yet fears to own.'
He spoke, and on the harp-strings died
The strains, of flattery and of pride;
More soft, more low, more tender fell
The lay of love he bade them tell.

IV

'Wake, Maid of Lorn! the moments fly
Which yet that maiden-name allow;
Wake, Maiden, wake! the hour is nigh
When love shall claim a plighted vow.
By Fear, thy bosom's fluttering guest,
By Hope, that soon shall fears remove,
We bid thee break the bonds of rest,
And wake thee at the call of Love!

'Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay
Lies many a galley gayly manned,
We hear the merry pibroch's play,
We see the streamers' silken band.

What chieftain's praise these pibrochs swell,
What crest is on these banners wove,
The harp, the minstrel, dare not tell —
The riddle must be read by Love!'

V

Retired her maiden train among,
Edith of Lorn received the song,
But tamed the minstrel's pride had been
That had her cold demeanour seen;
For not upon her cheek awoke
The glow of pride when Flattery spoke,
Nor could their tenderest numbers bring
One sigh responsive to the string.
As vainly had her maidens vied
In skill to deck the princely bride.
Her locks in dark-brown length arrayed,
Cathleen of Ulne, 't was thine to braid;
Young Eva with meet reverence drew
On the light foot the silken shoe,
While on the ankle's slender round
Those strings of pearl fair Bertha wound
That, bleached Lochryan's depths within,
Seemed dusky still on Edith's skin.
But Einion, of experience old,
Had weightiest task — the mantle's fold
In many an artful plait she tied

To show the form it seemed to hide,
Till on the floor descending rolled
Its waves of crimson blent with gold.

VI

O, lives there now so cold a maid,
Who thus in beauty's pomp arrayed,
In beauty's proudest pitch of power,
And conquest won — the bridal hour —
With every charm that wins the heart,
By Nature given, enhanced by Art,
Could yet the fair reflection view
In the bright mirror pictured true,
And not one dimple on her cheek
A telltale consciousness bespeak? —
Lives still such maid? — Fair damsels, say,
For further vouches not my lay
Save that such lived in Britain's isle
When Lorn's bright Edith scorned to smile.

VII

But Morag, to whose fostering care
Proud Lorn had given his daughter fair,
Morag, who saw a mother's aid
By all a daughter's love repaid —
Strict was that bond, most kind of all,
Inviolate in Highland hall —

Gray Morag sate a space apart,
In Edith's eyes to read her heart.
In vain the attendant's fond appeal
To Morag's skill, to Morag's zeal;
She marked her child receive their care,
Cold as the image sculptured fair —
Form of some sainted patroness —
Which cloistered maids combine to dress;
She marked — and knew her nursling's heart
In the vain pomp took little part.
Wistful awhile she gazed — then pressed
The maiden to her anxious breast
In finished loveliness — and led
To where a turret's airy head,
Slender and steep and battled round,
O'erlooked, dark Mull, thy mighty Sound,[1]
Where thwarting tides with mingled roar
Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore.

VIII

'Daughter,' she said, 'these seas behold,
Round twice a hundred islands rolled,[2]
From Hirt that hears their northern roar
To the green Ilay's fertile shore;
Or mainland turn where many a tower
Owns thy bold brother's feudal power,

[1] See Note 69. [2] See Note 70.

Each on its own dark cape reclined
And listening to its own wild wind,
From where Mingarry sternly placed [1]
O'erawes the woodland and the waste,
To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging
Of Connal with its rocks engaging.
Think'st thou amid this ample round
A single brow but thine has frowned,
To sadden this auspicious morn
That bids the daughter of high Lorn
Impledge her spousal faith to wed
The heir of mighty Somerled? [2]
Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
The fair, the valiant, and the young,
LORD OF THE ISLES, whose lofty name [3]
A thousand bards have given to fame,
The mate of monarchs, and allied
On equal terms with England's pride. —
From chieftain's tower to bondsman's cot,
Who hears the tale, and triumphs not?
The damsel dons her best attire,
The shepherd lights his beltane fire,
Joy! joy! each warder's horn hath sung,
Joy! joy! each matin bell hath rung;
The holy priest says grateful mass,
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,

[1] See Note 71. [2] See Note 72. [3] See Note 73.

No mountain den holds outcast boor
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
But he hath flung his task aside,
And claimed this morn for holy-tide;
Yet, empress of this joyful day,
Edith is sad while all are gay.'

IX

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,
Resentment checked the struggling sigh.
Her hurrying hand indignant dried
The burning tears of injured pride —
'Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise
To swell yon hireling harpers' lays;
Make to yon maids thy boast of power,
That they may waste a wondering hour
Telling of banners proudly borne,
Of pealing bell and bugle horn,
Or, theme more dear, of robes of price,
Crownlets and gauds of rare device.
But thou, experienced as thou art,
Think'st thou with these to cheat the heart
That, bound in strong affection's chain,
Looks for return and looks in vain?
No! sum thine Edith's wretched lot
In these brief words — He loves her not!

X

'Debate it not — too long I strove
To call his cold observance love,
All blinded by the league that styled
Edith of Lorn — while yet a child
She tripped the heath by Morag's side —
The brave Lord Ronald's destined bride.
Ere yet I saw him, while afar
His broadsword blazed in Scotland's war,
Trained to believe our fates the same,
My bosom throbbed when Ronald's name
Came gracing Fame's heroic tale,
Like perfume on the summer gale.
What pilgrim sought our halls nor told
Of Ronald's deeds in battle bold;
Who touched the harp to heroes' praise
But his achievements swelled the lays?
Even Morag — not a tale of fame
Was hers but closed with Ronald's name.
He came! and all that had been told
Of his high worth seemed poor and cold,
Tame, lifeless, void of energy,
Unjust to Ronald and to me!

XI

'Since then, what thought had Edith's heart
And gave not plighted love its part! —

And what requital? cold delay —
Excuse that shunned the spousal day. —
It dawns and Ronald is not here! —
Hunts he Bentalla's nimble deer,
Or loiters he in secret dell
To bid some lighter love farewell,
And swear that though he may not scorn
A daughter of the House of Lorn,[1]
Yet, when these formal rites are o'er,
Again they meet to part no more?'

XII

'Hush, daughter, hush! thy doubts remove,
More nobly think of Ronald's love.
Look, where beneath the castle grey
His fleet unmoor from Aros bay!
See'st not each galley's topmast bend
As on the yards the sails ascend?
Hiding the dark-blue land they rise,
Like the white clouds on April skies;
The shouting vassals man the oars,
Behind them sink Mull's mountain shores,
Onward their merry course they keep
Through whistling breeze and foaming deep.
And mark the headmost, seaward cast,
Stoop to the freshening gale her mast,

[1] See Note 74.

As if she veiled its bannered pride
To greet afar her prince's bride!
Thy Ronald comes, and while in speed
His galley mates the flying steed,
He chides her sloth!' — Fair Edith sighed,
Blushed, sadly smiled, and thus replied:

XIII

'Sweet thought, but vain! — No, Morag! mark,
Type of his course, yon lonely bark,
That oft hath shifted helm and sail
To win its way against the gale.
Since peep of morn my vacant eyes
Have viewed by fits the course she tries;
Now, though the darkening scud comes on,
And dawn's fair promises be gone,
And though the weary crew may see
Our sheltering haven on their lee,
Still closer to the rising wind
They strive her shivering sail to bind,
Still nearer to the shelves' dread verge
At every tack her course they urge,
As if they feared Artornish more
Than adverse winds and breakers' roar.'

XIV

Sooth spoke the maid. Amid the tide
The skiff she marked lay tossing sore,
And shifted oft her stooping side,
In weary tack from shore to shore.
Yet on her destined course no more
She gained of forward way
Than what a minstrel may compare
To the poor need which peasants share
Who toil the livelong day;
And such the risk her pilot braves
That oft, before she wore,
Her boltsprit kissed the broken waves,
Where in white foam the ocean raves
Upon the shelving shore.
Yet, to their destined purpose true,
Undaunted toiled her hardy crew,
Nor looked where shelter lay,
Nor for Artornish Castle drew,
Nor steered for Aros bay.

XV

Thus while they strove with winds and seas,
Borne onward by the willing breeze,
Lord Ronald's fleet swept by,
Streamered with silk and tricked with gold,

Manned with the noble and the bold
Of Island chivalry.
Around their prows the ocean roars,
And chafes beneath their thousand oars,
Yet bears them on their way:
So chafes the war-horse in his might
That fieldward bears some valiant knight,
Champs till both bit and boss are white,
But foaming must obey.
On each gay deck they might behold
Lances of steel and crests of gold,
And hauberks with their burnished fold
That shimmered fair and free;
And each proud galley as she passed
To the wild cadence of the blast
Gave wilder minstrelsy.
Full many a shrill triumphant note
Saline and Scallastle bade float
Their misty shores around;
And Morven's echoes answered well,
And Duart heard the distant swell
Come down the darksome Sound.

XVI

So bore they on with mirth and pride,
And if that labouring bark they spied,
'T was with such idle eye

As nobles cast on lowly boor
When, toiling in his task obscure,
They pass him careless by,
Let them sweep on with heedless eyes!
But had they known what mighty prize
In that frail vessel lay,
The famished wolf that prowls the wold
Had scathless passed the unguarded fold,
Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,
Unchallenged were her way!
And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on
With mirth and pride and minstrel tone!
But hadst thou known who sailed so nigh,
Far other glance were in thine eye!
Far other flush were on thy brow,
That, shaded by the bonnet, now
Assumes but ill the blithesome cheer
Of bridegroom when the bride is near!

XVII

Yes, sweep they on! — We will not leave,
For them that triumph, those that grieve.
With that armada gay
Be laughter loud and jocund shout,
And bards to cheer the wassail rout
With tale, romance, and lay;
And of wild mirth each clamorous art,

Which, if it cannot cheer the heart,
May stupefy and stun its smart
  For one loud busy day.
Yes, sweep they on! — But with that skiff
  Abides the minstrel tale,
Where there was dread of surge and cliff,
Labour that strained each sinew stiff,
  And one sad maiden's wail.

XVIII

All day with fruitless strife they toiled,
With eve the ebbing currents boiled,
  More fierce from strait and lake;
And midway through the channel met
Conflicting tides that foam and fret,
And high their mingled billows jet,
As spears that in the battle set
  Spring upward as they break.
Then too the lights of eve were past,
And louder sung the western blast
  On rocks of Inninmore;
Rent was the sail, and strained the mast,
And many a leak was gaping fast,
And the pale steersman stood aghast
  And gave the conflict o'er.

XIX

'T was then that One whose lofty look
Nor labour dulled nor terror shook
Thus to the leader spoke; —
'Brother, how hop'st thou to abide
The fury of this 'wildered tide,
Or how avoid the rock's rude side
Until the day has broke?
Didst thou not mark the vessel reel
With quivering planks and groaning keel
At the last billow's shock?
Yet how of better counsel tell,
Though here thou see'st poor Isabel
Half dead with want and fear;
For look on sea, or look on land,
Or yon dark sky, on every hand
Despair and death are near.
For her alone I grieve — on me
Danger sits light by land and sea,
I follow where thou wilt;
Either to bide the tempest's lour,
Or wend to yon unfriendly tower,
Or rush amid their naval power,
With war-cry wake their wassail-hour,
And die with hand on hilt.'

XX

That elder leader's calm reply
In steady voice was given,
'In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from heaven.
Edward, trim thou the shattered sail,
The helm be mine, and down the gale
Let our free course be driven;
So shall we 'scape the western bay,
The hostile fleet, the unequal fray,
So safely hold our vessel's way
Beneath the castle wall;
For if a hope of safety rest,
'T is on the sacred name of guest,
Who seeks for shelter storm-distressed
Within a chieftain's hall.
If not — it best beseems our worth,
Our name, our right, our lofty birth,
By noble hands to fall.'

XXI

The helm, to his strong arm consigned,
Gave the reefed sail to meet the wind,
And on her altered way
Fierce bounding forward sprung the ship,
Like greyhound starting from the slip
To seize his flying prey.

Awaked before the rushing prow
The mimic fires of ocean glow,[1]
Those lightnings of the wave;
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,
And flashing round the vessel's sides
With elfish lustre lave,
While far behind their livid light
To the dark billows of the night
A gloomy splendour gave,
It seems as if old Ocean shakes
From his dark brow the lucid flakes
In envious pageantry,
To match the meteor-light that streaks
Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

XXII

Nor lacked they steadier light to keep
Their course upon the darkened deep; —
Artornish, on her frowning steep
'Twixt cloud and ocean hung,
Glanced with a thousand lights of glee,
And landward far, and far to sea
Her festal radiance flung.
By that blithe beacon-light they steered,
Whose lustre mingled well
With the pale beam that now appeared,

[1] See Note 75.

As the cold moon her head upreared
Above the eastern fell.

XXIII

Thus guided, on their course they bore
Until they neared the mainland shore,
When frequent on the hollow blast
Wild shouts of merriment were cast,
And wind and wave and sea-birds' cry
With wassail sounds in concert vie,
Like funeral shrieks with revelry,
Or like the battle-shout
By peasants heard from cliffs on high
When Triumph, Rage, and Agony
Madden the fight and rout.
Now nearer yet through mist and storm
Dimly arose the castle's form
And deepened shadow made,
Far lengthened on the main below,
Where dancing in reflected glow
A hundred torches played,
Spangling the wave with lights as vain
As pleasures in this vale of pain,
That dazzle as they fade.

XXIV

Beneath the castle's sheltering lee
They staid their course in quiet sea.

Hewn in the rock, a passage there
Sought the dark fortress by a stair,[1]
So strait, so high, so steep,
With peasant's staff one valiant hand
Might well the dizzy pass have manned
'Gainst hundreds armed with spear and brand
And plunged them in the deep.
His bugle then the helmsman wound:
Loud answered every echo round
From turret, rock, and bay;
The postern's hinges crash and groan,
And soon the warder's cresset shone
On those rude steps of slippery stone,
To light the upward way.
'Thrice welcome, holy Sire!' he said;
'Full long the spousal train have staid,
And, vexed at thy delay,
Feared lest amidst these 'wildering seas
The darksome night and freshening breeze
Had driven thy bark astray.' —

XXV

'Warder,' the younger stranger said,
'Thine erring guess some mirth had made
In mirthful hour; but nights like these,
When the rough winds wake western seas,

[1] See Note 76.

Brook not of glee. We crave some aid
And needful shelter for this maid
  Until the break of day;
For to ourselves the deck's rude plank
Is easy as the mossy bank
  That's breathed upon by May.
And for our storm-tossed skiff we seek
Short shelter in this leeward creek,
Prompt when the dawn the east shall streak
  Again to bear away.'
Answered the warder, 'In what name
Assert ye hospitable claim?
  Whence come or whither bound?
Hath Erin seen your parting sails,
Or come ye on Norweyan gales?
And seek ye England's fertile vales,
  Or Scotland's mountain ground?'

XXVI

'Warriors — for other title none
For some brief space we list to own,
Bound by a vow — warriors are we;
In strife by land and storm by sea
  We have been known to fame;
And these brief words have import dear,
When sounded in a noble ear,

To harbour safe and friendly cheer
That gives us rightful claim.
Grant us the trivial boon we seek,
And we in other realms will speak
Fair of your courtesy;
Deny — and be your niggard hold
Scorned by the noble and the bold,
Shunned by the pilgrim on the wold
And wanderer on the lea!'

XXVII

'Bold stranger, no — 'gainst claim like thine
No bolt revolves by hand of mine,
Though urged in tone that more expressed
A monarch than a suppliant guest.
Be what ye will, Artornish Hall
On this glad eve is free to all.
Though ye had drawn a hostile sword
'Gainst our ally, great England's Lord,
Or mail upon your shoulders borne
To battle with the Lord of Lorn,
Or outlawed dwelt by greenwood tree
With the fierce Knight of Ellerslie,
Or aided even the murderous strife
When Comyn fell beneath the knife
Of that fell homicide the Bruce,
This night had been a term of truce. —

Ho, vassals! give these guests your care,
And show the narrow postern stair.'

XXVIII

To land these two bold brethren leapt —
The weary crew their vessel kept —
And, lighted by the torches' flare
That seaward flung their smoky glare,
The younger knight that maiden bare
  Half lifeless up the rock;
On his strong shoulder leaned her head,
And down her long dark tresses shed,
As the wild vine in tendrils spread
  Droops from the mountain oak.
Him followed close that elder lord,
And in his hand a sheathèd sword
  Such as few arms could wield;
But when he bouned him to such task
Well could it cleave the strongest casque
  And rend the surest shield.

XXIX

The raised portcullis' arch they pass,
The wicket with its bars of brass,
  The entrance long and low,
Flanked at each turn by loopholes strait,

Where bowmen might in ambush wait —
If force or fraud should burst the gate —
To gall an entering foe.
But every jealous post of ward
Was now defenceless and unbarred,
And all the passage free
To one low-browed and vaulted room
Where squire and yeoman, page and groom,
Plied their loud revelry.

XXX

And 'Rest ye here,' the warder bade,
'Till to our lord your suit is said. —
And, comrades, gaze not on the maid
And on these men who ask our aid,
As if ye ne'er had seen
A damsel tired of midnight bark
Or wanderers of a moulding stark
And bearing martial mien.'
But not for Eachin's reproof
Would page or vassal stand aloof,
But crowded on to stare,
As men of courtesy untaught,
Till Fiery Edward roughly caught
From one the foremost there
His chequered plaid, and in its shroud,

To hide her from the vulgar crowd,
Involved his sister fair.
His brother, as the clansman bent
His sullen brow in discontent,
Made brief and stern excuse:
'Vassal, were thine the cloak of pall
That decks thy lord in bridal hall,
'T were honoured by her use.'

XXXI

Proud was his tone but calm; his eye
Had that compelling dignity,
His mien that bearing haught and high,
Which common spirits fear;
Needed nor word nor signal more,
Nod, wink, and laughter, all were o'er;
Upon each other back they bore,
And gazed like startled deer.
But now appeared the seneschal,
Commissioned by his lord to call
The strangers to the baron's hall,
Where feasted fair and free
That Island Prince in nuptial tide
With Edith there his lovely bride,
And her bold brother by her side,
And many a chief, the flower and pride
Of Western land and sea.

Here pause we, gentles, for a space;
And, if our tale hath won your grace,
Grant us brief patience and again
We will renew the minstrel strain.

CANTO SECOND

I

FILL the bright goblet, spread the festive board!
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair!
Through the loud hall in joyous concert poured,
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of Care!
But ask thou not if Happiness be there,
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throe,
Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear;
Lift not the festal mask! — enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

II

With beakers' clang, with harpers' lay,
With all that olden time deemed gay,
The Island Chieftain feasted high;
But there was in his troubled eye
A gloomy fire, and on his brow
Now sudden flushed and faded now
Emotions such as draw their birth
From deeper source than festal mirth.
By fits he paused, and harper's strain
And jester's tale went round in vain,
Or fell but on his idle ear

Like distant sounds which dreamers hear.
Then would he rouse him, and employ
Each art to aid the clamorous joy,
And call for pledge and lay,
And, for brief space, of all the crowd,
As he was loudest of the loud,
Seemed gayest of the gay.

III

Yet nought amiss the bridal throng
Marked in brief mirth or musing long;
The vacant brow, the unlistening ear,
They gave to thoughts of raptures near,
And his fierce starts of sudden glee
Seemed bursts of bridegroom's ecstasy.
Nor thus alone misjudged the crowd,
Since lofty Lorn, suspicious, proud,
And jealous of his honoured line,
And that keen knight, De Argentine [1] —
From England sent on errand high
The western league more firm to tie —
Both deemed in Ronald's mood to find
A lover's transport-troubled mind.
But one sad heart, one tearful eye,
Pierced deeper through the mystery,

[1] See Note 77.

And watched with agony and fear
Her wayward bridegroom's varied cheer.

IV

She watched — yet feared to meet his glance,
And he shunned hers; — till when by chance
They met, the point of foeman's lance
  Had given a milder pang!
Beneath the intolerable smart
He writhed; — then sternly manned his heart
To play his hard but destined part,
  And from the table sprang.
'Fill me the mighty cup,' he said,[1]
'Erst owned by royal Somerled!
Fill it, till on the studded brim
In burning gold the bubbles swim,
And every gem of varied shine
Glow doubly bright in rosy wine!
  To you, brave lord, and brother mine,
    Of Lorn, this pledge I drink —
  The Union of Our House with thine,
    By this fair bridal-link!'

V

'Let it pass round!' quoth he of Lorn,
'And in good time — that winded horn

[1] See Note 78.

Must of the abbot tell;
The laggard monk is come at last.'
Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast,
And on the floor at random cast
The untasted goblet fell.
But when the warder in his ear
Tells other news, his blither cheer
Returns like sun of May
When through a thunder-cloud it beams! —
Lord of two hundred isles, he seems
As glad of brief delay
As some poor criminal might feel
When from the gibbet or the wheel
Respited for a day.

VI

'Brother of Lorn,' with hurried voice
He said, 'and you, fair lords, rejoice!
Here, to augment our glee,
Come wandering knights from travel far,
Well proved, they say, in strife of war
And tempest on the sea. —
Ho! give them at your board such place
As best their presences may grace,
And bid them welcome free!'
With solemn step and silver wand,
The seneschal the presence scanned

Of these strange guests, and well he knew
How to assign their rank its due;[1]
For though the costly furs
That erst had decked their caps were torn,
And their gay robes were over-worn,
And soiled their gilded spurs,
Yet such a high commanding grace
Was in their mien and in their face
As suited best the princely dais
And royal canopy;
And there he marshalled them their place,
First of that company.

VII

Then lords and ladies spake aside,
And angry looks the error chide
That gave to guests unnamed, unknown,
A place so near their prince's throne;
But Owen Erraught said,
'For forty years a seneschal,
To marshal guests in bower and hall
Has been my honoured trade.
Worship and birth to me are known,
By look, by bearing, and by tone,
Not by furred robe or broidered zone;
And 'gainst an oaken bough

[1] See Note 79.

I'll gage my silver wand of state
That these three strangers oft have sate
In higher place than now.'

VIII

'I too,' the aged Ferrand said,
'Am qualified by minstrel trade
Of rank and place to tell; —
Marked ye the younger stranger's eye,
My mates, how quick, how keen, how high,
How fierce its flashes fell,
Glancing among the noble rout
As if to seek the noblest out,
Because the owner might not brook
On any save his peers to look?
And yet it moves me more,
That steady, calm, majestic brow,
With which the elder chief even now
Scanned the gay presence o'er,
Like being of superior kind,
In whose high-toned impartial mind
Degrees of mortal rank and state
Seem objects of indifferent weight.
The lady too — though closely tied
The mantle veil both face and eye,
Her motions' grace it could not hide,
Nor cloud her form's fair symmetry.'

IX

Suspicious doubt and lordly scorn
Loured on the haughty front of Lorn.
From underneath his brows of pride
The stranger guests he sternly eyed,
And whispered closely what the ear
Of Argentine alone might hear;
Then questioned, high and brief,
If in their voyage aught they knew
Of the rebellious Scottish crew
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew
With Carrick's outlawed Chief? [1]
And if, their winter's exile o'er,
They harbored still by Ulster's shore,
Or launched their galleys on the main
To vex their native land again?

X

That younger stranger, fierce and high,
At once confronts the chieftain's eye
With look of equal scorn:
'Of rebels have we nought to show;
But if of royal Bruce thou'dst know,
I warn thee he has sworn,
Ere thrice three days shall come and go,

[1] See Note 80.

His banner Scottish winds shall blow,
Despite each mean or mighty foe,
From England's every bill and bow
To Allaster of Lorn.'
Kindled the mountain chieftain's ire,
But Ronald quenched the rising fire:
'Brother, it better suits the time
To chase the night with Ferrand's rhyme
Than wake 'midst mirth and wine the jars
That flow from these unhappy wars.'
'Content,' said Lorn; and spoke apart
With Ferrand, master of his art,
Then whispered Argentine,
'The lay I named will carry smart
To these bold strangers' haughty heart,
If right this guess of mine.'
He ceased, and it was silence all
Until the minstrel waked the hall.

XI

THE BROOCH OF LORN

'Whence the brooch of burning gold[1]
That clasps the chieftain's mantle-fold,
On the varied tartans beaming,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,[2]

[1] See Note 81. [2] See Note 82.

As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star?

'Gem! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain
Or the mermaid of the wave
Frame thee in some coral cave?
Did, in Iceland's darksome mine,
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal twine?
Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou here
From England's love or France's fear?

XII

SONG CONTINUED

'No! — thy splendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faëry spell.
Moulded thou for monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn
By the victor hand of Lorn!

'When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry tossed!
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,

Answered Douchart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Teyndrum,
When the homicide o'ercome
Hardly 'scaped with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

XIII

SONG CONCLUDED

'Vain was then the Douglas brand,[1]
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,[2]
Making sure of murder's work;
Barendown fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye,[3]
When this brooch triumphant borne
Beamed upon the breast of Lorn.

'Farthest fled its former lord,
Left his men to brand and cord,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.
Let him fly from coast to coast,
Dogged by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils in triumph worn
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!'

[1] See Note 83. [2] See Note 84. [3] See Note 85.

XIV

As glares the tiger on his foes,
Hemmed in by hunters, spears, and bows,
And, ere he bounds upon the ring,
Selects the object of his spring, —
Now on the bard, now on his lord,
So Edward glared and grasped his sword —
But stern his brother spoke, 'Be still.
What! art thou yet so wild of will,
After high deeds and sufferings long,
To chafe thee for a menial's song? —
Well hast thou framed, old man, thy strains,
To praise the hand that pays thy pains![1]
Yet something might thy song have told
Of Lorn's three vassals, true and bold,
Who rent their lord from Bruce's hold
As underneath his knee he lay,
And died to save him in the fray.
I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp
Was clenched within their dying grasp,
What time a hundred foemen more
Rushed in and back the victor bore,
Long after Lorn had left the strife,
Full glad to 'scape with limb and life. —
Enough of this — and, minstrel, hold

[1] See Note 86.

As minstrel-hire this chain of gold,
For future lays a fair excuse
To speak more nobly of the Bruce.' —

XV

'Now, by Columba's shrine, I swear,
And every saint that's buried there,
'T is he himself!' Lorn sternly cries,
'And for my kinsman's death he dies.'
As loudly Ronald calls, 'Forbear!
Not in my sight while brand I wear,
O'ermatched by odds, shall warrior fall,
Or blood of stranger stain my hall!
This ancient fortress of my race
Shall be misfortune's resting-place,
Shelter and shield of the distressed,
No slaughter-house for shipwrecked guest.'
'Talk not to me,' fierce Lorn replied,
'Of odds or match! — when Comyn died,
Three daggers clashed within his side!
Talk not to me of sheltering hall,'
The Church of God saw Comyn fall!
On God's own altar streamed his blood,
While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
The ruthless murderer — e'en as now —
With armèd hand and scornful brow! —

Up, all who love me! blow on blow!
And lay the outlawed felons low!'

XVI

Then up sprang many a mainland lord,
Obedient to their chieftain's word.
Barcaldine's arm is high in air,
And Kinloch-Alline's blade is bare,
Black Murthok's dirk has left its sheath,
And clenched is Dermid's hand of death.
Their muttered threats of vengeance swell
Into a wild and warlike yell;
Onward they press with weapons high,
The affrighted females shriek and fly,
And, Scotland, then thy brightest ray
Had darkened ere its noon of day,
But every chief of birth and fame
That from the Isles of Ocean came
At Ronald's side that hour withstood
Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for blood.

XVII

Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high,
Lord of the misty hills of Skye,
Mac-Niel, wild Bara's ancient thane,
Duart of bold Clan-Gillian's strain,
Fergus of Canna's castled bay,

Mac-Duffith, Lord of Colonsay,
Soon as they saw the broadswords glance,
With ready weapons rose at once,
More prompt that many an ancient feud,
Full oft suppressed, full oft renewed,
Glowed 'twixt the chieftains of Argyle,
And many a lord of ocean's isle.
Wild was the scene — each sword was bare,
Back streamed each chieftain's shaggy hair,
In gloomy opposition set,
Eyes, hands, and brandished weapons met;
Blue gleaming o'er the social board,
Flashed to the torches many a sword;
And soon those bridal lights may shine
On purple blood for rosy wine.

XVIII

While thus for blows and death prepared,
Each heart was up, each weapon bared,
Each foot advanced, — a surly pause
Still reverenced hospitable laws.
All menaced violence, but alike
Reluctant each the first to strike —
For aye accursed in minstrel line
Is he who brawls 'mid song and wine,
And, matched in numbers and in might,
Doubtful and desperate seemed the fight.

Thus threat and murmur died away,
Till on the crowded hall there lay
Such silence as the deadly still
Ere bursts the thunder on the hill.
With blade advanced, each chieftain bold
Showed like the Sworder's form of old,
As wanting still the torch of life
To wake the marble into strife.

XIX

That awful pause the stranger maid
And Edith seized to pray for aid.
As to De Argentine she clung,
Away her veil the stranger flung,
And, lovely 'mid her wild despair,
Fast streamed her eyes, wide flowed her hair:
'O thou, of knighthood once the flower,
Sure refuge in distressful hour,
Thou who in Judah well hast fought
For our dear faith and oft hast sought
Renown in knightly exercise
When this poor hand has dealt the prize,
Say, can thy soul of honour brook
On the unequal strife to look,
When, butchered thus in peaceful hall,
Those once thy friends, my brethren, fall!'
To Argentine she turned her word,

But her eye sought the Island Lord.
A flush like evening's setting flame
Glowed on his cheek; his hardy frame
As with a brief convulsion shook:
With hurried voice and eager look,
'Fear not,' he said, 'my Isabel!
What said I — Edith! — all is well —
Nay, fear not — I will well provide
The safety of my lovely bride —
My bride?' — but there the accents clung
In tremor to his faltering tongue.

XX

Now rose De Argentine to claim
The prisoners in his sovereign's name
To England's crown, who, vassals sworn,
'Gainst their liege lord had weapon borne —
Such speech, I ween, was but to hide
His care their safety to provide;
For knight more true in thought and deed
Than Argentine ne'er spurred a steed —
And Ronald who his meaning guessed
Seemed half to sanction the request.
This purpose fiery Torquil broke:
'Somewhat we've heard of England's yoke,'
He said, 'and in our islands Fame
Hath whispered of a lawful claim

That calls the Bruce fair Scotland's lord,
Though dispossessed by foreign sword.
This craves reflection — but though right
And just the charge of England's Knight,
Let England's crown her rebels seize
Where she has power; — in towers like these,
'Midst Scottish chieftains summoned here
To bridal mirth and bridal cheer,
Be sure, with no consent of mine
Shall either Lorn or Argentine
With chains or violence, in our sight,
Oppress a brave and banished knight.'

XXI

Then waked the wild debate again
With brawling threat and clamour vain.
Vassals and menials thronging in
Lent their brute rage to swell the din;
When far and wide a bugle-clang
From the dark ocean upward rang.
'The abbot comes!' they cry at once,
'The holy man, whose favoured glance
Hath sainted visions known;
Angels have met him on the way,
Beside the blessed martyr's bay,
And by Columba's stone.

His monks have heard their hymnings high
Sound from the summit of Dun-Y,
To cheer his penance lone,
When at each cross, on girth and wold —
Their number thrice a hundred-fold —
His prayer he made, his beads he told,
With Aves many a one —
He comes our feuds to reconcile,
A sainted man from sainted isle;
We will his holy doom abide,
The abbot shall our strife decide.'

XXII

Scarcely this fair accord was o'er
When through the wide revolving door
The black-stoled brethren wind;
Twelve sandalled monks who relics bore,
With many a torch-bearer before
And many a cross behind.
Then sunk each fierce uplifted hand,
And dagger bright and flashing brand
Dropped swiftly at the sight;
They vanished from the Churchman's eye,
As shooting stars that glance and die
Dart from the vault of night.

XXIII

The abbot on the threshold stood,
And in his hand the holy rood;
Back on his shoulders flowed his hood,
The torch's glaring ray
Showed in its red and flashing light
His withered cheek and amice white,
His blue eye glistening cold and bright,
His tresses scant and grey.
'Fair Lords,' he said, 'Our Lady's love,
And peace be with you from above,
And Benedicite! —
But what means this? — no peace is here! —
Do dirks unsheathed suit bridal cheer?
Or are these naked brands
A seemly show for Churchman's sight
When he comes summoned to unite
Betrothèd hearts and hands?'

XXIV

Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,
Proud Lorn first answered the appeal:
'Thou com'st, O holy man,
True sons of blessed church to greet,
But little deeming here to meet
A wretch beneath the ban

Of Pope and Church for murder done
Even on the sacred altar-stone —
Well mayst thou wonder we should know
Such miscreant here, nor lay him low,
Or dream of greeting, peace, or truce,
With excommunicated Bruce!
Yet well I grant, to end debate,
Thy sainted voice decide his fate.'

XXV

Then Ronald pled the stranger's cause,
And knighthood's oath and honour's laws;
And Isabel on bended knee
Brought prayers and tears to back the plea;
And Edith lent her generous aid,
And wept, and Lorn for mercy prayed.
'Hence,' he exclaimed, 'degenerate maid!
Was 't not enough to Ronald's bower[1]
I brought thee, like a paramour,
Or bond-maid at her master's gate,
His careless cold approach to wait?
But the bold Lord of Cumberland,
The gallant Clifford, seeks thy hand;
His it shall be — Nay, no reply!
Hence! till those rebel eyes be dry.'

[1] See Note 87.

With grief the abbot heard and saw,
Yet nought relaxed his brow of awe.

XXVI

Then Argentine, in England's name,
So highly urged his sovereign's claim
He waked a spark that long suppressed
Had smouldered in Lord Ronald's breast;
And now, as from the flint the fire,
Flashed forth at once his generous ire.
'Enough of noble blood,' he said,
'By English Edward had been shed,
Since matchless Wallace first had been
In mockery crowned with wreaths of green,[1]
And done to death by felon hand
For guarding well his father's land.
Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye,
And valiant Seton — where are they?
Where Somerville, the kind and free?
And Fraser, flower of chivalry?[2]
Have they not been on gibbet bound,
Their quarters flung to hawk and hound,
And hold we here a cold debate
To yield more victims to their fate?
What! can the English Leopard's mood
Never be gorged with northern blood?

[1] See Note 88. [2] See Note 89.

Was not the life of Athole shed [1]
To soothe the tyrant's sickened bed?
And must his word till dying day
Be nought but quarter, hang, and slay! [2] —
Thou frown'st, De Argentine, — my gage
Is prompt to prove the strife I wage.'

XXVII

'Nor deem,' said stout Dunvegan's knight,
'That thou shalt brave alone the fight!
By saints of isle and mainland both,
By Woden wild — my grandsire's oath [3] —
Let Rome and England do their worst,
Howe'er attainted or accursed,
If Bruce shall e'er find friends again
Once more to brave a battle-plain,
If Douglas couch again his lance,
Or Randolph dare another chance,
Old Torquil will not be to lack
With twice a thousand at his back. —
Nay, chafe not at my bearing bold,
Good abbot! for thou know'st of old,
Torquil's rude thought and stubborn will
Smack of the wild Norwegian still;
Nor will I barter Freedom's cause
For England's wealth or Rome's applause.'

[1] See Note 90. [2] See Note 91. [3] See Note 92.

XXVIII

The abbot seemed with eye severe
The hardy chieftain's speech to hear;
Then on King Robert turned the monk,
But twice his courage came and sunk,
Confronted with the hero's look;
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook;
At length, resolved in tone and brow,
Sternly he questioned him — 'And thou,
Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounce not on thy deed
That awful doom which canons tell
Shuts paradise and opens hell;
Anathema of power so dread
It blends the living with the dead,
Bids each good angel soar away
And every ill one claim his prey;
Expels thee from the Church's care
And deafens Heaven against thy prayer;
Arms every hand against thy life,
Bans all who aid thee in the strife,
Nay, each whose succour, cold and scant,
With meanest alms relieves thy want;
Haunts thee while living, — and when dead
Dwells on thy yet devoted head,
Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy hearse,

Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurns thy corpse from hallowed ground,
Flung like vile carrion to the hound:
Such is the dire and desperate doom
For sacrilege, decreed by Rome:
And such the well-deserved meed
Of thine unhallowed, ruthless deed.'

XXIX

'Abbot!' the Bruce replied, 'thy charge
It boots not to dispute at large.
This much, howe'er, I bid thee know,
No selfish vengeance dealt the blow,
For Comyn died his country's foe.
Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed
Fulfilled my soon-repented deed,
Nor censure those from whose stern tongue
The dire anathema has rung.
I only blame mine own wild ire,
By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.
Heaven knows my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done,
And hears a penitent's appeal
From papal curse and prelate's zeal.
My first and dearest task achieved,
Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved,
Shall many a priest in cope and stole

Say requiem for Red Comyn's soul,
While I the blessed cross advance
And expiate this unhappy chance
In Palestine with sword and lance.[1]
But, while content the Church should know
My conscience owns the debt I owe,
Unto De Argentine and Lorn
The name of traitor I return,
Bid them defiance stern and high,
And give them in their throats the lie!
These brief words spoke, I speak no more.
Do what thou wilt; my shrift is o'er.'

XXX

Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the king the abbot gazed;
Then o'er his pallid features glance
Convulsions of ecstatic trance.
His breathing came more thick and fast,
And from his pale blue eyes were cast
Strange rays of wild and wandering light;
Uprise his locks of silver white,
Flushed is his brow, through every vein
In azure tide the currents strain,
And undistinguished accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke.

[1] See Note 93.

XXXI

'De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread[1]
To speak my curse upon thy head,
And give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore;—
But, like the Midianite of old
Who stood on Zophim, Heaven-controlled,
I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repressed.[2]
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
O'ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed!'
He spoke, and o'er the astonished throng
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

XXXII

Again that light has fired his eye,
Again his form swells bold and high,
The broken voice of age is gone,
'T is vigorous manhood's lofty tone:
'Thrice vanquished on the battle-plain,
Thy followers slaughtered, fled, or ta'en,

[1] See Note 94. [2] See Note 95.

A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,[1]
Disowned, deserted, and distressed,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed!
Blessed in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield.
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Blessed in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful lord,
Blessed in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthened honours wait thy name!
In distant ages sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants in the use
Of earliest speech to falter Bruce.
Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
Thy course, the theme of many a song!
The Power whose dictates swell my breast
Hath blessed thee, and thou shalt be blessed! —
Enough — my short-lived strength decays,
And sinks the momentary blaze. —
Heaven hath our destined purpose broke,
Not here must nuptial vow be spoke;
Brethren, our errand here is o'er,
Our task discharged. — Unmoor, unmoor!'

[1] See Note 96.

His priests received the exhausted monk,
As breathless in their arms he sunk.
Punctual his orders to obey,
The train refused all longer stay,
Embarked, raised sail, and bore away.

CANTO THIRD

I

HAST thou not marked when o'er thy startled head
Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has rolled,
How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead
Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold?
The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold,
The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still,
The wall-flower waves not on the ruined hold,
Till, murmuring distant first, then near and shrill,
The savage whirlwind wakes and sweeps the groaning hill.

II

Artornish! such a silence sunk
Upon thy halls, when that grey monk
His prophet-speech had spoke;
And his obedient brethren's sail
Was stretched to meet the southern gale
Before a whisper woke.
Then murmuring sounds of doubt and fear,
Close poured in many an anxious ear,
The solemn stillness broke;

And still they gazed with eager guess
Where in an oriel's deep recess
The Island Prince seemed bent to press
What Lorn, by his impatient cheer
And gesture fierce, scarce deigned to hear.

III

Starting at length with frowning look,
His hand he clenched, his head he shook,
And sternly flung apart:
And deem'st thou me so mean of mood
As to forget the mortal feud,
And clasp the hand with blood imbrued
From my dear kinsman's heart?
Is this thy rede? — a due return
For ancient league and friendship sworn!
But well our mountain proverb shows
The faith of Islesmen ebbs and flows.
Be it even so — believe ere long
He that now bears shall wreak the wrong. —
Call Edith — call the Maid of Lorn!
My sister, slaves! — for further scorn,
Be sure nor she nor I will stay. —
Away, De Argentine, away! —
We nor ally nor brother know
In Bruce's friend or England's foe.'

IV

But who the chieftain's rage can tell
When, sought from lowest dungeon cell
To highest tower the castle round,
No Lady Edith was there found!
He shouted, 'Falsehood! — treachery! —
Revenge and blood! — a lordly meed
To him that will avenge the deed!
A baron's lands!' — His frantic mood
Was scarcely by the news withstood
That Morag shared his sister's flight,
And that in hurry of the night,
'Scaped noteless and without remark,
Two strangers sought the abbot's bark. —
'Man every galley! — fly — pursue!
The priest his treachery shall rue!
Aye, and the time shall quickly come
When we shall hear the thanks that Rome
Will pay his feignèd prophecy!'
Such was fierce Lorn's indignant cry;
And Cormac Doil in haste obeyed,
Hoisted his sail, his anchor weighed —
For, glad of each pretext for spoil,
A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil.[1]
But others, lingering, spoke apart,

[1] See Note 97.

'The maid has given her maiden heart
To Ronald of the Isles,
And, fearful lest her brother's word
Bestow her on that English lord,
She seeks Iona's piles,
And wisely deems it best to dwell
A votaress in the holy cell
Until these feuds so fierce and fell
The abbot reconciles.'

V

As, impotent of ire, the hall
Echoed to Lorn's impatient call —
'My horse, my mantle, and my train!
Let none who honours Lorn remain!' —
Courteous but stern, a bold request
To Bruce De Argentine expressed:
'Lord Earl,' he said, 'I cannot chuse
But yield such title to the Bruce,
Though name and earldom both are gone
Since he braced rebel's armour on —
But, earl or serf — rude phrase was thine
Of late, and launched at Argentine;
Such as compels me to demand
Redress of honour at thy hand.
We need not to each other tell

That both can wield their weapons well;
Then do me but the soldier grace
This glove upon thy helm to place
Where we may meet in fight;
And I will say, as still I've said,
Though by ambition far misled,
Thou art a noble knight.'

VI

'And I,' the princely Bruce replied,
'Might term it stain on knighthood's pride
That the bright sword of Argentine
Should in a tyrant's quarrel shine;
But, for your brave request,
Be sure the honoured pledge you gave
In every battle-field shall wave
Upon my helmet-crest;
Believe that if my hasty tongue
Hath done thine honour causeless wrong,
It shall be well redressed.
Not dearer to my soul was glove
Bestowed in youth by lady's love
Than this which thou hast given!
Thus then my noble foe I greet;
Health and high fortune till we meet,
And then — what pleases Heaven.'

VII

Thus parted they — for now, with sound
Like waves rolled back from rocky ground,
The friends of Lorn retire;
Each mainland chieftain with his train
Draws to his mountain towers again,
Pondering how mortal schemes prove vain
And mortal hopes expire.
But through the castle double guard
By Ronald's charge kept wakeful ward,
Wicket and gate were trebly barred
By beam and bolt and chain;
Then of the guests in courteous sort
He prayed excuse for mirth broke short,
And bade them in Artornish fort
In confidence remain.
Now torch and menial tendance led
Chieftain and knight to bower and bed,
And beads were told and Aves said,
And soon they sunk away
Into such sleep as wont to shed
Oblivion on the weary head
After a toilsome day.

VIII

But soon uproused, the monarch cried
To Edward slumbering by his side,
'Awake, or sleep for aye!
Even now there jarred a secret door —
A taper-light gleams on the floor —
Up, Edward! up, I say!
Some one glides in like midnight ghost —
Nay, strike not! 't is our noble host.'
Advancing then his taper's flame,
Ronald stept forth, and with him came
Dunvegan's chief — each bent the knee
To Bruce in sign of fealty
And proffered him his sword,
And hailed him in a monarch's style
As king of mainland and of isle
And Scotland's rightful lord.
'And O,' said Ronald, 'Owned of Heaven!
Say, is my erring youth forgiven,
By falsehood's arts from duty driven,
Who rebel falchion drew,
Yet ever to thy deeds of fame,
Even while I strove against thy claim,
Paid homage just and true?' —
'Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,'
Answered the Bruce, 'must bear the crime

Since, guiltier far than you,
Even I' — he paused; for Falkirk's woes
Upon his conscious soul arose.[1]
The chieftain to his breast he pressed,
And in a sigh concealed the rest.

IX

They proffered aid by arms and might
To repossess him in his right;
But well their counsels must be weighed
Ere banners raised and musters made,
For English hire and Lorn's intrigues
Bound many chiefs in southern leagues.
In answer Bruce his purpose bold
To his new vassals frankly told:
'The winter worn in exile o'er,
I longed for Carrick's kindred shore.
I thought upon my native Ayr
And longed to see the burly fare
That Clifford makes, whose lordly call
Now echoes through my father's hall.
But first my course to Arran led
Where valiant Lennox gathers head,
And on the sea by tempest tossed,
Our barks dispersed, our purpose crossed,
Mine own, a hostile sail to shun,

[1] See Note 98.

Far from her destined course had run,
When that wise will which masters ours
Compelled us to your friendly towers.'

X

Then Torquil spoke: 'The time craves speed!
We must not linger in our deed,
But instant pray our sovereign liege
To shun the perils of a siege.
The vengeful Lorn with all his powers
Lies but too near Artornish towers,
And England's light-armed vessels ride
Not distant far the waves of Clyde,
Prompt at these tidings to unmoor,
And sweep each strait and guard each shore.
Then, till this fresh alarm pass by,
Secret and safe my liege must lie
In the far bounds of friendly Skye,
Torquil thy pilot and thy guide.' —
'Not so, brave chieftain,' Ronald cried;
'Myself will on my sovereign wait,
And raise in arms the men of Sleate,
Whilst thou, renowned where chiefs debate,
Shalt sway their souls by council sage
And awe them by thy locks of age.' —
'And if my words in weight shall fail,
This ponderous sword shall turn the scale.'

XI

'The scheme,' said Bruce, 'contents me well;
Meantime, 't were best that Isabel
For safety with my bark and crew
Again to friendly Erin drew.
There Edward too shall with her wend,
In need to cheer her and defend
And muster up each scattered friend.'
Here seemed it as Lord Ronald's ear
Would other counsel gladlier hear;
But, all achieved as soon as planned,
Both barks, in secret armed and manned,
From out the haven bore;
On different voyage forth they ply,
This for the coast of wingèd Skye
And that for Erin's shore.

XII

With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale. —
To favouring winds they gave the sail
Till Mull's dark headlands scarce they knew
And Ardnamurchan's hills were blue.
But then the squalls blew close and hard,
And, fain to strike the galley's yard
And take them to the oar,
With these rude seas in weary plight

They strove the livelong day and night,
Nor till the dawning had a sight
Of Skye's romantic shore.
Where Coolin stoops him to the west,
They saw upon his shivered crest
The sun's arising gleam;
But such the labour and delay,
Ere they were moored in Scavigh bay —
For calmer heaven compelled to stay —
He shot a western beam.
Then Ronald said, 'If true mine eye,
These are the savage wilds that lie
North of Strathnardill and Dunskye;[1]
No human foot comes here,
And, since these adverse breezes blow,
If my good liege love hunter's bow,
What hinders that on land we go
And strike a mountain-deer?
Allan, my page, shall with us wend;
A bow full deftly can he bend,
And, if we meet a herd, may send
A shaft shall mend our cheer.'
Then each took bow and bolts in hand,
Their row-boat launched and leapt to land,
And left their skiff and train,
Where a wild stream with headlong shock

[1] See Note 99.

Came brawling down its bed of rock
To mingle with the main.

XIII

Awhile their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
'Saint Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wandered o'er,
Clomb many a crag, crossed many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press
Where'er I happed to roam.'

XIV

No marvel thus the monarch spake;
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way

Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen but this can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here, — above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

XV

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumbered track;
For from the mountain hoar,

Hurled headlong in some night of fear,
When yelled the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.
The evening mists with ceaseless change
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furled,
Or on the sable waters curled;
Or on the eddying breezes whirled,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft condensed at once they lower
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whitened with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

XVI

'This lake,' said Bruce, 'whose barriers drear
Are precipices sharp and sheer,

Yielding no track for goat or deer
  Save the black shelves we tread,
How term you its dark waves? and how
Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,
  And yonder peak of dread
That to the evening sun uplifts
The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts
  Which seam its shivered head?' —
'Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bards, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
Full oft their careless humours please
By sportive names from scenes like these.
I would old Torquil were to show
His Maidens with their breasts of snow,
Or that my noble liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby! —
The Maids — tall cliffs with breakers white,
The Nurse — a torrent's roaring might —
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of Corryvrekin's whirlpool rude,
When dons the Hag her whitened hood —
'T is thus our islesmen's fancy frames
For scenes so stern fantastic names.'

XVII

Answered the Bruce, 'And musing mind
Might here a graver moral find.
These mighty cliffs that heave on high
Their naked brows to middle sky,
Indifferent to the sun or snow,
Where nought can fade and nought can blow,
May they not mark a monarch's fate, —
Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state,
Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,
His soul a rock, his heart a waste?
O'er hope and love and fear aloft
High rears his crownèd head — But soft!
Look, underneath yon jutting crag
Are hunters and a slaughtered stag.
Who may they be? But late you said
No steps these desert regions tread?' —

XVIII

'So said I — and believed in sooth,'
Ronald replied, 'I spoke the truth.
Yet now I spy, by yonder stone,
Five men — they mark us and come on;
And by their badge on bonnet borne
I guess them of the land of Lorn,
Foes to my liege.' — 'So let it be;

I've faced worse odds than five to three —
But the poor page can little aid;
Then be our battle thus arrayed,
If our free passage they contest;
Cope thou with two, I'll match the rest.' —
'Not so, my liege — for, by my life,
This sword shall meet the treble strife;
My strength, my skill in arms, more small,
And less the loss should Ronald fall.
But islesmen soon to soldiers grow,
Allan has sword as well as bow,
And were my monarch's order given,
Two shafts should make our number even.' —
'No! not to save my life!' he said;
'Enough of blood rests on my head
Too rashly spilled — we soon shall know,
Whether they come as friend or foe.'

XIX

Nigh came the strangers and more nigh; —
Still less they pleased the monarch's eye.
Men were they all of evil mien,[1]
Down-looked, unwilling to be seen;
They moved with half-resolvèd pace,
And bent on earth each gloomy face.
The foremost two were fair arrayed

[1] See Note 100.

With brogue and bonnet, trews and plaid,
And bore the arms of mountaineers,
Daggers and broadswords, bows and spears.
The three that lagged small space behind
Seemed serfs of more degraded kind;
Goat-skins or deer-hides o'er them cast
Made a rude fence against the blast;
Their arms and feet and heads were bare,
Matted their beards, unshorn their hair;
For arms the caitiffs bore in hand
A club, an axe, a rusty brand.

XX

Onward still mute, they kept the track;—
'Tell who ye be, or else stand back,'
Said Bruce; 'in deserts when they meet,
Men pass not as in peaceful street.'
Still at his stern command they stood,
And proffered greeting brief and rude,
But acted courtesy so ill
As seemed of fear and not of will.
'Wanderers we are, as you may be;
Men hither driven by wind and sea,
Who, if you list to taste our cheer,
Will share with you this fallow deer.' —
'If from the sea, where lies your bark?'
'Ten fathom deep in ocean dark!

Wrecked yesternight: but we are men
Who little sense of peril ken.
The shades come down — the day is shut —
Will you go with us to our hut?' —
'Our vessel waits us in the bay;
Thanks for your proffer — have good-day.' —
'Was that your galley, then, which rode
Not far from shore when evening glowed?' —
'It was.' — 'Then spare your needless pain,
There will she now be sought in vain.
We saw her from the mountain head
When, with Saint George's blazon red
A southern vessel bore in sight,
And yours raised sail and took to flight.' —

XXI

'Now, by the rood, unwelcome news!'
Thus with Lord Ronald communed Bruce;
'Nor rests there light enough to show
If this their tale be true or no.
The men seem bred of churlish kind,
Yet mellow nuts have hardest rind;
We will go with them — food and fire
And sheltering roof our wants require.
Sure guard 'gainst treachery will we keep,
And watch by turns our comrades' sleep. —

Good fellows, thanks; your guests we'll be,
And well will pay the courtesy.
Come, lead us where your lodging lies —
Nay, soft! we mix not companies. —
Show us the path o'er crag and stone,
And we will follow you; — lead on.'

XXII

They reached the dreary cabin, made
Of sails against a rock displayed,
And there on entering found
A slender boy, whose form and mien
Ill suited with such savage scene,
In cap and cloak of velvet green,
Low seated on the ground.
His garb was such as minstrels wear,
Dark was his hue, and dark his hair,
His youthful cheek was marred by care,
His eyes in sorrow drowned.
'Whence this poor boy?' — As Ronald spoke,
The voice his trance of anguish broke;
As if awaked from ghastly dream,
He raised his head with start and scream,
And wildly gazed around;
Then to the wall his face he turned,
And his dark neck with blushes burned.

XXIII

'Whose is the boy?' again he said.
'By chance of war our captive made;
He may be yours, if you should hold
That music has more charms than gold;
For, though from earliest childhood mute,
The lad can deftly touch the lute,
And on the rote and viol play,
And well can drive the time away
For those who love such glee;
For me the favouring breeze, when loud
It pipes upon the galley's shroud,
Makes blither melody.' —
'Hath he, then, sense of spoken sound?' —
'Aye; so his mother bade us know,
A crone in our late shipwreck drowned,
And hence the silly stripling's woe.
More of the youth I cannot say,
Our captive but since yesterday;
When wind and weather waxed so grim,
We little listed think of him. —
But why waste time in idle words?
Sit to your cheer — unbelt your swords.'
Sudden the captive turned his head,
And one quick glance to Ronald sped.
It was a keen and warning look,
And well the chief the signal took.

XXIV

'Kind host,' he said, 'our needs require
A separate board and separate fire;
For know that on a pilgrimage
Wend I, my comrade, and this page.
And, sworn to vigil and to fast
Long as this hallowed task shall last,
We never doff the plaid or sword,
Or feast us at a stranger's board,
And never share one common sleep,
But one must still his vigil keep.
Thus, for our separate use, good friend,
We'll hold this hut's remoter end.' —
'A churlish vow,' the elder said,
'And hard, methinks, to be obeyed.
How say you, if, to wreak the scorn
That pays our kindness harsh return,
We should refuse to share our meal?' —
'Then say we that our swords are steel!
And our vow binds us not to fast
Where gold or force may buy repast.' —
Their host's dark brow grew keen and fell,
His teeth are clenched, his features swell;
Yet sunk the felon's moody ire
Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire,
Nor could his craven courage brook

The monarch's calm and dauntless look.
With laugh constrained — 'Let every man
Follow the fashion of his clan!
Each to his separate quarters keep,
And feed or fast, or wake or sleep.'

XXV

Their fire at separate distance burns,
By turns they eat, keep guard by turns;
For evil seemed that old man's eye,
Dark and designing, fierce yet shy.
Still he avoided forward look,
But slow and circumspectly took
A circling, never-ceasing glance,
By doubt and cunning marked at once,
Which shot a mischief-boding ray
From under eyebrows shagged and grey.
The younger, too, who seemed his son,
Had that dark look the timid shun;
The half-clad serfs behind them sate,
And scowled a glare 'twixt fear and hate —
Till all, as darkness onward crept,
Couched down, and seemed to sleep or slept.
Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue
Must trust his eyes to wail his wrong,
A longer watch of sorrow made,
But stretched his limbs to slumber laid.

XXVI

Not in his dangerous host confides
The king, but wary watch provides.
Ronald keeps ward till midnight past,
Then wakes the king, young Allan last;
Thus ranked, to give the youthful page
The rest required by tender age.
What is Lord Ronald's wakeful thought
To chase the languor toil had brought? —
For deem not that he deigned to throw
Much care upon such coward foe —
He thinks of lovely Isabel
When at her foeman's feet she fell,
Nor less when, placed in princely selle,
She glanced on him with favouring eyes
At Woodstock when he won the prize.
Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow fair,
In pride of place as 'mid despair,
Must she alone engross his care.
His thoughts to his betrothèd bride,
To Edith, turn — O, how decide,
When here his love and heart are given,
And there his faith stands plight to Heaven!
No drowsy ward 't is his to keep,
For seldom lovers long for sleep.
Till sung his midnight hymn the owl,

Answered the dog-fox with his howl,
Then waked the king — at his request,
Lord Ronald stretched himself to rest.

XXVII

What spell was good King Robert's, say,
To drive the weary night away?
His was the patriot's burning thought
Of freedom's battle bravely fought,
Of castles stormed, of cities freed,
Of deep design and daring deed,
Of England's roses reft and torn,
And Scotland's cross in triumph worn,
Of rout and rally, war and truce, —
As heroes think, so thought the Bruce.
No marvel, 'mid such musings high
Sleep shunned the monarch's thoughtful eye.
Now over Coolin's eastern head
The greyish light begins to spread,
The otter to his cavern drew,
And clamoured shrill the wakening mew;
Then watched the page — to needful rest
The king resigned his anxious breast.

XXVIII

To Allan's eyes was harder task
The weary watch their safeties ask.

He trimmed the fire and gave to shine
With bickering light the splintered pine;
Then gazed awhile where silent laid
Their hosts were shrouded by the plaid.
But little fear waked in his mind,
For he was bred of martial kind,
And, if to manhood he arrive,
May match the boldest knight alive.
Then thought he of his mother's tower,
His little sister's greenwood bower,
How there the Easter-gambols pass,
And of Dan Joseph's lengthened mass.
But still before his weary eye
In rays prolonged the blazes die —
Again he roused him — on the lake
Looked forth where now the twilight-flake
Of pale cold dawn began to wake.
On Coolin's cliffs the mist lay furled,
The morning breeze the lake had curled,
The short dark waves, heaved to the land,
With ceaseless plash kissed cliff or sand; —
It was a slumbrous sound — he turned
To tales at which his youth had burned,
Of pilgrim's path by demon crossed,
Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost,
Of the wild witch's baneful cot,
And mermaid's alabaster grot,

Who bathes her limbs in sunless well
Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.[1]
Thither in fancy rapt he flies,
And on his sight the vaults arise;
That hut's dark walls he sees no more,
His foot is on the marble floor,
And o'er his head the dazzling spars
Gleam like a firmament of stars! —
Hark! hears he not the sea-nymph speak
Her anger in that thrilling shriek! —
No! all too late, with Allan's dream
Mingled the captive's warning scream.
As from the ground he strives to start,
A ruffian's dagger finds his heart!
Upwards he casts his dizzy eyes —
Murmurs his master's name — and dies!

XXIX

Not so awoke the king! his hand
Snatched from the flame a knotted brand,
The nearest weapon of his wrath;
With this he crossed the murderer's path
And venged young Allan well!
The spattered brain and bubbling blood
Hissed on the half-extinguished wood,
The miscreant gasped and fell!

[1] See Note 101.

Nor rose in peace the Island Lord;
One caitiff died upon his sword,
And one beneath his grasp lies prone
In mortal grapple overthrown.
But while Lord Ronald's dagger drank
The life-blood from his panting flank,
The father-ruffian of the band
Behind him rears a coward hand! —
O for a moment's aid,
Till Bruce, who deals no double blow,
Dash to the earth another foe,
Above his comrade laid! —
And it is gained — the captive sprung
On the raised arm and closely clung,
And, ere he shook him loose,
The mastered felon pressed the ground,
And gasped beneath a mortal wound,
While o'er him stands the Bruce.

XXX

'Miscreant! while lasts thy flitting spark,
Give me to know the purpose dark
That armed thy hand with murderous knife
Against offenceless stranger's life?' —
'No stranger thou!' with accent fell,
Murmured the wretch; 'I know thee well,
And know thee for the foeman sworn

Of my high chief, the mighty Lorn.' —
'Speak yet again, and speak the truth
For thy soul's sake! — from whence this youth?
His country, birth, and name declare,
And thus one evil deed repair.' —
'Vex me no more! — my blood runs cold —
No more I know than I have told.
We found him in a bark we sought
With different purpose — and I thought' —
Fate cut him short; in blood and broil,
As he had lived, died Cormac Doil.

XXXI

Then resting on his bloody blade,
The valiant Bruce to Ronald said,
'Now shame upon us both! — that boy
  Lifts his mute face to heaven
And clasps his hands, to testify
His gratitude to God on high
  For strange deliverance given.
His speechless gesture thanks hath paid,
Which our free tongues have left unsaid!'
He raised the youth with kindly word,
But marked him shudder at the sword:
He cleansed it from its hue of death,
And plunged the weapon in its sheath.
'Alas, poor child! unfitting part

Fate doomed when with so soft a heart
And form so slight as thine
She made thee first a pirate's slave,
Then in his stead a patron gave
Of wayward lot like mine;
A landless prince, whose wandering life
Is but one scene of blood and strife —
Yet scant of friends the Bruce shall be,
But he'll find resting-place for thee. —
Come, noble Ronald! o'er the dead
Enough thy generous grief is paid,
And well has Allan's fate been wroke;
Come, wend we hence — the day has broke.
Seek we our bark — I trust the tale
Was false that she had hoisted sail.'

XXXII

Yet, ere they left that charnel-cell,
The Island Lord bade sad farewell
To Allan: 'Who shall tell this tale,'
He said, 'in halls of Donagaile?
O, who his widowed mother tell
That, ere his bloom, her fairest fell? —
Rest thee, poor youth! and trust my care
For mass and knell and funeral prayer;
While o'er those caitiffs where they lie
The wolf shall snarl, the raven cry!'

And now the eastern mountain's head
On the dark lake threw lustre red;
Bright gleams of gold and purple streak
Ravine and precipice and peak —
So earthly power at distance shows;
Reveals his splendour, hides his woes.
O'er sheets of granite, dark and broad,
Rent and unequal, lay the road.
In sad discourse the warriors wind,
And the mute captive moves behind.

CANTO FOURTH

I

STRANGER! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed
By lake and cataract her lonely throne,
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
And with the sounding lake and with the moaning sky.

Yes! 't was sublime, but sad. — The loneliness
Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye;
And strange and awful fears began to press
Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.
Then hast thou wished some woodman's cottage nigh,
Something that showed of life, though low and mean:
Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy,
Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would have been,
Or children whooping wild beneath the willows green.

Such are the scenes where savage grandeur wakes
An awful thrill that softens into sighs;

Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes,
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise:
Or farther, where beneath the northern skies
Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar —
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize
Of desert dignity to that dread shore
That sees grim Coolin rise and hears Coriskin roar.

II

Through such wild scenes the champion passed,
When bold halloo and bugle-blast
Upon the breeze came loud and fast.
'There,' said the Bruce, 'rung Edward's horn!
What can have caused such brief return?
And see, brave Ronald, — see him dart
O'er stock and stone like hunted hart,
Precipitate, as is the use,
In war or sport, of Edward Bruce.
He marks us, and his eager cry
Will tell his news ere he be nigh.'

III

Loud Edward shouts, 'What make ye here,
Warring upon the mountain-deer,
When Scotland wants her king?
A bark from Lennox crossed our track,
With her in speed I hurried back,

These joyful news to bring —
The Stuart stirs in Teviotdale,
And Douglas wakes his native vale;
Thy storm-tossed fleet hath won its way
With little loss to Brodick-Bay,
And Lennox with a gallant band
Waits but thy coming and command
To waft them o'er to Carrick strand.
There are blithe news! — but mark the close!
Edward, the deadliest of our foes,
As with his host he northward passed,
Hath on the borders breathed his last.'

IV

Still stood the Bruce — his steady cheek
Was little wont his joy to speak,
But then his colour rose: —
'Now, Scotland! shortly shalt thou see,
With God's high will, thy children free
And vengeance on thy foes!
Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,[1]
Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
My joy o'er Edward's bier;
I took my knighthood at his hand,
And lordship held of him and land,
And well may vouch it here,

[1] See Note 102.

That, blot the story from his page
Of Scotland ruined in his rage,
You read a monarch brave and sage
  And to his people dear.' —
'Let London's burghers mourn her lord
And Croydon monks his praise record,'
  The eager Edward said;
'Eternal as his own, my hate
Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate
  And dies not with the dead!
Such hate was his on Solway's strand
When vengeance clenched his palsied hand,
That pointed yet to Scotland's land,[1]
  As his last accents prayed
Disgrace and curse upon his heir
If he one Scottish head should spare
Till stretched upon the bloody lair
  Each rebel corpse was laid!
Such hate was his when his last breath
Renounced the peaceful house of death,
And bade his bones to Scotland's coast
Be borne by his remorseless host,
As if his dead and stony eye
Could still enjoy her misery!
Such hate was his — dark, deadly, long;
Mine — as enduring, deep, and strong!' —

[1] See Note 103.

V

'Let women, Edward, war with words,
With curses monks, but men with swords:
Nor doubt of living foes to sate
Deepest revenge and deadliest hate.
Now to the sea! Behold the beach,
And see the galley's pendants stretch
Their fluttering length down favouring gale!
Aboard, aboard! and hoist the sail.
Hold we our way for Arran first,
Where meet in arms our friends dispersed;
Lennox the loyal, De la Haye,
And Boyd the bold in battle fray.
I long the hardy band to head,
And see once more my standard spread. —
Does noble Ronald share our course,
Or stay to raise his island force?' —
'Come weal, come woe, by Bruce's side,'
Replied the chief, 'will Ronald bide.
And since two galleys yonder ride,
Be mine, so please my liege, dismissed
To wake to arms the clans of Uist,
And all who hear the Minche's roar
On the Long Island's lonely shore.
The nearer Isles with slight delay
Ourselves may summon in our way;

And soon on Arran's shore shall meet
With Torquil's aid a gallant fleet,
If aught avails their chieftain's hest
Among the islesmen of the west.'

VI

Thus was their venturous council said.
But, ere their sails the galleys spread,
Coriskin dark and Coolin high
Echoed the dirge's doleful cry.
Along that sable lake passed slow —
Fit scene for such a sight of woe —
The sorrowing islesmen as they bore
The murdered Allan to the shore.
At every pause with dismal shout
Their coronach of grief rung out,
And ever when they moved again
The pipes resumed their clamorous strain,
And with the pibroch's shrilling wail
Mourned the young heir of Donagaile.
Round and around, from cliff and cave
His answer stern old Coolin gave,
Till high upon his misty side
Languished the mournful notes and died.
For never sounds by mortal made
Attained his high and haggard head,

That echoes but the tempest's moan
Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

VII

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale,
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
Is joyous in her sail!
With fluttering sound like laughter hoarse
The cords and canvas strain,
The waves, divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chased her course,
As if they laughed again.
Not down the breeze more blithely flew,
Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew
Than the gay galley bore
Her course upon that favouring wind,
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind
And Slapin's caverned shore.
'T was then that warlike signals wake
Dunscaith's dark towers and Eisord's lake,
And soon from Cavilgarrigh's head
Thick wreaths of eddying smoke were spread;
A summons these of war and wrath
To the brave clans of Sleat and Strath,
And ready at the sight
Each warrior to his weapon sprung

And targe upon his shoulder flung,
  Impatient for the fight.
Mac-Kinnon's chief, in warfare grey,
Had charge to muster their array
And guide their barks to Brodick Bay.

VIII

Signal of Ronald's high command,
A beacon gleamed o'er sea and land
From Canna's tower, that, steep and grey,[1]
Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay.
Seek not the giddy crag to climb
To view the turret scathed by time;
It is a task of doubt and fear
To aught but goat or mountain-deer.
  But rest thee on the silver beach,
  And let the aged herdsman teach
    His tale of former day;
  His cur's wild clamour he shall chide,
  And for thy seat by ocean's side
    His varied plaid display;
  Then tell how with their chieftain came
  In ancient times a foreign dame
    To yonder turret grey.
Stern was her lord's suspicious mind
Who in so rude a jail confined

[1] See Note 104.

So soft and fair a thrall!
And oft when moon on ocean slept
That lovely lady sate and wept
Upon the castle-wall,
And turned her eye to southern climes,
And thought perchance of happier times,
And touched her lute by fits, and sung
Wild ditties in her native tongue.
And still, when on the cliff and bay
Placid and pale the moonbeams play,
And every breeze is mute,
Upon the lone Hebridean's ear
Steals a strange pleasure mixed with fear,
While from that cliff he seems to hear
The murmur of a lute
And sounds as of a captive lone
That mourns her woes in tongue unknown. —
Strange is the tale — but all too long
Already hath it staid the song —
Yet who may pass them by,
That crag and tower in ruins grey,
Nor to their hapless tenant pay
The tribute of a sigh?

IX

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark
O'er the broad ocean driven,

Her path by Ronin's mountains dark[1]
The steersman's hand hath given.
And Ronin's mountains dark have sent
Their hunters to the shore,
And each his ashen bow unbent,
And gave his pastime o'er,
And at the Island Lord's command
For hunting spear took warrior's brand.
On Scooreigg next a warning light[2]
Summoned her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race ere stern MacLeod
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode,
When all in vain the ocean-cave
Its refuge to his victims gave.
The chief, relentless in his wrath,
With blazing heath blockades the path;
In dense and stifling volumes rolled,
The vapour filled the caverned hold!
The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,
The mother's screams, were heard in vain;
The vengeful chief maintains his fires
Till in the vault a tribe expires!
The bones which strew that cavern's gloom
Too well attest their dismal doom.

[1] See Note 105. [2] See Note 106.

X

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home
And weltered in that wondrous dome
Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise![1]
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws
In varied tone prolonged and high

[1] See Note 107.

That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Tasked high and hard — but witness mine!'

XI

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they wakened the men of the wild Tiree,
And the chief of the sandy Coll;
They paused not at Columba's isle,
Though pealed the bells from the holy pile,
With long and measured toll;
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away in the billows' roll.
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike lord
Their signal saw and grasped his sword,
And verdant Islay called her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,

And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,
And lonely Colonsay; —
Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has LEYDEN'S cold remains![1]

XII

Ever the breeze blows merrily,
But the galley ploughs no more the sea.
Lest, rounding wild Cantyre, they meet
The southern foeman's watchful fleet,
They held unwonted way;
Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,[2]
Then dragged their bark the isthmus o'er,
As far as Kilmaconnel's shore
Upon the eastern bay.
It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,
High raised above the greenwood tree,
As on dry land the galley moves
By cliff and copse and alder groves.

[1] See Note 108. [2] See Note 109.

Deep import from that selcouth sign
Did many a mountain seer divine,
For ancient legends told the Gael
That when a royal bark should sail
O'er Kilmaconnel moss
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,
And every foe should faint and quail
Before her silver Cross.

XIII

Now launched once more, the inland sea
They furrow with fair augury,
And steer for Arran's isle;
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-Ghoil, 'the Mountain of the Wind,'[1]
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile.
Thither their destined course they drew;
It seemed the isle her monarch knew,
So brilliant was the landward view,
The ocean so serene;
Each puny wave in diamonds rolled
O'er the calm deep where hues of gold
With azure strove and green.
The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,
Glowed with the tints of evening's hour,

[1] See Note 110.

The beach was silver sheen,
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And oft renewed seemed oft to die,
With breathless pause between.
O, who with speech of war and woes
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene?

XIV

Is it of war Lord Ronald speaks?
The blush that dyes his manly cheeks,
The timid look, and downcast eye,
And faltering voice the theme deny.
And good King Robert's brow expressed
He pondered o'er some high request,
As doubtful to approve;
Yet in his eye and lip the while,
Dwelt the half-pitying glance and smile
Which manhood's graver mood beguile
When lovers talk of love.
Anxious his suit Lord Ronald pled;
'And for my bride betrothed,' he said,
'My liege has heard the rumour spread
Of Edith from Artornish fled.
Too hard her fate — I claim no right
To blame her for her hasty flight;
Be joy and happiness her lot! —

But she hath fled the bridal-knot,
And Lorn recalled his promised plight
In the assembled chieftains' sight. —
When, to fulfil our fathers' band,
I proffered all I could — my hand —
I was repulsed with scorn;
Mine honour I should ill assert,
And worse the feelings of my heart,
If I should play a suitor's part
Again to pleasure Lorn.'

XV

'Young Lord,' the royal Bruce replied,
'That question must the Church decide;
Yet seems it hard, since rumours state
Edith takes Clifford for her mate,
The very tie which she hath broke
To thee should still be binding yoke.
But, for my sister Isabel —
The mood of woman who can tell?
I guess the Champion of the Rock,
Victorious in the tourney shock,
That knight unknown to whom the prize
She dealt, — had favour in her eyes;
But since our brother Nigel's fate,
Our ruined house and hapless state,
From worldly joy and hope estranged,

Much is the hapless mourner changed.
Perchance,' here smiled the noble King,
'This tale may other musings bring.
Soon shall we know — yon mountains hide
The little convent of Saint Bride;
There, sent by Edward, she must stay
Till fate shall give more prosperous day;
And thither will I bear thy suit,
Nor will thine advocate be mute.'

XVI

As thus they talked in earnest mood,
That speechless boy beside them stood.
He stooped his head against the mast,
And bitter sobs came thick and fast,
A grief that would not be repressed
But seemed to burst his youthful breast.
His hands against his forehead held
As if by force his tears repelled,
But through his fingers long and slight
Fast trilled the drops of crystal bright.
Edward, who walked the deck apart,
First spied this conflict of the heart.
Thoughtless as brave, with bluntness kind
He sought to cheer the sorrower's mind;
By force the slender hand he drew
From those poor eyes that streamed with dew.

As in his hold the stripling strove —
'T was a rough grasp, though meant in love —
Away his tears the warrior swept,
And bade shame on him that he wept.
'I would to Heaven thy helpless tongue
Could tell me who hath wrought thee wrong!
For, were he of our crew the best,
The insult went not unredressed.
Come, cheer thee; thou art now of age
To be a warrior's gallant page;
Thou shalt be mine! — a palfrey fair
O'er hill and holt my boy shall bear,
To hold my bow in hunting grove,
Or speed on errand to my love;
For well I wot thou wilt not tell
The temple where my wishes dwell.'

XVII

Bruce interposed, 'Gay Edward, no,
This is no youth to hold thy bow,
To fill thy goblet, or to bear
Thy message light to lighter fair.
Thou art a patron all too wild
And thoughtless for this orphan child.
See'st thou not how apart he steals,
Keeps lonely couch, and lonely meals?
Fitter by far in yon calm cell

To tend our sister Isabel,
With father Augustine to share
The peaceful change of convent prayer,
Than wander wild adventures through
With such a reckless guide as you.' —
'Thanks, brother!' Edward answered gay,
'For the high laud thy words convey!
But we may learn some future day,
If thou or I can this poor boy
Protect the best or best employ.
Meanwhile, our vessel nears the strand;
Launch we the boat and seek the land.'

XVIII

To land King Robert lightly sprung,
And thrice aloud his bugle rung
With note prolonged and varied strain
Till bold Ben-Ghoil replied again.
Good Douglas then and De la Haye
Had in a glen a hart at bay,
And Lennox cheered the laggard hounds,
When waked that horn the greenwood bounds.
'It is the foe!' cried Boyd, who came
In breathless haste with eye of flame, —
'It is the foe! — Each valiant lord
Fling by his bow and grasp his sword!'
'Not so,' replied the good Lord James,

'That blast no English bugle claims.
Oft have I heard it fire the fight,
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.
Dead were my heart and deaf mine ear,
If Bruce should call nor Douglas hear!
Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring;
That blast was winded by the king!'[1]

XIX

Fast to their mates the tidings spread,
And fast to shore the warriors sped.
Bursting from glen and greenwood tree,
High waked their loyal jubilee!
Around the royal Bruce they crowd,
And clasped his hands, and wept aloud.
Veterans of early fields were there,
Whose helmets pressed their hoary hair,
Whose swords and axes bore a stain
From life-blood of the red-haired Dane;
And boys whose hands scarce brooked to wield
The heavy sword or bossy shield.
Men too were there that bore the scars
Impressed in Albyn's woful wars,
At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight,
Teyndrum's dread rout, and Methven's flight;
The might of Douglas there was seen,

[1] See Note III.

There Lennox with his graceful mien;
Kirkpatrick, Closeburn's dreaded Knight;
The Lindsay, fiery, fierce, and light;
The heir of murdered De la Haye,
And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay.
Around their king regained they pressed,
Wept, shouted, clasped him to their breast,
And young and old, and serf and lord,
And he who ne'er unsheathed a sword,
And he in many a peril tried,
Alike resolved the brunt to bide,
And live or die by Bruce's side!

XX

O War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright!
Such gleams as from thy polished shield
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field!
Such transports wake, severe and high,
Amid the pealing conquest cry;
Scarce less, when after battle lost
Muster the remnants of a host,
And as each comrade's name they tell
Who in the well-fought conflict fell,
Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,
Vow to avenge them or to die! —
Warriors! — and where are warriors found,

If not on martial Britain's ground?
And who, when waked with note of fire,
Love more than they the British lyre? —
Know ye not, — hearts to honour dear!
That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe,
At which the heartstrings vibrate high,
And wake the fountains of the eye?
And blame ye then the Bruce if trace
Of tear is on his manly face
When, scanty relics of the train
That hailed at Scone his early reign,
This patriot band around him hung,
And to his knees and bosom clung? —
Blame ye the Bruce? — His brother blamed,[1]
But shared the weakness, while ashamed
With haughty laugh his head he turned,
And dashed away the tear he scorned.

XXI

'T is morning, and the convent bell
Long time had ceased its matin knell
Within thy walls, Saint Bride!
An aged sister sought the cell
Assigned to Lady Isabel,
And hurriedly she cried,
'Haste, gentle Lady, haste! — there waits

[1] See Note 112.

A noble stranger at the gates;
Saint Bride's poor votaress ne'er has seen
A knight of such a princely mien;
His errand, as he bade me tell,
Is with the Lady Isabel.'
The princess rose, — for on her knee
Low bent she told her rosary, —
'Let him by thee his purpose teach;
I may not give a stranger speech.' —
'Saint Bride forefend, thou royal maid!'
The portress crossed herself and said,
'Not to be Prioress might I
Debate his will, his suit deny.' —
'Has earthly show then, simple fool,
Power o'er a sister of thy rule?
And art thou, like the worldly train,
Subdued by splendours light and vain?'

XXII

'No, lady! in old eyes like mine,
Gauds have no glitter, gems no shine;
Nor grace his rank attendants vain,
One youthful page is all his train.
It is the form, the eye, the word,
The bearing of that stranger lord;
His stature, manly, bold, and tall,
Built like a castle's battled wall,

Yet moulded in such just degrees,
His giant-strength seems lightsome ease.
Close as the tendrils of the vine
His locks upon his forehead twine,
Jet-black save where some touch of grey
Has ta'en the youthful hue away.
Weather and war their rougher trace
Have left on that majestic face; —
But 't is his dignity of eye!
There, if a suppliant, would I fly,
Secure, 'mid danger, wrongs, and grief,
Of sympathy, redress, relief —
That glance, if guilty, would I dread
More than the doom that spoke me dead!'
'Enough, enough,' the Princess cried,
''T is Scotland's hope, her joy, her pride!
To meaner front was ne'er assigned
Such mastery o'er the common mind —
Bestowed thy high designs to aid,
How long, O Heaven! how long delayed! —
Haste, Mona, haste, to introduce
My darling brother, royal Bruce!'

XXIII

They met like friends who part in pain,
And meet in doubtful hope again.
But when subdued that fitful swell,

The Bruce surveyed the humble cell —
'And this is thine, poor Isabel! —
That pallet-couch and naked wall,
For room of state and bed of pall;
For costly robes and jewels rare,
A string of beads and zone of hair;
And for the trumpet's sprightly call
To sport or banquet, grove or hall,
The bell's grim voice divides thy care,
'Twixt hours of penitence and prayer! —
O ill for thee, my royal claim
From the First David's sainted name!
O woe for thee, that while he sought
His right, thy brother feebly fought!'

XXIV

'Now lay these vain regrets aside,
And be the unshaken Bruce!' she cried;
'For more I glory to have shared
The woes thy venturous spirit dared,
When raising first thy valiant band
In rescue of thy native land,
Than had fair Fortune set me down
The partner of an empire's crown.
And grieve not that on pleasure's stream
No more I drive in giddy dream,
For Heaven the erring pilot knew,

And from the gulf the vessel drew,
Tried me with judgments stern and great,
My house's ruin, thy defeat,
Poor Nigel's death, till tamed I own
My hopes are fixed on Heaven alone;
Nor e'er shall earthly prospects win
My heart to this vain world of sin.'

XXV

'Nay, Isabel, for such stern choice
First wilt thou wait thy brother's voice;
Then ponder if in convent scene
No softer thoughts might intervene —
Say they were of that unknown knight,
Victor in Woodstock's tourney-fight —
Nay, if his name such blush you owe,
Victorious o'er a fairer foe!'
Truly his penetrating eye
Hath caught that blush's passing dye, —
Like the last beam of evening thrown
On a white cloud, — just seen and gone.
Soon with calm cheek and steady eye
The princess made composed reply:
'I guess my brother's meaning well;
For not so silent is the cell
But we have heard the islesmen all
Arm in thy cause at Ronald's call,

And mine eye proves that knight unknown
And the brave Island Lord are one.
Had then his suit been earlier made,
In his own name with thee to aid —
But that his plighted faith forbade —
I know not — But thy page so near? —
This is no tale for menial's ear.'

XXVI

Still stood that page, as far apart
As the small cell would space afford;
With dizzy eye and bursting heart
He leant his weight on Bruce's sword,
The monarch's mantle too he bore,
And drew the fold his visage o'er.
'Fear not for him — in murderous strife,'
Said Bruce, 'his warning saved my life;
Full seldom parts he from my side,
And in his silence I confide,
Since he can tell no tale again.
He is a boy of gentle strain,
And I have purposed he shall dwell
In Augustine the chaplain's cell
And wait on thee, my Isabel. —
Mind not his tears; I've seen them flow,
As in the thaw dissolves the snow.
'T is a kind youth, but fanciful,

Unfit against the tide to pull,
And those that with the Bruce would sail
Must learn to strive with stream and gale.
But forward, gentle Isabel —
My answer for Lord Ronald tell.'

XXVII

'This answer be to Ronald given —
The heart he asks is fixed on heaven.
My love was like a summer flower
That withered in the wintry hour,
Born but of vanity and pride,
And with these sunny visions died.
If further press his suit — then say
He should his plighted troth obey,
Troth plighted both with ring and word,
And sworn on crucifix and sword. —
O, shame thee, Robert! I have seen
Thou hast a woman's guardian been!
Even in extremity's dread hour,
When pressed on thee the Southern power,
And safety, to all human sight,
Was only found in rapid flight,
Thou heard'st a wretched female plain
In agony of travail-pain,
And thou didst bid thy little band

Upon the instant turn and stand,[1]
And dare the worst the foe might do
Rather than, like a knight untrue,
Leave to pursuers merciless
A woman in her last distress.
And wilt thou now deny thine aid
To an oppressed and injured maid,
Even plead for Ronald's perfidy
And press his fickle faith on me? —
So witness Heaven, as true I vow,
Had I those earthly feelings now
Which could my former bosom move
Ere taught to set its hopes above,
I'd spurn each proffer he could bring
Till at my feet he laid the ring,
The ring and spousal contract both,
And fair acquittal of his oath,
By her who brooks his perjured scorn,
The ill-requited Maid of Lorn!'

XXVIII

With sudden impulse forward sprung
The page, and on her neck he hung;
Then, recollected instantly,
His head he stooped and bent his knee,
Kissed twice the hand of Isabel,

[1] See Note 113.

Arose, and sudden left the cell. —
The princess, loosened from his hold,
Blushed angry at his bearing bold;
But good King Robert cried,
'Chafe not — by signs he speaks his mind,
He heard the plan my care designed,
Nor could his transports hide. —
But, sister, now bethink thee well;
No easy choice the convent cell;
Trust, I shall play no tyrant part,
Either to force thy hand or heart,
Or suffer that Lord Ronald scorn
Or wrong for thee the Maid of Lorn.
But think, — not long the time has been,
That thou wert wont to sigh unseen,
And wouldst the ditties best approve
That told some lay of hapless love.
Now are thy wishes in thy power,
And thou art bent on cloister bower!
O, if our Edward knew the change,
How would his busy satire range,
With many a sarcasm varied still
On woman's wish and woman's will!' —

XXIX

'Brother, I well believe,' she said,
'Even so would Edward's part be played.

Kindly in heart, in word severe,
A foe to thought and grief and fear,
He holds his humour uncontrolled;
But thou art of another mould.
Say then to Ronald, as I say,
Unless before my feet he lay
The ring which bound the faith he swore,
By Edith freely yielded o'er,
He moves his suit to me no more.
Nor do I promise, even if now
He stood absolved of spousal vow,
That I would change my purpose made
To shelter me in holy shade. —
Brother, for little space, farewell!
To other duties warns the bell.'

XXX

'Lost to the world,' King Robert said,
When he had left the royal maid,
'Lost to the world by lot severe,
O, what a gem lies buried here,
Nipped by misfortune's cruel frost,
The buds of fair affection lost! —
But what have I with love to do?
Far sterner cares my lot pursue.
Pent in this isle we may not lie,
Nor would it long our wants supply.

Right opposite, the mainland towers
Of my own Turnberry court our powers —
Might not my father's beadsman hoar,
Cuthbert, who dwells upon the shore,
Kindle a signal-flame to show
The time propitious for the blow?
It shall be so — some friend shall bear
Our mandate with despatch and care;
Edward shall find the messenger.
That fortress ours, the island fleet
May on the coast of Carrick meet. —
O Scotland! shall it e'er be mine
To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line,
To raise my victor-head, and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free, —
That glance of bliss is all I crave
Betwixt my labours and my grave!'
Then down the hill he slowly went,
Oft pausing on the steep descent,
And reached the spot where his bold train
Held rustic camp upon the plain.

CANTO FIFTH

I

On fair Loch-Ranza streamed the early day,
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward curled
From the lone hamlet which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world.
And there the fisherman his sail unfurled,
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-Ghoil,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirled,
Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil, —
For, wake where'er he may, man wakes to care and coil.

But other duties called each convent maid,
Roused by the summons of the moss-grown bell;
Sung were the matins and the mass was said,
And every sister sought her separate cell,
Such was the rule, her rosary to tell.
And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer;
The sunbeam through the narrow lattice fell
Upon the snowy neck and long dark hair,
As stooped her gentle head in meek devotion there.

II

She raised her eyes, that duty done,
When glanced upon the pavement-stone,

Gemmed and enchased, a golden ring,
Bound to a scroll with silken string,
With few brief words inscribed to tell,
'This for the Lady Isabel.'
Within the writing farther bore,
''T was with this ring his plight he swore,
With this his promise I restore;
To her who can the heart command
Well may I yield the plighted hand.
And O, for better fortune born,
Grudge not a passing sigh to mourn
Her who was Edith once of Lorn!'
One single flash of glad surprise
Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes,
But vanished in the blush of shame
That as its penance instant came.
'O thought unworthy of my race!
Selfish, ungenerous, mean, and base,
A moment's throb of joy to own
That rose upon her hopes o'erthrown! —
Thou pledge of vows too well believed,
Of man ingrate and maid deceived,
Think not thy lustre here shall gain
Another heart to hope in vain!
For thou shalt rest, thou tempting gaud,
Where worldly thoughts are overawed,

And worldly splendours sink debased.'
Then by the cross the ring she placed.

III

Next rose the thought, — its owner far,
How came it here through bolt and bar? —
But the dim lattice is ajar.
She looks abroad, — the morning dew
A light short step had brushed anew,
And there were footprints seen
On the carved buttress rising still,
Till on the mossy window-sill
Their track effaced the green.
The ivy twigs were torn and frayed,
As if some climber's steps to aid. —
But who the hardy messenger
Whose venturous path these signs infer? —
'Strange doubts are mine! — Mona, draw nigh; —
Nought 'scapes old Mona's curious eye —
What strangers, gentle mother, say,
Have sought these holy walls to-day?'
'None, lady, none of note or name;
Only your brother's foot-page came
At peep of dawn — I prayed him pass
To chapel where they said the mass;
But like an arrow he shot by,
And tears seemed bursting from his eye.'

IV

The truth at once on Isabel
As darted by a sunbeam fell:
"'T is Edith's self! — her speechless woe,
Her form, her looks, the secret show! —
Instant, good Mona, to the bay,
And to my royal brother say,
I do conjure him seek my cell
With that mute page he loves so well.'
'What! know'st thou not his warlike host
At break of day has left our coast?
My old eyes saw them from the tower.
At eve they couched in greenwood bower,
At dawn a bugle signal made
By their bold lord their ranks arrayed;
Up sprung the spears through bush and tree,
No time for benedicite!
Like deer that, rousing from their lair,
Just shake the dew-drops from their hair
And toss their armèd crest aloft,
Such matins theirs!' — 'Good mother, soft —
Where does my brother bend his way?' —
'As I have heard, for Brodick Bay,
Across the isle — of barks a score
Lie there, 't is said, to waft them o'er,
On sudden news, to Carrick shore.' —

'If such their purpose, deep the need,'
Said anxious Isabel, 'of speed!
Call Father Augustine, good dame.' —
The nun obeyed, the father came.

V

'Kind father, hie without delay
Across the hills to Brodick Bay.
This message to the Bruce be given;
I pray him, by his hopes of Heaven,
That till he speak with me he stay!
Or, if his haste brook no delay,
That he deliver on my suit
Into thy charge that stripling mute.
Thus prays his sister Isabel
For causes more than she may tell —
Away, good father! and take heed
That life and death are on thy speed.'
His cowl the good old priest did on,
Took his piked staff and sandalled shoon,
And, like a palmer bent by eld,
O'er moss and moor his journey held.

VI

Heavy and dull the foot of age,
And rugged was the pilgrimage;
But none were there beside whose care

Might such important message bear.
Through birchen copse he wandered slow,
Stunted and sapless, thin and low;
By many a mountain stream he passed,
From the tall cliffs in tumult cast,
Dashing to foam their waters dun
And sparkling in the summer sun.
Round his grey head the wild curlew
In many a fearless circle flew.
O'er chasms he passed where fractures wide
Craved wary eye and ample stride;[1]
He crossed his brow beside the stone
Where Druids erst heard victims groan,[2]
And at the cairns upon the wild
O'er many a heathen hero piled,
He breathed a timid prayer for those
Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose.
Beside Macfarlane's Cross he staid,
There told his hours within the shade
And at the stream his thirst allayed.
Thence onward journeying slowly still,
As evening closed he reached the hill
Where, rising through the woodland green,
Old Brodick's Gothic towers were seen.[3]
From Hastings late, their English lord,
Douglas had won them by the sword.

[1] See Note 114. [2] See Note 115. [3] See Note 116.

The sun that sunk behind the isle
Now tinged them with a parting smile.

VII

But though the beams of light decay
'T was bustle all in Brodick Bay.
The Bruce's followers crowd the shore,
And boats and barges some unmoor,
Some raise the sail, some seize the oar;
Their eyes oft turned where glimmered far
What might have seemed an early star
On heaven's blue arch save that its light
Was all too flickering, fierce, and bright.
Far distant in the south the ray
Shone pale amid retiring day,
But as, on Carrick shore,
Dim seen in outline faintly blue,
The shades of evening closer drew,
It kindled more and more.
The monk's slow steps now press the sands,
And now amid a scene he stands
Full strange to churchman's eye;
Warriors, who, arming for the fight,
Rivet and clasp their harness light,
And twinkling spears, and axes bright,
And helmets flashing high.
Oft too with unaccustomed ears

A language much unmeet he hears,[1]
While, hastening all on board,
As stormy as the swelling surge
That mixed its roar, the leaders urge
Their followers to the ocean verge
With many a haughty word.

VIII

Through that wild throng the father passed,
And reached the royal Bruce at last.
He leant against a stranded boat
That the approaching tide must float,
And counted every rippling wave
As higher yet her sides they lave,
And oft the distant fire he eyed,
And closer yet his hauberk tied,
And loosened in its sheath his brand.
Edward and Lennox were at hand,
Douglas and Ronald had the care
The soldiers to the barks to share. —
The monk approached and homage paid;
'And art thou come,' King Robert said,
'So far to bless us ere we part?' —
'My liege, and with a loyal heart! —
But other charge I have to tell,' —

[1] See Note 117.

And spoke the hest of Isabel.
'Now by Saint Giles,' the monarch cried,
'This moves me much! — this morning tide
I sent the stripling to Saint Bride
With my commandment there to bide.'
'Thither he came the portress showed,
But there, my liege, made brief abode.' —

IX

''T was I,' said Edward, 'found employ
Of nobler import for the boy.
Deep pondering in my anxious mind,
A fitting messenger to find
To bear thy written mandate o'er
To Cuthbert on the Carrick shore,
I chanced at early dawn to pass
The chapel gate to snatch a mass.
I found the stripling on a tomb
Low-seated, weeping for the doom
That gave his youth to convent gloom.
I told my purpose, and his eyes
Flashed joyful at the glad surprise.
He bounded to the skiff, the sail
Was spread before a prosperous gale,
And well my charge he hath obeyed;
For see! the ruddy signal made

That Clifford with his merry-men all
Guards carelessly our father's hall.' [1]

X

'O wild of thought and hard of heart!'
Answered the monarch, 'on a part
Of such deep danger to employ
A mute, an orphan, and a boy!
Unfit for flight, unfit for strife,
Without a tongue to plead for life!
Now, were my right restored by Heaven,
Edward, my crown I would have given
Ere, thrust on such adventure wild,
I perilled thus the helpless child.'
Offended half and half submiss, —
'Brother and liege, of blame like this,'
Edward replied, 'I little dreamed.
A stranger messenger, I deemed,
Might safest seek the beadsman's cell
Where all thy squires are known so well.
Noteless his presence, sharp his sense,
His imperfection his defence.
If seen, none can his errand guess;
If ta'en, his words no tale express —
Methinks, too, yonder beacon's shine
Might expiate greater fault than mine.'

[1] See Note 118.

'Rash,' said King Robert, 'was the deed —
But it is done. Embark with speed! —
Good father, say to Isabel
How this unhappy chance befell;
If well we thrive on yonder shore,
Soon shall my care her page restore.
Our greeting to our sister bear,
And think of us in mass and prayer.'

XI

'Aye!' said the priest, 'while this poor hand
Can chalice raise or cross command,
While my old voice has accents' use,
Can Augustine forget the Bruce!'
Then to his side Lord Ronald pressed,
And whispered, 'Bear thou this request,
That when by Bruce's side I fight
For Scotland's crown and freedom's right,
The princess grace her knight to bear
Some token of her favouring care;
It shall be shown where England's best
May shrink to see it on my crest.
And for the boy — since weightier care
For royal Bruce the times prepare,
The helpless youth is Ronald's charge,
His couch my plaid, his fence my targe.'
He ceased; for many an eager hand

Had urged the barges from the strand.
Their number was a score and ten,
They bore thrice threescore chosen men.
With such small force did Bruce at last
The die for death or empire cast!

XII

Now on the darkening main afloat,
Ready and manned rocks every boat;
Beneath their oars the ocean's might
Was dashed to sparks of glimmering light.
Faint and more faint, as off they bore,
Their armour glanced against the shore,
And, mingled with the dashing tide,
Their murmuring voices distant died. —
'God speed them!' said the priest, as dark
On distant billows glides each bark;
'O Heaven! when swords for freedom shine
And monarch's right, the cause is thine!
Edge doubly every patriot blow!
Beat down the banners of the foe!
And be it to the nations known,
That victory is from God alone!'
As up the hill his path he drew,
He turned his blessings to renew,
Oft turned till on the darkened coast
All traces of their course were lost;

Then slowly bent to Brodick tower
To shelter for the evening hour.

XIII

In night the fairy prospects sink
Where Cumray's isles with verdant link
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde;
The woods of Bute, no more descried,
Are gone — and on the placid sea
The rowers ply their task with glee,
While hands that knightly lances bore
Impatient aid the labouring oar.
The half-faced moon shone dim and pale,
And glanced against the whitened sail;
But on that ruddy beacon-light
Each steersman kept the helm aright,
And oft, for such the king's command,
That all at once might reach the strand,
From boat to boat loud shout and hail
Warned them to crowd or slacken sail.
South and by west the armada bore,
And near at length the Carrick shore.
As less and less the distance grows,
High and more high the beacon rose;
The light that seemed a twinkling star
Now blazed portentous, fierce, and far.
Dark-red the heaven above it gloved,

Dark-red the sea beneath it flowed,
Red rose the rocks on ocean's brim,
In blood-red light her islets swim;
Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
Dropped from their crags on plashing wave.
The deer to distant covert drew,
The black-cock deemed it day and crew.
Like some tall castle given to flame,
O'er half the land the lustre came.
'Now, good my liege and brother sage,
What think ye of mine elfin page?' —
'Row on!' the noble king replied,
'We 'll learn the truth, whate'er betide;
Yet sure the beadsman and the child
Could ne'er have waked that beacon wild.'

XIV

With that the boats approached the land,
But Edward's grounded on the sand;
The eager knight leaped in the sea
Waist-deep, and first on shore was he,
Though every barge's hardy band
Contended which should gain the land,
When that strange light, which seen afar
Seemed steady as the polar star,
Now, like a prophet's fiery chair,

Seemed travelling the realms of air.
Wide o'er the sky the splendour glows
As that portentous meteor rose;
Helm, axe, and falchion glittered bright,
And in the red and dusky light
His comrade's face each warrior saw,
Nor marvelled it was pale with awe.
Then high in air the beams were lost,
And darkness sunk upon the coast. —
Ronald to Heaven a prayer addressed,
And Douglas crossed his dauntless breast;
'Saint James protect us!' Lennox cried,
But reckless Edward spoke aside,
'Deem'st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that flame
Red Comyn's angry spirit came,
Or would thy dauntless heart endure
Once more to make assurance sure?'
'Hush!' said the Bruce; 'we soon shall know
If this be sorcerer's empty show
Or stratagem of southern foe.
The moon shines out — upon the sand
Let every leader rank his band.'

XV

Faintly the moon's pale beams supply
That ruddy light's unnatural dye;

The dubious cold reflection lay
On the wet sands and quiet bay.
Beneath the rocks King Robert drew
His scattered files to order due,
Till shield compact and serried spear
In the cool light shone blue and clear.
Then down a path that sought the tide
That speechless page was seen to glide;
He knelt him lowly on the sand,
And gave a scroll to Robert's hand.
'A torch,' the monarch cried. 'What, ho!
Now shall we Cuthbert's tidings know.'
But evil news the letters bear,
The Clifford's force was strong and ware,
Augmented too, that very morn,
By mountaineers who came with Lorn.
Long harrowed by oppressor's hand,
Courage and faith had fled the land,
And over Carrick, dark and deep,
Had sunk dejection's iron sleep. —
Cuthbert had seen that beacon flame,
Unwitting from what source it came.
Doubtful of perilous event,
Edward's mute messenger he sent,
If Bruce deceived should venture o'er,
To warn him from the fatal shore.

XVI

As round the torch the leaders crowd,
Bruce read these chilling news aloud.
'What council, nobles, have we now? —
To ambush us in greenwood bough,
And take the chance which fate may send
To bring our enterprise to end?
Or shall we turn us to the main
As exiles, and embark again?'
Answered fierce Edward, 'Hap what may,
In Carrick Carrick's lord must stay.
I would not minstrels told the tale
Wildfire or meteor made us quail.'
Answered the Douglas, 'If my liege
May win yon walls by storm or siege,
Then were each brave and patriot heart
Kindled of new for loyal part.'
Answered Lord Ronald, 'Not for shame
Would I that aged Torquil came
And found, for all our empty boast,
Without a blow we fled the coast.
I will not credit that this land,
So famed for warlike heart and hand,
The nurse of Wallace and of Bruce,
Will long with tyrants hold a truce.'
'Prove we our fate: the brunt we'll bide!'

So Boyd and Haye and Lennox cried;
So said, so vowed the leaders all;
So Bruce resolved: 'And in my hall
Since the bold Southern make their home,
The hour of payment soon shall come,
When with a rough and rugged host
Clifford may reckon to his cost.
Meantime, through well-known bosk and dell
I'll lead where we may shelter well.'

XVII

Now ask you whence that wondrous light,[1]
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight? —
It ne'er was known — yet grey-haired eld
A superstitious credence held
That never did a mortal hand
Wake its broad glare on Carrick strand;
Nay, and that on the selfsame night
When Bruce crossed o'er still gleams the light.
Yearly it gleams o'er mount and moor
And glittering wave and crimsoned shore —
But whether beam celestial, lent
By Heaven to aid the king's descent,
Or fire hell-kindled from beneath
To lure him to defeat and death,
Or were it but some meteor strange

[1] See Note 119.

Of such as oft through midnight range,
Startling the traveller late and lone,
I know not — and it ne'er was known.

XVIII

Now up the rocky pass they drew,
And Ronald, to his promise true,
Still made his arm the stripling's stay,
To aid him on the rugged way.
'Now cheer thee, simple Amadine!
Why throbs that silly heart of thine?' —
That name the pirates to their slave —
In Gaelic 't is the Changeling — gave —
'Dost thou not rest thee on my arm?
Do not my plaid-folds hold thee warm?
Hath not the wild bull's treble hide
This targe for thee and me supplied?
Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel?
And, trembler, canst thou terror feel?
Cheer thee, and still that throbbing heart;
From Ronald's guard thou shalt not part.' —
O! many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
Half soothed, half grieved, half terrified,
Close drew the page to Ronald's side;

A wild delirious thrill of joy
Was in that hour of agony,
As up the steepy pass he strove,
Fear, toil, and sorrow lost in love!

XIX

The barrier of that iron shore,
The rock's steep ledge, is now climbed o'er;
And from the castle's distant wall,[1]
From tower to tower the warders call:
The sound swings over land and sea,
And marks a watchful enemy. —
They gained the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the castle's sylvan reign —
Seek not the scene; the axe, the plough,
The boor's dull fence, have marred it now,
But then soft swept in velvet green
The plain with many a glade between,
Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depth of the brown forest shade.
Here the tall fern obscured the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive fawn;
There, tufted close with copsewood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen;
And all around was verdure meet
For pressure of the fairies' feet.

[1] See Note 120.

The glossy holly loved the park,
The yew-tree lent its shadow dark,
And many an old oak, worn and bare,
With all its shivered boughs was there.
Lovely between, the moonbeams fell
On lawn and hillock, glade and dell.
The gallant monarch sighed to see
These glades so loved in childhood free,
Bethinking that as outlaw now
He ranged beneath the forest bough.

XX

Fast o'er the moonlight Chase they sped.
Well knew the band that measured tread
When, in retreat or in advance,
The serried warriors move at once;
And evil were the luck if dawn
Descried them on the open lawn.
Copses they traverse, brooks they cross,
Strain up the bank and o'er the moss.
From the exhausted page's brow
Cold drops of toil are streaming now;
With effort faint and lengthened pause,
His weary step the stripling draws.
'Nay, droop not yet!' the warrior said;
'Come, let me give thee ease and aid!
Strong are mine arms, and little care

A weight so slight as thine to bear. —
What! wilt thou not? — capricious boy! —
Then thine own limbs and strength employ.
Pass but this night and pass thy care,
I'll place thee with a lady fair,
Where thou shalt tune thy lute to tell
How Ronald loves fair Isabel!'
Worn out, disheartened, and dismayed,
Here Amadine let go the plaid;
His trembling limbs their aid refuse,
He sunk among the midnight dews!

XXI

What may be done? — the night is gone —
The Bruce's band moves swiftly on —
Eternal shame if at the brunt
Lord Ronald grace not battle's front! —
'See yonder oak within whose trunk
Decay a darkened cell hath sunk;
Enter and rest thee there a space,
Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy face.
I will not be, believe me, far,
But must not quit the ranks of war.
Well will I mark the bosky bourne,
And soon, to guard thee hence, return. —
Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy!
But sleep in peace and wake in joy.'

In sylvan lodging close bestowed,
He placed the page and onward strode
With strength put forth o'er moss and brook,
And soon the marching band o'ertook.

XXII

Thus strangely left, long sobbed and wept
The page till wearied out he slept —
A rough voice waked his dream — 'Nay, here,
Here by this thicket passed the deer —
Beneath that oak old Ryno staid —
What have we here? — A Scottish plaid
And in its folds a stripling laid? —
Come forth! thy name and business tell!
What, silent? — then I guess thee well,
The spy that sought old Cuthbert's cell,
Wafted from Arran yester morn —
Come, comrades, we will straight return.
Our lord may choose the rack should teach
To this young lurcher use of speech.
Thy bow-string, till I bind him fast.' —
'Nay, but he weeps and stands aghast;
Unbound we'll lead him, fear it not;
'T is a fair stripling, though a Scot.'
The hunters to the castle sped,
And there the hapless captive led.

XXIII

Stout Clifford in the castle-court
Prepared him for the morning sport;
And now with Lorn held deep discourse,
Now gave command for hound and horse.
War-steeds and palfreys pawed the ground,
And many a deer-dog howled around.
To Amadine Lorn's well-known word
Replying to that Southern lord,
Mixed with this clanging din, might seem
The phantasm of a fevered dream.
The tone upon his ringing ears
Came like the sounds which fancy hears
When in rude waves or roaring winds
Some words of woe the muser finds,
Until more loudly and more near
Their speech arrests the page's ear.

XXIV

'And was she thus,' said Clifford, 'lost?
The priest should rue it to his cost!
What says the monk?' — 'The holy sire
Owns that in masquer's quaint attire
She sought his skiff disguised, unknown
To all except to him alone.
But, says the priest, a bark from Lorn

Laid them aboard that very morn,
And pirates seized her for their prey.
He proffered ransom gold to pay
And they agreed — but ere told o'er,
The winds blow loud, the billows roar;
They severed and they met no more.
He deems — such tempests vexed the coast —
Ship, crew, and fugitive were lost.
So let it be, with the disgrace
And scandal of her lofty race!
Thrice better she had ne'er been born
Than brought her infamy on Lorn!'

XXV

Lord Clifford now the captive spied; —
'Whom, Herbert, hast thou there?' he cried.
'A spy we seized within the Chase,
A hollow oak his lurking-place.' —
'What tidings can the youth afford?' —
'He plays the mute.' — 'Then noose a cord —
Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom
For his plaid's sake.' — 'Clan-Colla's loom,'
Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace
Rather the vesture than the face,
'Clan-Colla's dames such tartans twine;
Wearer nor plaid claims care of mine.
Give him, if my advice you crave,

His own scathed oak; and let him wave
In air unless, by terror wrung,
A frank confession find his tongue. —
Nor shall he die without his rite;
Thou, Angus Roy, attend the sight,
And give Clan-Colla's dirge thy breath
As they convey him to his death.' —
'O brother! cruel to the last!'
Through the poor captive's bosom passed
The thought, but, to his purpose true,
He said not, though he sighed, 'Adieu!'

XXVI

And will he keep his purpose still
In sight of that last closing ill,
When one poor breath, one single word,
May freedom, safety, life, afford?
Can he resist the instinctive call
For life that bids us barter all? —
Love, strong as death, his heart hath steeled,
His nerves hath strung — he will not yield!
Since that poor breath, that little word,
May yield Lord Ronald to the sword. —
Clan-Colla's dirge is pealing wide,
The griesly headsman 's by his side;
Along the greenwood Chase they bend,
And now their march has ghastly end!

That old and shattered oak beneath,
They destine for the place of death.
What thoughts are his, while all in vain
His eye for aid explores the plain?
What thoughts, while with a dizzy ear
He hears the death-prayer muttered near?
And must he die such death accurst,
Or will that bosom-secret burst?
Cold on his brow breaks terror's dew,
His trembling lips are livid blue;
The agony of parting life
Has nought to match that moment's strife!

XXVII

But other witnesses are nigh,
Who mock at fear, and death defy!
Soon as the dire lament was played
It waked the lurking ambuscade.
The Island Lord looked forth and spied
The cause, and loud in fury cried,
'By Heaven, they lead the page to die,
And mock me in his agony!
They shall abye it!' — On his arm
Bruce laid strong grasp, 'They shall not harm
A ringlet of the stripling's hair;
But till I give the word, forbear. —
Douglas, lead fifty of our force

Up yonder hollow water-course,
And couch thee midway on the wold,
Between the flyers and their hold:
A spear above the copse displayed,
Be signal of the ambush made. —
Edward, with forty spearmen straight
Through yonder copse approach the gate,
And when thou hear'st the battle-din,
Rush forward and the passage win,
Secure the drawbridge, storm the port,
And man and guard the castle-court. —
The rest move slowly forth with me,
In shelter of the forest-tree,
Till Douglas at his post I see.'

XXVIII

Like war-horse eager to rush on,
Compelled to wait the signal blown,
Hid, and scarce hid, by greenwood bough,
Trembling with rage stands Ronald now,
And in his grasp his sword gleams blue,
Soon to be dyed with deadlier hue. —
Meanwhile the Bruce with steady eye
Sees the dark death-train moving by,
And heedful measures oft the space
The Douglas and his band must trace,
Ere they can reach their destined ground.

Now sinks the dirge's wailing sound,
Now cluster round the direful tree
That slow and solemn company,
While hymn mistuned and muttered prayer
The victim for his fate prepare. —
What glances o'er the greenwood shade?
The spear that marks the ambuscade! —
'Now, noble chief! I leave thee loose;
Upon them, Ronald!' said the Bruce.

XXIX

'The Bruce! the Bruce!' to well-known cry
His native rocks and woods reply.
'The Bruce! the Bruce!' in that dread word
The knell of hundred deaths was heard.
The astonished Southern gazed at first
Where the wild tempest was to burst
That waked in that presaging name.
Before, behind, around it came!
Half-armed, surprised, on every side
Hemmed in, hewed down, they bled and died.
Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged,
And fierce Clan-Colla's broadsword raged!
Full soon the few who fought were sped,
Nor better was their lot who fled
And met 'mid terror's wild career
The Douglas's redoubted spear!

Two hundred yeomen on that morn
The castle left, and none return.

XXX

Not on their flight pressed Ronald's brand,
A gentler duty claimed his hand.
He raised the page where on the plain
His fear had sunk him with the slain:
And twice that morn surprise well near
Betrayed the secret kept by fear;
Once when with life returning came
To the boy's lip Lord Ronald's name,
And hardly recollection drowned
The accents in a murmuring sound;
And once when scarce he could resist
The chieftain's care to loose the vest
Drawn tightly o'er his labouring breast.
But then the Bruce's bugle blew,
For martial work was yet to do.

XXXI

A harder task fierce Edward waits.
Ere signal given the castle gates
His fury had assailed;
Such was his wonted reckless mood,
Yet desperate valour oft made good,

Even by its daring, venture rude
  Where prudence might have failed.
Upon the bridge his strength he threw,
And struck the iron chain in two,
  By which its planks arose;
The warder next his axe's edge
Struck down upon the threshold ledge,
'Twixt door and post a ghastly wedge!
  The gate they may not close.
Well fought the Southern in the fray,
Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,
But stubborn Edward forced his way
  Against a hundred foes.
Loud came the cry, 'The Bruce! the Bruce!'
No hope or in defence or truce, —
  Fresh combatants pour in;
Mad with success and drunk with gore,
They drive the struggling foe before
  And ward on ward they win.
Unsparing was the vengeful sword,
And limbs were lopped and life-blood poured,
The cry of death and conflict roared,
  And fearful was the din!
The startling horses plunged and flung,
Clamoured the dogs till turrets rung,
  Nor sunk the fearful cry
Till not a foeman was there found

Alive save those who on the ground
Groaned in their agony!

XXXII

The valiant Clifford is no more;
On Ronald's broadsword streamed his gore.
But better hap had he of Lorn,
Who, by the foeman backward borne,
Yet gained with slender train the port
Where lay his bark beneath the fort,
And cut the cable loose.
Short were his shrift in that debate,
That hour of fury and of fate,
If Lorn encountered Bruce!
Then long and loud the victor shout
From turret and from tower rung out,
The rugged vaults replied;
And from the donjon tower on high
The men of Carrick may descry
Saint Andrew's cross in blazonry
Of silver waving wide!

XXXIII

The Bruce hath won his father's hall![1]
'Welcome, brave friends and comrades all,
Welcome to mirth and joy!

[1] See Note 121.

The first, the last, is welcome here,
From lord and chieftain, prince and peer,
To this poor speechless boy.
Great God! once more my sire's abode
Is mine — behold the floor I trode
In tottering infancy!
And there the vaulted arch whose sound
Echoed my joyous shout and bound
In boyhood, and that rung around
To youth's unthinking glee!
O, first to thee, all-gracious Heaven,
Then to my friends, my thanks be given!' —
He paused a space, his brow he crossed —
Then on the board his sword he tossed,
Yet steaming hot; with Southern gore
From hilt to point 't was crimsoned o'er.

XXXIV

'Bring here,' he said, 'the mazers four[1]
My noble fathers loved of yore.
Thrice let them circle round the board,
The pledge, fair Scotland's rights restored!
And he whose lip shall touch the wine
Without a vow as true as mine,
To hold both lands and life at nought
Until her freedom shall be bought, —

[1] See Note 122.

Be brand of a disloyal Scot
And lasting infamy his lot!
Sit, gentle friends! our hour of glee
Is brief, we 'll spend it joyously!
Blithest of all the sun's bright beams,
When betwixt storm and storm he gleams.
Well is our country's work begun,
But more, far more, must yet be done.
Speed messengers the country through;
Arouse old friends and gather new;[1]
Warn Lanark's knights to gird their mail,
Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
Let Ettrick's archers sharp their darts,
The fairest forms, the truest hearts![2]
Call all, call all! from Reedswair-Path
To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath;
Wide let the news through Scotland ring, —
The Northern Eagle claps his wing!'

[1] See Note 123. [2] See Note 124.

CANTO SIXTH

I

O WHO that shared them ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met
Early and late, at evening and at prime;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hailed news on news, as field on field was won,
When Hope, long doubtful, soared at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
Watched Joy's broad banner rise to meet the rising sun!

O these were hours when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears!
The heart-sick faintness of the hope delayed,
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears,
That tracked with terror twenty rolling years,
All was forgot in that blithe jubilee!
Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears,
To sigh a thankful prayer amid the glee
That hailed the Despot's fall, and peace and liberty!

Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant rode
When 'gainst the invaders turned the battle's scale,

When Bruce's banner had victorious flowed
O'er Loudoun's mountain and in Ury's vale;[1]
When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale,[2]
And fiery Edward routed stout Saint John,[3]
When Randolph's war-cry swelled the southern gale,[4]
And many a fortress, town, and tower was won,
And Fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory done.

II

Blithe tidings flew from baron's tower
To peasant's cot, to forest-bower,
And waked the solitary cell
Where lone Saint Bride's recluses dwell.
Princess no more, fair Isabel,
A votaress of the order now,
Say, did the rule that bid thee wear
Dim veil and woollen scapulare,
And reft thy locks of dark-brown hair,
That stern and rigid vow,
Did it condemn the transport high
Which glistened in thy watery eye
When minstrel or when palmer told
Each fresh exploit of Bruce the bold? —
And whose the lovely form that shares
Thy anxious hopes, thy fears, thy prayers?
No sister she of convent shade;

[1] See Note 125. [2] See Note 126. [3] See Note 127. [4] See Note 128.

So say these locks in lengthened braid,
So say the blushes and the sighs,
The tremors that unbidden rise,
When, mingled with the Bruce's fame,
The brave Lord Ronald's praises came.

III

Believe, his father's castle won
And his bold enterprise begun,
That Bruce's earliest cares restore
The speechless page to Arran's shore:
Nor think that long the quaint disguise
Concealed her from a sister's eyes;
And sister-like in love they dwell
In that lone convent's silent cell.
There Bruce's slow assent allows
Fair Isabel the veil and vows;
And there, her sex's dress regained,
The lovely Maid of Lorn remained,
Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far
Resounded with the din of war;
And many a month and many a day
In calm seclusion wore away.

IV

These days, these months, to years had worn
When tidings of high weight were borne

To that lone island's shore;
Of all the Scottish conquests made
By the First Edward's ruthless blade
His son retained no more,
Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's towers,[1]
Beleaguered by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce,
If England's king should not relieve
The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,
To yield them to the Bruce.
England was roused — on every side
Courier and post and herald hied
To summon prince and peer,
At Berwick-bounds to meet their liege,[2]
Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege
With buckler, brand, and spear.
The term was nigh — they mustered fast,
By beacon and by bugle-blast
Forth marshalled for the field;
There rode each knight of noble name,
There England's hardy archers came,
The land they trode seemed all on flame
With banner, blade, and shield!
And not famed England's powers alone,
Renowned in arms, the summons own;
For Neustria's knights obeyed,

[1] See Note 129. [2] See Note 130.

Gascogne hath lent her horsemen good,
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude,[1]
And Connoght poured from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Connor swayed.[2]

V

Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slowly on
With menace deep and dread;
So the dark clouds with gathering power
Suspend awhile the threatened shower,
Till every peak and summit lower
Round the pale pilgrim's head.
Not with such pilgrim's startled eye
King Robert marked the tempest nigh!
Resolved the brunt to bide,
His royal summons warned the land
That all who owned their king's command
Should instant take the spear and brand
To combat at his side.
O, who may tell the sons of fame
That at King Robert's bidding came
To battle for the right!
From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,

[1] See Note 131. [2] See Note 132.

From Solway-Sands to Marshal's-Moss,
  All bouned them for the fight.
Such news the royal courier tells
Who came to rouse dark Arran's dells;
But farther tidings must the ear
Of Isabel in secret hear.
These in her cloister walk next morn
Thus shared she with the Maid of Lorn: —

VI

'My Edith, can I tell how dear
Our intercourse of hearts sincere
  Hath been to Isabel? —
Judge then the sorrow of my heart
When I must say the words, We part!
  The cheerless convent-cell
Was not, sweet maiden, made for thee;
Go thou where thy vocation free
  On happier fortunes fell.
Nor, Edith, judge thyself betrayed,
Though Robert knows that Lorn's high maid
And his poor silent page were one.
Versed in the fickle heart of man,
Earnest and anxious hath he looked
How Ronald's heart the message brooked
That gave him with her last farewell
The charge of Sister Isabel,

To think upon thy better right
And keep the faith his promise plight.
Forgive him for thy sister's sake
At first if vain repinings wake —
Long since that mood is gone:
Now dwells he on thy juster claims,
And oft his breach of faith he blames —
Forgive him for thine own!' —

VII

'No! never to Lord Ronald's bower
Will I again as paramour ' —
'Nay, hush thee, too impatient maid,
Until my final tale be said! —
The good King Robert would engage
Edith once more his elfin page,
By her own heart and her own eye
Her lover's penitence to try —
Safe in his royal charge and free,
Should such thy final purpose be,
Again unknown to seek the cell,
And live and die with Isabel.'
Thus spoke the maid — King Robert's eye
Might have some glance of policy;
Dunstaffnage had the monarch ta'en,
And Lorn had owned King Robert's reign;
Her brother had to England fled,

And there in banishment was dead;
Ample, through exile, death, and flight,
O'er tower and land was Edith's right;
This ample right o'er tower and land
Were safe in Ronald's faithful hand.

VIII

Embarrassed eye and blushing cheek
Pleasure and shame and fear bespeak!
Yet much the reasoning Edith made:
'Her sister's faith she must upbraid,
Who gave such secret, dark and dear,
In council to another's ear.
Why should she leave the peaceful cell? —
How should she part with Isabel? —
How wear that strange attire agen? —
How risk herself 'midst martial men? —
And how be guarded on the way? —
At least she might entreat delay.'
Kind Isabel with secret smile
Saw and forgave the maiden's wile,
Reluctant to be thought to move
At the first call of truant love.

IX

O, blame her not! — when zephyrs wake
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;

When beams the sun through April's shower
It needs must bloom, the violet flower;
And Love, howe'er the maiden strive,
Must with reviving hope revive!
A thousand soft excuses came
To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame.
Pledged by their sires in earliest youth,
He had her plighted faith and truth —
Then, 't was her liege's strict command,
And she beneath his royal hand
A ward in person and in land: —
And, last, she was resolved to stay
Only brief space — one little day —
Close hidden in her safe disguise
From all, but most from Ronald's eyes —
But once to see him more! — nor blame
Her wish — to hear him name her name! —
Then to bear back to solitude
The thought he had his falsehood rued!
But Isabel, who long had seen
Her pallid cheek and pensive mien,
And well herself the cause might know,
Though innocent, of Edith's woe,
Joyed, generous, that revolving time
Gave means to expiate the crime.
High glowed her bosom as she said,
'Well shall her sufferings be repaid!'

Now came the parting hour — a band
From Arran's mountains left the land;
Their chief, Fitz-Louis,[1] had the care
The speechless Amadine to bear
To Bruce with honour, as behoved
To page the monarch dearly loved.

X

The king had deemed the maiden bright
Should reach him long before the fight,
But storms and fate her course delay:
It was on eve of battle-day
When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode.
The landscape like a furnace glowed,
And far as e'er the eye was borne
The lances waved like autumn-corn.
In battles four beneath their eye
The forces of King Robert lie.[2]
And one below the hill was laid,
Reserved for rescue and for aid;
And three advanced formed vaward-line,
'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's shrine.
Detached was each, yet each so nigh
As well might mutual aid supply.
Beyond, the Southern host appears,[3]
A boundless wilderness of spears,

[1] See Note 133. [2] See Note 134. [3] See Note 135.

Whose verge or rear the anxious eye
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.
Thick flashing in the evening beam,
Glaives, lances, bills, and banners gleam;
And where the heaven joined with the hill,
Was distant armour flashing still,
So wide, so far, the boundless host
Seemed in the blue horizon lost.

XI

Down from the hill the maiden passed,
At the wild show of war aghast;
And traversed first the rearward host,
Reserved for aid where needed most.
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,
Lennox and Lanark too, were there,
And all the western land;
With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains ranked their files[1]
In many a plaided band.
There in the centre proudly raised,
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore
A galley driven by sail and oar.
A wild yet pleasing contrast made
Warriors in mail and plate arrayed

[1] See Note 136.

With the plumed bonnet and the plaid
  By these Hebrideans worn;
But O, unseen for three long years,
Dear was the garb of mountaineers
  To the fair Maid of Lorn!
For one she looked — but he was far
Busied amid the ranks of war —
Yet with affection's troubled eye
She marked his banner boldly fly,
Gave on the countless foe a glance,
And thought on battle's desperate chance.

XII

To centre of the vaward-line
Fitz-Louis guided Amadine.
Armed all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,
The warriors there of Lodon's land;
Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,
A band of archers fierce though few;
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,
And the bold Spears of Teviotdale; —
The dauntless Douglas these obey,
And the young Stuart's gentle sway.
Northeastward by Saint Ninian's shrine,
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine

The warriors whom the hardy North
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.
The rest of Scotland's war-array
With Edward Bruce to westward lay,
Where Bannock with his broken bank
And deep ravine protects their flank.
Behind them, screened by sheltering wood,
The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood:
His men-at-arms bare mace and lance,
And plumes that wave and helms that glance.
Thus fair divided by the king,
Centre and right and leftward wing
Composed his front; nor distant far
Was strong reserve to aid the war.
And 't was to front of this array
Her guide and Edith made their way.

XIII

Here must they pause; for, in advance
As far as one might pitch a lance,
The monarch rode along the van,[1]
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode — from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;

[1] See Note 137.

Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet,
And clasped within its glittering twine
Was seen the glove of Argentine;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing instead a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host. — Three bowshots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms awhile,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council if that night
Should view the strife or dawning light.

XIV

O, gay yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's king and peers:
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,

Could then his direful doom foretell! —
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flashed at sight of shield and lance.
'Know'st thou,' he said, 'De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?' —
'The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my liege: I know him well.' —
'And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?' —
'So please my liege,' said Argentine,
'Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance.' —
'In battle-day,' the king replied,
'Nice tourney rules are set aside. —
Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him — Sweep him from our path!'
And at King Edward's signal soon
Dashed from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

XV

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renowned for knightly fame.
He burned before his monarch's eye

To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurred his steed, he couched his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
As motionless as rocks that bide
The wrath of the advancing ride,
The Bruce stood fast. — Each breast beat high
And dazzled was each gazing eye —
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
While on the king, like flash of flame,
Spurred to full speed the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock —
But, swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunned the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course — but soon his course was o'er! —
High in his stirrups stood the king,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he passed,
Fell that stern dint — the first — the last! —
Such strength upon the blow was put
The helmet crashed like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft with its brazen clasp
Was shivered to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;

First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

XVI

One pitying glance the monarch sped
Where on the field his foe lay dead;
Then gently turned his palfrey's head,
And, pacing back his sober way,
Slowly he gained his own array.
There round their king the leaders crowd,
And blame his recklessness aloud
That risked 'gainst each adventurous spear
A life so valued and so dear.
His broken weapon's shaft surveyed
The king, and careless answer made,
'My loss may pay my folly's tax;
I've broke my trusty battle-axe.'
'T was then Fitz-Louis bending low
Did Isabel's commission show;
Edith disguised at distance stands,
And hides her blushes with her hands.
The monarch's brow has changed its hue,
Away the gory axe he threw,
While to the seeming page he drew,
Clearing war's terrors from his eye.
Her hand with gentle ease he took
With such a kind protecting look

As to a weak and timid boy
Might speak that elder brother's care
And elder brother's love were there.

XVII

'Fear not,' he said, 'young Amadine!'
Then whispered, 'Still that name be thine.
Fate plays her wonted fantasy,
Kind Amadine, with thee and me,
And sends thee here in doubtful hour.
But soon we are beyond her power;
For on this chosen battle-plain,
Victor or vanquished, I remain.
Do thou to yonder hill repair;
The followers of our host are there,
And all who may not weapons bear. —
Fitz-Louis, have him in thy care. —
Joyful we meet, if all go well;
If not, in Arran's holy cell
Thou must take part with Isabel;
For brave Lord Ronald too hath sworn,
Not to regain the Maid of Lorn —
The bliss on earth he covets most —
Would he forsake his battle-post,
Or shun the fortune that may fall
To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all. —
But, hark! some news these trumpets tell;

Forgive my haste — farewell! — farewell!'
And in a lower voice he said,
'Be of good cheer — farewell, sweet maid!'

XVIII

'What train of dust, with trumpet-sound
And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
Our leftward flank?'[1] the monarch cried
To Moray's Earl who rode beside.
'Lo! round thy station pass the foes!
Randolph, thy wreath hath lost a rose.'
The Earl his visor closed, and said,
'My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade. —
Follow, my household!' and they go
Like lightning on the advancing foe.
'My liege,' said noble Douglas then,
'Earl Randolph has but one to ten:
Let me go forth his band to aid!'
'Stir not. The error he hath made,
Let him amend it as he may;
I will not weaken mine array.'
Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,
And Douglas's brave heart swelled high, —
'My liege,' he said, 'with patient ear
I must not Moray's death-knell hear!' —
'Then go — but speed thee back again.'

[1] See Note 138.

Forth sprung the Douglas with his train:
But when they won a rising hill
He bade his followers hold them still. —
'See, see! the routed Southern fly!
The Earl hath won the victory.
Lo! where yon steeds run masterless,
His banner towers above the press.
Rein up; our presence would impair
The fame we come too late to share.'
Back to the host the Douglas rode,
And soon glad tidings are abroad
That, Dayncourt by stout Randolph slain,
His followers fled with loosened rein. —
That skirmish closed the busy day,
And couched in battle's prompt array,
Each army on their weapons lay.

XIX

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
  Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
  Her winding river lay.
Ah! gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee, next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,

And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughtered men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now from England's host the cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmured prayer, the early mass! —
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'ermatched sought aid from Heaven.

XX

On Gillie's-hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands
With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O, with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky! —
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun;
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum?
No! — distant but increasing still.
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,

Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were tossed,[1]
His breast and brow each soldier crossed
And started from the ground;
Armed and arrayed for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frowned.

XXI

Now onward and in open view
The countless ranks of England drew,[2]
Dark rolling like the ocean-tide
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way!
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on
And deemed that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hests obey.
De Argentine attends his side,

[1] See Note 139. [2] See Note 140.

With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,
Selected champions from the train
To wait upon his bridle-rein.
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed —
At once before his sight amazed
Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
Each weapon-point is downward sent,
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
'The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneeled.' —
'Ay! — but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours!
See where yon barefoot abbot stands[1]
And blesses them with lifted hands!
Upon the spot where they have kneeled
These men will die or win the field.' —
'Then prove we if they die or win!
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin.'

XXII

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high
Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepped each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,

[1] See Note 141.

And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring —
At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast
Forth whistling came the grey-goose wing
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Woe, woe to Scotland's bannered pride,
If the fell shower may last!
Upon the right behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted stood
The Scottish chivalry; —
With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gained the plain;
Then, 'Mount, ye gallants free!'
He cried; and vaulting from the ground
His saddle every horseman found,
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,

Each ready lance is in the rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce,
'Forth, Marshal! on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!'[1]

XXIII

Then spurs were dashed in chargers' flanks,
They rushed among the archer ranks,
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armour slight
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout!
Awhile with stubborn hardihood
Their English hearts the strife made good.
Borne down at length on every side,
Compelled to flight they scatter wide. —
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken vows of Bannock's shore

[1] See Note 142.

Shall in the greenwood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now
The maids may twine the summer bough.
May northward look with longing glance
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV

The king with scorn beheld their flight.
'Are these,' he said, 'our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore![1]
Fitter to plunder chase or park
Than make a manly foe their mark. —
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might
And chivalry redeem the fight!'
To rightward of the wild affray,
The field showed fair and level way;
But in mid-space the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That formed a ghastly snare.

[1] See Note 143.

Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest and hearts on flame
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thundered to their tread
As far as Stirling rock.
Down! down! in headlong overthrow,[1]
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field!
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge; —
The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony![2]
They came like mountain-torrent red
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave
When swallowed by a darksome cave.
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own!

[1] See Note 144. [2] See Note 145.

XXV

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet to yield the fight.
  Her noblest all are here;
Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
  And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
  Bottetourt and Sanzavere,
Ross, Montague, and Mauley came,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame —
Names known too well in Scotland's war
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
Pembroke with these and Argentine
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,

And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race!
Firmly they kept their ground;
As firmly England onward pressed,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And Slaughter revelled round.

XXVI

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met;
The groans of those who fell
Were drowned amid the shriller clang
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle-yell.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;
And O, amid that waste of life
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring noble bled for fame,
The patriot for his country's claim;
This knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some or hardihood.
But ruffian stern and soldier good,
The noble and the slave,

From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode
To that dark inn, the grave!

XXVII

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;
Nor less had toiled each Southern knight
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard, —
'My merry-men, fight on!'

XXVIII

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.

'One effort more and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee[1]
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I with my Carrick spearmen charge;
Now forward to the shock!'
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known —
'Carrick, press on — they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life, —
The battle cannot last!'

XXIX

The fresh and desperate onset bore
The foes three furlongs back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore.
Alone, De Argentine
Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,
Gathers the relics of the field,
Renews the ranks where they have reeled,
And still makes good the line.

[1] See Note 146.

Brief strife but fierce his efforts raise,
A bright but momentary blaze.
Fair Edith heard the Southern shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force, combined anew,
Appeared in her distracted view
To hem the Islesmen round;
'O God! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found!
And ye that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'erthrown,
O, are your hearts of flesh or stone?'

XXX

The multitude that watched afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight
When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsman and serf; even female hand
Stretched to the hatchet or the brand;
But when mute Amadine they heard
Give to their zeal his signal-word
A frenzy fired the throng; —

'Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth — the dumb our duties teach —
And he that gives the mute his speech
Can bid the weak be strong.
To us as to our lords are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us as to our lords belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;
The choice 'twixt death or freedom warms
Our breasts as theirs — To arms! to arms!'
To arms they flew, — axe, club, or spear —
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a bannered host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.[1]

XXXI

Already scattered o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain
Or made but doubtful stay; —
But when they marked the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshalled foe,
The boldest broke array.
O, give their hapless prince his due![2]
In vain the royal Edward threw
His person 'mid the spears,

[1] See Note 147. [2] See Note 148.

Cried, 'Fight!' to terror and despair,
Menaced and wept and tore his hair,
And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turned his bridle rein
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine until
They gained the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train: —
'In yonder field a gage I left,
I must not live of fame bereft;
I needs must turn again.
Speed hence, my liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase,
I know his banner well.
God send my sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this! —
Once more, my liege, farewell!'

XXXII

Again he faced the battle-field, —
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
'Now then,' he said, and couched his spear,
'My course is run, the goal is near;
One effort more, one brave career,
Must close this race of mine.'
Then in his stirrups rising high,
He shouted loud his battle-cry,

'Saint James for Argentine!'
And of the bold pursuers four
The gallant knight from saddle bore;
But not unharmed — a lance's point
Has found his breastplate's loosened joint,
An axe has razed his crest;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who pressed the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bored
And through his gallant breast.
Nailed to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And swung his broadsword round!
Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gushed from the wound;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turned him on the ground,
And laughed in death-pang that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XXXIII

Now toiled the Bruce, the battle done,
To use his conquest boldly won;
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southern's scattered rear,

Nor let his broken force combine,
When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear;
'Save, save his life,' he cried, 'O, save
The kind, the noble, and the brave!'
The squadrons round free passage gave,
The wounded knight drew near;
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breastplate streamed with gore,
Yet, as he saw the king advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance —
The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke failed to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose; —
'Lord Earl, the day is thine!
My sovereign's charge and adverse fate
Have made our meeting all too late;
Yet this may Argentine
As boon from ancient comrade crave —
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave.'

XXXIV

Bruce pressed his dying hand — its grasp
Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,

It stiffened and grew cold —
'And, O farewell!' the victor cried,
'Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle bold,
The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face! —
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine
For late-wake of De Argentine.
O'er better knight on death-bier laid
Torch never gleamed nor mass was said!'

XXXV

Nor for De Argentine alone
Through Ninian's church these torches shone
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.[1]
That yellow lustre glimmered pale
On broken plate and bloodied mail,
Rent crest and shattered coronet,
Of baron, earl, and banneret;
And the best names that England knew
Claimed in the death-prayer dismal due.
Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!
Though ne'er the Leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field
Since Norman William came.
Oft may thine annals justly boast

[1] See Note 149.

Of battles stern by Scotland lost;
Grudge not her victory
When for her freeborn rights she strove;
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee!

XXXVI

Turn we to Bruce, whose curious ear
Must from Fitz-Louis tidings hear;
With him a hundred voices tell
Of prodigy and miracle,
'For the mute page had spoke.' —
'Page!' said Fitz-Louis, 'rather say
An angel sent from realms of day
To burst the English yoke.
I saw his plume and bonnet drop
When hurrying from the mountain top;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,
A step as light upon the green,
As if his pinions waved unseen!'
'Spoke he with none?' — 'With none — one word
Burst when he saw the Island Lord
Returning from the battle-field.' —
'What answer made the chief?' — 'He kneeled,
Durst not look up, but muttered low
Some mingled sounds that none might know,

And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear
As being of superior sphere.'

XXXVII

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain,
Heaped then with thousands of the slain,
'Mid victor monarch's musings high,
Mirth laughed in good King Robert's eye: —
'And bore he such angelic air,
Such noble front, such waving hair?
Hath Ronald kneeled to him?' he said;
'Then must we call the Church to aid —
Our will be to the abbot known
Ere these strange news are wider blown,
To Cambuskenneth straight he pass
And deck the church for solemn mass,
To pay for high deliverance given
A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.
Let him array besides such state,
As should on princes' nuptials wait.
Ourself the cause, through fortune's spite,
That once broke short that spousal rite,
Ourself will grace with early morn
The bridal of the Maid of Lorn.'

CONCLUSION

Go forth, my Song, upon thy venturous way;
Go boldly forth; nor yet thy master blame
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name
Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame.
There was — and O, how many sorrows crowd
Into these two brief words! — *there was* a claim
By generous friendship given — had fate allowed,
It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud!

All angel now — yet little less than all
While still a pilgrim in our world below!
What 'vails it us that patience to recall
Which hid its own to soothe all other woes;
What 'vails to tell how Virtue's purest glow
Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair:
And, least of all, what 'vails the world should know
That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there!

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

NOTES

Note 1, p. 11

'Barnard Castle,' saith old Leland, 'standeth stately upon Tees.' It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I and Edward III. Baliol's Tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It bears marks of great antiquity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its vaulted roof, which has been lately greatly injured by the operations of some persons, to whom the tower has been leased for the purpose of making patent shot! The prospect from the top of Baliol's Tower commands a rich and magnificent view of the wooded valley of the Tees.

Barnard Castle often changed masters during the Middle Ages. Upon the forfeiture of the unfortunate John Baliol, the first King of Scotland of that family, Edward I seized this fortress among the other English estates of his refractory vassal. It was afterwards vested in the Beauchamps of Warwick, and in the Staffords of Buckingham, and was also sometimes in the possession of the Bishops of Durham, and sometimes in that of the Crown. Richard III is said to have enlarged and strengthened its fortifications, and to have made it for some time his principal residence, for the purpose of bridling and suppressing the Lancastrian faction in the northern counties. From the Staffords, Barnard Castle passed, probably by marriage, into the possession of the powerful Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland,

and belonged to the last representative of that family when he engaged with the Earl of Northumberland in the ill-concerted insurrection of the twelfth of Queen Elizabeth. Upon this occasion, however, Sir George Bowes, of Sheatlam, who held great possessions in the neighbourhood, anticipated the two insurgent earls, by seizing upon and garrisoning Barnard Castle, which he held out for ten days against all their forces, and then surrendered it upon honourable terms. (See Sadler's *State Papers*, ii, 330.) In a ballad, contained in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, I, the siege is thus commemorated: —

Then Sir George Bowes he straight way rose,
After them some spoyle to make;
These noble erles turned back againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled:
To Barnard Castle then fled he;
The uttermost walles were eathe to won,
The erles have won them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and brick;
But though they won them soon anone,
Lang ere they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rock and stone.

By the suppression of this rebellion, and the consequent forfeiture of the Earl of Westmoreland, Barnard Castle reverted to the Crown, and was sold or leased out to Car, Earl of Somerset, the guilty and unhappy favourite of James I. It was afterwards granted to Sir Henry Vane the elder, and was therefore, in all probability, occupied for the Parliament, whose interest during the Civil War was so keenly espoused by the Vanes. It is now, with the other estates of that family, the property of the Right Honourable the Earl of Darlington.

Note 2, p. 15

I have had occasion to remark, in real life, the effect of keen and fervent anxiety in giving acuteness to the organs of sense. My gifted friend, Miss Joanna Baillie, whose dramatic works dis-

play such intimate acquaintance with the operations of human passion, has not omitted this remarkable circumstance: —

De Montfort (*off his guard*). 'T is Rezenvelt: I heard his well-known foot,
From the first staircase mounting step by step.
Freb. How quick an ear thou hast for distant sound!
I heard him not.
[*De Montfort looks embarrassed, and is silent.*]

NOTE 3, p. 15

The use of complete suits of armour was fallen into disuse during the Civil War, though they were still worn by leaders of rank and importance. 'In the reign of King James I,' says our military antiquary,' no great alterations were made in the article of defensive armour, except that the buff-coat, or jerkin, which was originally worn under the cuirass, now became frequently a substitute for it, it having been found that a good buff leather would of itself resist the stroke of a sword; this, however, only occasionally took place among the light-armed cavalry and infantry, complete suits of armour being still used among the heavy horse. Buff-coats continued to be worn by the city-trained-bands till within the memory of persons now living, so that defensive armour may, in some measure, be said to have terminated in the same materials with which it began, that is, the skins of animals, or leather.' (Grose's *Military Antiquities*, London, 1801, 4to, II, 323.)

Of the buff-coats, which were worn over the corselets, several are yet preserved; and Captain Grose has given an engraving of one which was used in the time of Charles I by Sir Francis Rhodes, Baronet, of Balbrough-Hall, Derbyshire. They were usually lined with silk or linen, secured before by buttons, or by a lace, and often richly decorated with gold or silver embroidery. From the following curious account of a dispute respecting a buff-coat between an old roundhead captain and a justice of peace, by whom his arms were seized after the Restoration, we learn that the value and importance of this defensive garment were considerable: —

'A party of horse came to my house, commanded by Mr. Peebles, and he told me he was come for my arms, and that I must deliver them. I asked him for his order. He told me he had a better order than Oliver used to give: and, clapping his hand upon his sword-hilt, he said, that was his order. I told him, if he had none but that, it was not sufficient to take my arms; and then he pulled out his warrant, and I read it. It was signed by Wentworth Armitage, a general warrant to search all persons they suspected, and so left the power to the soldiers at their pleasure. They came to us at Coalley-Hall, about sun-setting; and I caused a candle to be lighted, and conveyed Peebles into the room where my arms were. My arms were near the kitchen fire; and there they took away fowling-pieces, pistols, muskets, carbines, and such like, better than 20*l.* Then Mr. Peebles asked me for my buff-coat; and I told them they had no order to take away my apparel. He told me I was not to dispute their orders; but if I would not deliver it, he would carry me away prisoner, and had me out of doors. Yet he let me alone unto the next morning, that I must wait upon Sir John, at Halifax; and, coming before him, he threatened me, and said, if I did not send the coat, for it was too good for me to keep. I told him it was not in his power to demand my apparel; and he, growing into a fit, called me rebel and traitor, and said, if I did not send the coat with all speed, he would send me where I did not like well. I told him I was no rebel, and he did not well to call me so before these soldiers and gentlemen, to make me the mark for every one to shoot at. I departed the room; yet, notwithstanding all the threatenings, did not send the coat. But the next day he sent John Lyster, the son of Mr. Thomas Lyster, of Shipden-Hall, for this coat, with a letter, *verbatim* thus: "Mr. Hodson, I admire you will play the child so with me as you have done, in writing such an inconsiderate letter. Let me have the buff-coat sent forthwith, otherwise you shall so hear from me as will not very well please you." I was not at home when this messenger came; but I had ordered my wife not to deliver it, but, if they would take it, let them look to it: and he took it away;

and one of Sir John's brethren wore it many years after. They sent Captain Butt to compound with my wife about it; but I sent word I would have my own again: but he advised me to take a price for it, and make no more ado. I said, it was hard to take my arms and apparel too; I had laid out a great deal of money for them; I hoped they did not mean to destroy me, by taking my goods illegally from me. He said he would make up the matter, if I pleased, betwixt us; and, it seems, had brought Sir John to a price for my coat. I would not have taken 10*l.* for it; he would have given about 4*l.*; but, wanting my receipt for the money, he kept both sides, and I had never satisfaction.' (*Memoirs of Captain Hodgson*, Edinburgh, 1806, p. 178.)

NOTE 4, p. 18

In this character, I have attempted to sketch one of those West-Indian adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Bucaniers. The successes of the English in the predatory incursions upon Spanish America, during the reign of Elizabeth, had never been forgotten; and, from that period downward, the exploits of Drake and Raleigh were imitated, upon a smaller scale indeed, but with equally desperate valour, by small bands of pirates, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity. The Windward Islands, which the Spaniards did not deem worthy their own occupation, had been gradually settled by adventurers of the French and English nations. But Frederic of Toledo, who was despatched in 1630, with a powerful fleet against the Dutch, had orders from the Court of Madrid to destroy these colonies, whose vicinity at once offended the pride and excited the jealous suspicions of their Spanish neighbours. This order the Spanish Admiral executed with sufficient rigour; but the only consequence was, that the planters, being rendered desperate by

persecution, began, under the well-known name of Bucaniers, to commence a retaliation so horridly savage, that the perusal makes the reader shudder. When they carried on their depredations at sea, they boarded, without respect to disparity of number, every Spanish vessel that came in their way; and, demeaning themselves, both in the battle and after the conquest, more like demons than human beings, they succeeded in impressing their enemies with a sort of superstitious terror, which rendered them incapable of offering effectual resistance. From piracy at sea, they advanced to making predatory descents on the Spanish territories; in which they displayed the same furious and irresistible valour, the same thirst of spoil and the same brutal inhumanity to their captives. The large treasures which they acquired in their adventures, they dissipated by the most unbounded licentiousness in gaming, women, wine, and debauchery of every species. When their spoils were thus wasted, they entered into some new association, and undertook new adventures. For further particulars concerning these extraordinary banditti, the reader may consult Raynal, or the common and popular book called *The History of the Bucaniers.*

Note 5, p. 21

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Marston Moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 20,000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the Parliamentary army, and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded, that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston Moor, a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the Prince, who had now united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitelocke has recorded, with much impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day: —

'The right wing of the Parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse and three regiments of the Scots horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot for reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

'The right wing of the Prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the Prince himself; and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major-General Porter; — thus were both sides drawn up into battalia.

'July 3d, 1644. In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The Prince, with his left wing, fell on the Parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the Parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the King's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the Prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them; and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory, after three hours' fight.

'From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3000 of the Prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 3000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, twenty-five pieces of ordnance, forty-seven colours, 10,000 arms, two waggons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage.' (Whitelocke's *Memoirs*, London, 1682, fol. p. 89.)

Lord Clarendon informs us, that the King, previous to receiving the true account of the battle, had been informed, by an

express from Oxford, 'that Prince Rupert had not only relieved York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particulars to confirm it, all which was so much believed there, that they had made public fires of joy for the victory.'

Note 6, p. 29

Monckton and Mitton are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time; but the following extract, from the Manuscript History of the Baronial House of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish General, the Earl of Leven. The particulars are given by the author of the history on the authority of his father, then the representative of the family. This curious manuscript has been published by consent of my noble friend, the present Lord Somerville.

'The order of this great battell, wherin both armies was neer of ane equall number, consisting, to the best calculatione, neer to three score thousand men upon both sydes, I shall not take upon me to discryve; albeit, from the draughts then taken upon the place, and information I receaved from this gentleman, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had opportunitie and libertie to ryde from the one wing of the armie to the other, to view all ther several squadrons of horse and battallions of foot, how formed, and in what manner drawn up, with every other circumstance relating to the fight, and that both as to the King's armies and that of the Parliament's, amongst whom, untill the engadgment, he went from statione to statione to observe ther order and forme; but that the descriptione of this battell, with the various success on both sides at the beginning, with the loss of the royal armie, and the sad effects that followed that misfortune as to his Majestie's interest, hes been so often done already by English authors, little to our commendatione, how justly I shall not dispute, seing the truth is, as our principall generall fled that night neer fourtie mylles from the place of the fight, that part of the armie where he commanded being totallie routed; but

it is as true, that much of the victorie is attributed to the good conduct of David Lesselie, lievetennent-generall of our horse. Cromwell himself, that minione of fortune, but the rod of God's wrath, to punish eftirward three rebellious nations, disdained not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same qualitie of command for the Parliament, as being lievetennent-general to the Earl of Manchester's horse, whom, with the assistance of the Scots horse, haveing routed the Prince's right wing, as he had done that of the Parliament's. These two commanders of the horse upon that wing, wisely restrained the great bodies of their horse from persuing these brocken troups, but, wheelling to the left-hand, falls in upon the naked flanks of the Prince's main battallion of foot, carying them doune with great violence; nether mett they with any great resistance untill they came to the Marques of Newcastle his battallione of White Coats, who, first peppering them soundly with ther shott, when they came to charge, stoutly boor them up with their picks that they could not enter to break them. Here the Parliament's horse of that wing receaved ther greatest losse, and a stop for sometyme putt to ther hoped-for victorie; and that only by the stout resistance of this gallant battalione, which consisted neer of four thousand foot, untill at length a Scots regiment of dragouns, commanded by Collonell Frizeall, with other two, was brought to open them upon some hand, which at length they did, when all the ammunitione was spent. Having refused quarters, every man fell in the same order and ranke wherin he had foughten.

'Be this execution was done, the Prince returned from the persuite of the right wing of the Parliament's horse, which he had beatten and followed too farre, to the losse of the battell, which certanely, in all men's opinions, he might have caryed if he had not been too violent upon the persuite; which gave his enemies upon the left-hand opportunitie to disperse and cut doune his infantrie, who, haveing cleared the field of all the standing bodies of foot, were now, with many of their oune, standing ready to receave the charge of his allmost spent horses, if he should attempt it; which the Prince observeing, and seing all

lost, he retreated to Yorke with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding of this, ther was that night such a consternatione in the Parliament armies, that it's believed by most of those that wer there present, that if the Prince, haveing so great a body of horse inteire, had made ane onfall that night, or the ensueing morning be-tyme, he had carryed the victorie out of ther hands; for it's certane, by the morning's light, he had rallyed a body of ten thousand men, wherof ther was neer three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the toune and garrisoune of Yorke, might have done much to have recovered the victory, for the losse of this battell in effect lost the King and his interest in the three kingdomes; his Majestie never being able eftir this to make head in the North, but lost his garrisons every day.

'As for Generall Lesselie, in the beginning of this flight haveing that part of the army quite brocken, whare he had placed himself, by the valour of the Prince, he imagined and was confermed by the opinione of others then upon the place with him, that the battell was irrecoverably lost, seeing they wer fleeing upon all hands; theirfore they humblie entreated his excellence to reteir and wait his better fortune, which, without farder advyseing, he did; and never drew bridle untill he came the lenth of Leads, having ridden all that night with a cloak of *drap de berrie* about him, belonging to this gentleman of whom I write, then in his retinue, with many other officers of good qualitie. It was neer twelve the next day befor they had the certanety who was master of the field, when at length ther arryves ane expresse, sent by David Lesselie, to acquaint the general they had obtained a most glorious victory, and that the Prince, with his brocken troupes, was fled from Yorke. This intelligence was somewhat amazeing to these gentlemen that had been eye-witnesses to the disorder of the armie befor ther retearing, and had then accompanyed the General in his flight; who, being much wearyed that evening of the battell with ordering of his armie, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had casten himselfe doune upon a bed to rest, when this gentleman comeing quyetly into his chamber, he awoke, and

hastily cryes out, "Lievetennent-collonell, what newes?" "All is safe, may it please your Excellence; the Parliament's armie hes obtained a great victory"; and then delyvers the letter. The Generall, upon the hearing of this, knocked upon his breast, and sayes, "I would to God I had dyed upon the place!" and then opens the letter, which, in a few lines, gave ane account of the victory, and in the close pressed his speedy returne to the armie, which he did the next day, being accompanyed some mylles back by this gentleman, who then takes his leave of him, and receaved at parting many expressions of kyndenesse, with promises that he would never be unmyndful of his care and respect towards him: and in the end he entreats him to present his service to all his friends and acquaintances in Scotland. Thereftir the Generall sets forward in his journey for the armie, as this gentleman did for , in order to his transportatione for Scotland, where he arryved sex dayes eftir the fight of Mestoune Muir, and gave the first true account and descriptione of that great battell, wherin the Covenanters then gloryed soe much, that they impiously boasted the Lord had now signally appeared for his cause and people; it being ordinary for them, dureing the whole time of this warre, to attribute the greatnes of their success to the goodnes and justice of ther cause, untill Divine Justice trysted them with some crosse dispensatione, and then you might have heard this language from them, "That it pleases the Lord to give his oune the heavyest end of the tree to bear, that the saints and the people of God must still be sufferers while they are here away, that the malignant party was God's rod to punish them for ther unthankfullnesse, which in the end he will cast into the fire": with a thousand other expressions and Scripture citations prophanely and blasphemously uttered by them, to palliate ther villainie and rebellion.' (*Memorie of the Somervilles*, Edinburgh, 1815.)

NOTE 7, p. 29.

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor; which was

equally matter of triumph to the Independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the Presbyterians and to the Scottish. Principal Baillie expresses his dissatisfaction as follows: —

'The Independents sent up one quickly to assure that all the glory of that night was theirs; and they and their Major-General Cromwell had done it all there alone; but Captain Stuart afterward shewed the vanity and falsehood of their disgraceful relation. God gave us that victory wonderfully. There were three generals on each side, Lesley, Fairfax, and Manchester; Rupert, Newcastle, and King. Within half an hour and less, all six took them to their heels; — this to you alone. The disadvantage of the ground, and violence of the flower of Prince Rupert's horse, carried all our right-wing down; only Eglinton kept ground, to his great loss; his lieutenant-crowner, a brave man, I fear shall die, and his son Robert be mutilated of an arm. Lindsay had the greatest hazard of any; but the beginning of the victory was from David Lesley, who before was much suspected of evil designs: he, with the Scots and Cromwell's horse, having the advantage of the ground, did dissipate all before them. (Baillie's *Letters and Journals*, Edinburgh, 1785, 8vo, II, 36.)

NOTE 8, p. 30

In a poem, entitled *The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel*, Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated: —

'The particulars of the traditional story of Parcy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsonfield, the author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account, it appears that Percival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominated the false-hearted Ha's) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crosier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Reed.

'The Halls were, after the murder of Parcy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Reedsdale, for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country.'

In another passage, we are informed that the ghost of the injured borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Pringle. These Redes of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their tombs affirms, that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

NOTE 9, p. 30

Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called Habitancum. Camden says, that in his time the popular account bore that it had been the abode of a deity, or giant, called Magon; and appeals, in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Risingham, or Reisenham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Roman altars taken out of the river, inscribed, DEO MOGONTI CADENORUM. About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch-trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in *alto relievo*, a remarkable figure, called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of Reedsdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knees, and meeting close, with a girdle bound round him. Dr. Horseley, who saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes, inclines to think this figure a Roman archer: and certainly the bow is rather of the ancient size than of that which was so formidable in the hand of the English archers of the Middle Ages. But the rudeness of the whole figure prevents our founding strongly upon mere inaccuracy of proportion. The popular tradition is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Woodburn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds, that they subsisted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game become too

scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraved. What strange and tragic circumstance may be concealed under this legend, or whether it is utterly apocryphal, it is now impossible to discover.

The name of Robin of Redesdale was given to one of the Umfravilles, Lords of Prudhoe, and afterwards to one Hillard, a friend and follower of the king-making Earl of Warwick. This person commanded an army of Northamptonshire and northern men, who seized on and beheaded the Earl Rivers, father to Edward the Fourth's queen, and his son, Sir John Woodville. (See Holinshed, *ad annum*, 1469.)

Note 10, p. 31

The 'statutes of the bucaniers' were, in reality, more equitable than could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inheritance of their plunder.

When the expedition was completed, the fund of prize-money acquired was thrown together, each party taking his oath that he had retained or concealed no part of the common stock. If any one transgressed in this important particular, the punishment was, his being set ashore on some desert key or island, to shift for himself as he could. The owners of the vessel had then their share assigned for the expenses of the outfit. These were generally old pirates, settled at Tobago, Jamaica, St. Domingo, or some other French and English settlement. The surgeon's and carpenter's salaries, with the price of provisions and ammunition, were also defrayed. Then followed the compensation due to the maimed and wounded, rated according to the damage they had sustained; as six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves, for the loss of an arm or leg, and so in proportion.

'After this act of justice and humanity, the remainder of the booty was divided into as many shares as there were Bucaniers.

The commander could only lay claim to a single share, as the rest; but they complimented him with two or three, in proportion as he had acquitted himself to their satisfaction. When the vessel was not the property of the whole company, the person who had fitted it out, and furnished it with necessary arms and ammunition, was entitled to a third of all the prizes. Favour had never any influence in the division of the booty, for every share was determined by lot. Instances of such rigid justice as this are not easily met with, and they extended even to the dead. Their share was given to the man who was known to be their companion when alive, and therefore their heir. If the person who had been killed had no intimate, his part was sent to his relations, when they were known. If there were no friends nor relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to churches, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given, the fruits of inhuman, but necessary piratical plunders.' (Raynal's *History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies, by Justamond*, London, 1776, 8vo, III, 41.)

NOTE 11, p. 46

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are very thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with hedgerows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern-built bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr. Morritt of Rokeby. In Leland's time, the marble quarries seem to have been of some value. 'Hard under the cliff by Egleston, is found on eche side of Tese very fair marble, wont to be taken up booth by marbelers of Barnardes Castelle and of Egleston, and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold onwrought to others.' (*Itinerary*, Oxford, 1768, 8vo, p. 88.)

NOTE 12, p. 48

The ruins of this abbey, or priory (for Tanner calls it the former, and Leland the latter), are beautifully situated upon the angle formed by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its junction with the Tees. A good part of the religious house is still in some degree habitable, but the church is in ruins. Eglistone was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist, and is supposed to have been founded by Ralph de Multon about the end of Henry II's reign. There were formerly the tombs of the families of Rokeby, Bowes, and Fitz-Hugh.

NOTE 13, p. 49

Close behind the George Inn at Greta Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. The four entrances are easily to be discerned. Very many Roman altars and monuments have been found in the vicinity, most of which are preserved at Rokeby by my friend Mr. Morritt. Among others is a small votive altar, with the inscription, LEG. VI. VIC. P. F. F., which has been rendered, *Legio. Sexta. Victrix. Pia. Fortis. Fidelis.*

NOTE 14, p. 49

This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, *tempore Hen. IV*, of which Holinshed gives the following account: —

'The King, advertised hereof, caused a great armie to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies: but yer the King came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas or (as other copies haue) Sir Rafe Rokesbie, Shiriffe of Yorkeshire, assembled the forces of the countrie to resist the Earle and his

power; coming to Grimbautbrigs, beside Knaresborough, there to stop them the passage; but they returning aside, got to Weatherbie, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Bramham-moor, near to Haizlewood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The Shiriffe was as readie to giue battell as the Erle to receiue it; and so with a standard of S. George spread, set fiercelie vpon the Earle, who, vnder a standard of his own armes, encountered his aduersaries with great manhood. There was a sore incounter and cruell conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victorie fell to the Shiriffe. The Lord Bardolfe was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortlie after died of the hurts. As for the Earle of Northumberland, he was slain outright; so that now the prophecy was fulfilled, which gaue an inkling of this his heauy hap long before, namelie, —

Stirps Persitina periet confusa ruina.

For this Earle was the stocke and maine root of all that were left aliue, called by the name of Persie; and of manie more by diuers slaughters dispatched. For whose misfortune the people were not a little sorrie, making report of the gentleman's valiantnesse, renowne, and honour, and applieing vnto him certeine lamentable verses out of Lucaine, saieng, —

Sed nos nec sanguis, nec tantum vulnera nostri
Affecere senis: quantum gestata per urbem
Ora ducis, quæ transfixo deformia pilo
Vidimus.

For his head, full of siluer horie haires, being put upon a stake, was openlie carried through London, and set vpon the bridge of the same citie: in like manner was the Lord Bardolfes.' (Holinshed's *Chronicles*, London, 1808, 4to, III, 45.)

The Rokeby, or Rokesby, family continued to be distinguished until the great Civil War, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I, they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend, the present proprietor.

Note 15, p. 50

What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokeby and Mortham; the former situated upon the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees. The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many shelving descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic, *Gridan*, to clamour. The banks partake of the same wild and romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey colour contrasts admirably with the various trees and shrubs which find root among their crevices, as well as with the hue of the ivy, which clings around them in profusion, and hangs down from their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At other points the rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with copsewood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of yew-trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall, white, and fringed with all kinds of deciduous shrubs. The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of Blockula, from the place where the Swedish witches were supposed to hold their Sabbath. The dell, however, has superstitions of its own growth, for it is supposed to be haunted by a female spectre, called the Dobie of Mortham. The cause assigned for her appearance is a lady's having been whilom murdered in the wood, in evidence of which, her blood is shown upon the stairs of the old tower at Mortham. But whether she was slain by a jealous husband, or by savage banditti, or by an uncle who coveted her estate, or by a rejected lover, are points upon which the traditions of Rokeby do not enable us to decide.

Note 16, p. 55

'Also I shall shew very briefly what force conjurers and witches have in constraining the elements enchanted by them or others, that they may exceed or fall short of their natural order: premising this, that the extream land of North Finland and Lapland was so taught witchcraft formerely in heathenish times, as if they had learned this cursed art from Zoroastres the Persian; though other inhabitants by the sea-coasts are reported to be bewitched with the same madness; for they exercise this divelish art, of all the arts of the world, to admiration; and in this, or other such like mischief, they commonly agree. The Finlanders were wont formerly, amongst their other errors of gentilisme, to sell winds to merchants that were stopt on their coasts by contrary weather; and when they had their price, they knit three magical knots, not like to the laws of Cassius, bound up with a thong, and they gave them unto the merchants; observing that rule, that when they unloosed the first, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they untied the third, they should have such cruel tempests, that they should not be able to look out of the forecastle to avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to pull down the sails, nor stand at the helm to govern the ship; and they made an unhappy trial of the truth of it who denied that there was any such power in those knots.' (Olaus Magnus's *History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals*, London, 1658, fol. p. 7.)

Note 17, p. 55

That this is a general superstition, is well known to all who have been on shipboard, or who have conversed with seamen. The most formidable whistler that I remember to have met with was the apparition of a certain Mrs. Leakey, who, about 1636, resided, we are told, at Mynehead, in Somerset, where her only son drove a considerable trade between that port and Waterford, and was owner of several vessels. This old gentlewoman was of a social disposition, and so acceptable to her friends, that they used to say to her and to each other, it were

pity such an excellent good-natured old lady should die; to which she was wont to reply, that whatever pleasure they might find in her company just now, they would not greatly like to see or converse with her after death, which nevertheless she was apt to think might happen. Accordingly, after her death and funeral, she began to appear to various persons by night and by noonday, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she departed from her former urbanity, that she is recorded to have kicked a doctor of medicine for his impolite negligence in omitting to hand her over a stile. It was also her humour to appear upon the quay, and call for a boat. But especially so soon as any of her son's ships approached the harbour, 'this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown ship and goods.' When she had thus proceeded until her son had neither credit to freight a vessel, nor could have procured men to sail it, she began to attack the persons of his family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle. The rest of her story, showing how the spectre looked over the shoulder of her daughter-in-law while dressing her hair at a looking-glass, and how Mrs. Leakey the younger took courage to address her, and how the beldam despatched her to an Irish prelate, famous for his crimes and misfortunes, to exhort him to repentance, and to apprize him that otherwise he would be hanged, and how the bishop was satisfied with replying, that if he was born to be hanged, he should not be drowned; — all these, with many more particulars, may be found at the end of one of John Dunton's publications, called *Athenianism* (London, 1710), where the tale is engrossed under the title of *The Apparition Evidence.*

Note 18, p. 55

'This Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil

spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. From this occasion he was called Windy Cap; and many men believed that Regnerus, King of Denmark, by the conduct of this Ericus, who was his nephew, did happily extend his piracy into the most remote parts of the earth, and conquered many countries and fenced cities by his cunning, and at last was his coadjutor; that by the consent of the nobles he should be chosen King of Sweden, which continued a long time with him very happily, until he died of old age.' (Olaus, *ut supra*, p. 45.)

Note 19, p. 55

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the Flying Dutchman, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, from stress of weather, to show an inch of canvass. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which some horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbour for fear of the contagion which was devouring them; and that, as a punishment of their crimes, the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

My late lamented friend, Dr. John Leyden, has introduced this phenomenon into his *Scenes of Infancy*, imputing, with poetical ingenuity, the dreadful judgment to the first ship which commenced the slave trade: —

> Stout was the ship, from Benin's palmy shore
> That first the weight of barter'd captives bore;

Bedimm'd with blood, the sun with shrinking beams
Beheld her bounding o'er the ocean streams;
But, ere the moon her silver horns had rear'd,
Amid the crew the speckled plague appear'd.
Faint and despairing on their watery bier,
To every friendly shore the sailors steer;
Repell'd from port to port, they sue in vain,
And track with slow unsteady sail the main.
Where ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is seen
To streak with wandering foam the sea-weeds green,
Towers the tall mast a lone and leafless tree,
Till self-impell'd amid the waveless sea;
Where summer breezes ne'er were heard to sing,
Nor hovering snow-birds spread the downy wing,
Fix'd as a rock amid the boundless plain,
The yellow stream pollutes the stagnant main,
Till far through night the funeral flames aspire,
As the red lightning smites the ghastly pyre.
Still doom'd by fate on weltering billows roll'd,
Along the deep their restless course to hold,
Scenting the storm, the shadowy sailors guide
The prow with sails opposed to wind and tide;
The Spectre Ship, in livid glimpsing light,
Glares baleful on the shuddering watch at night,
Unblest of God and man! — Till time shall end,
Its view strange horror to the storm shall lend.

Note 20, p. 56

What contributed much to the security of the Bucaniers about the Windward Islands was the great number of little islets called in that country 'keys.' These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and, in general, much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for refitting or for the purpose of ambush; they were occasionally the hiding-place of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.

Note 21, p. 60

The castle of Mortham, which Leland terms 'Mr. Rokesby's Place, *in ripa citer*, scant a quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath into Tees,' is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farmhouse and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures, the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of a less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall, with embrasures, encloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the castle-court. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text. It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Eglistone Priory, and, from the armoury with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughs.

The situation of Mortham is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell, which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morritt's new plantations.

Note 22, p. 62

If time did not permit the Bucaniers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most

superstitious; and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual, in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a Negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders. I cannot produce any other authority on which this custom is ascribed to them than that of maritime tradition, which is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of poetry.

Note 23, p. 63

All who are conversant with the administration of criminal justice, must remember many occasions in which malefactors appear to have conducted themselves with a species of infatuation, either by making unnecessary confidences respecting their guilt, or by sudden and involuntary allusions to circumstances by which it could not fail to be exposed. A remarkable instance occurred in the celebrated case of Eugene Aram. A skeleton being found near Knaresborough, was supposed, by the persons who gathered around the spot, to be the remains of one Clarke, who had disappeared some years before, under circumstances leading to a suspicion of his having been murdered. One Houseman, who had mingled in the crowd, suddenly said, while looking at the skeleton, and hearing the opinion which was buzzed around, 'That is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine!' — a sentiment expressed so positively, and with such peculiarity of manner, as to lead all who heard him to infer that he must necessarily know where the real body had been interred. Accordingly, being apprehended, he confessed having assisted Eugene Aram to murder Clarke, and to hide his body in Saint Robert's Cave. It happened to the author himself, while conversing with a person accused of an atrocious crime, for the purpose of rendering him professional assistance upon his trial, to hear the prisoner, after the most solemn and reiterated protestations that he was guiltless, suddenly, and, as it were, involuntarily, in the course of his communications, make such an admission as was altogether incompatible with innocence.

NOTE 24, p. 71

This tower has been already mentioned. It is situated near the northeastern extremity of the wall which encloses Barnard Castle, and is traditionally said to have been the prison. By an odd coincidence, it bears a name which we naturally connect with imprisonment, from its being that of Sir Robert Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower of London under Edward IV and Richard III. There is, indeed, some reason to conclude that the tower may actually have derived the name from that family, for Sir Robert Brackenbury himself possessed considerable property not far from Barnard Castle.

NOTE 25, p. 73

After the battle of Marston Moor, the Earl of Newcastle retired beyond sea in disgust, and many of his followers laid down their arms, and made the best composition they could with the Committees of Parliament. Fines were imposed upon them in proportion to their estates and degrees of delinquency, and these fines were often bestowed upon such persons as had deserved well of the Commons. In some circumstances it happened, that the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party. The whole of Sir Robert Howard's excellent comedy of *The Committee* turns upon the plot of Mr. and Mrs. Day to enrich their family, by compelling Arabella, whose estate was under sequestration, to marry their son Abel, as the price by which she was to compound with Parliament for delinquency; that is, for attachment to the royal cause.

NOTE 26, p. 76

The patience, abstinence, and ingenuity exerted by the North American Indians, when in pursuit of plunder or vengeance, is the most distinguished feature in their character; and the activity and address which they display in their retreat is

equally surprising. Adair, whose absurd hypothesis and turgid style do not affect the general authenticity of his anecdotes, has recorded an instance which seems incredible.

'When the Chickasah nation was engaged in a former war with the Muskohge, one of their young warriors set off against them to revenge the blood of a near relation. . . . He went through the most unfrequented and thick parts of the woods, as such a dangerous enterprise required, till he arrived opposite the great and old-beloved town of refuge, Koosah, which stands high on the eastern side of a bold river, about two hundred and fifty yards broad, that runs by the late dangerous Albehama-Fort, down to the black poisoning Mobille, and so into the Gulf of Mexico. There he concealed himself under cover of the top of a fallen pine-tree, in view of the ford of the old trading path, where the enemy now and then pass the river in their light poplar canoes. All his war-store of provisions consisted in three stands of barbicued venison, till he had an opportunity to revenge blood, and return home. He waited with watchfulness and patience almost three days, when a young man, a woman, and a girl, passed a little wide of him about an hour before sunset. The former he shot down, tomahawked the other two, and scalped each of them in a trice, in full view of the town. By way of bravado, he shaked the scalps before them, sounding the awful death-whoop, and set off along the trading-path, trusting to his heels, while a great many of the enemy ran to their arms and gave chase. Seven miles from thence he entered the great blue ridge of the Apalahche Mountains. About an hour before day he had run over seventy miles of that mountainous tract; then, after sleeping two hours in a sitting posture, leaning his back against a tree, he set off again with fresh speed. As he threw away the venison when he found himself pursued by the enemy, he was obliged to support nature with such herbs, roots, and nuts, as his sharp eyes, with a running glance, directed him to snatch up in his course. Though I often have rode that war-path alone, when delay might have proved dangerous, and with as fine and strong horses as any in America, it took me five days

to ride from the aforesaid Koosah to this sprightly warrior's place in the Chickasah country, the distance of three hundred computed miles; yet he ran it, and got home safe and well at about eleven o'clock of the third day, which was only one day and a half and two nights.' (Adair's *History of the American Indians*, London, 1775, 4to, p. 395.)

NOTE 27, p. 76

'What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotche man himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways and many intricate windings. All the daytime they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of bloodhounds following them exactly upon the tract, they may chance to fall into the hands of their adversaries. When being taken, they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth insinuating words at command, that if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries (notwithstanding the severity of their natures) to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion.' (Camden's *Britannia*.)

The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times, so inordinately addicted to these depredations, that in 1564, the Incorporated Merchant Adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be so gener-

ally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from 'such lewde and wicked progenitors.' This regulation continued to stand unrepealed until 1771. A beggar, in an old play, describes himself as 'born in Redesdale, in Northumberland, and come of a wight-riding surname, called the Robsons, good honest men and true, *saving a little shifting for their living, God help them!*' — a description which would have applied to most Borderers on both sides.

Reidswair, famed for a skirmish to which it gives name, is on the very edge of the Carter-Fell, which divides England from Scotland. The Rooken is a place upon Reedwater. Bertram, being described as a native of these dales, where the habits of hostile depredation long survived the union of the crowns, may have been, in some degree, prepared by education for the exercise of a similar trade in the wars of the Bucaniers.

Note 28, p. 78

After one of the recent battles, in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog, in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. 'I caught,' answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, 'the sparkle of your eye.' Those who are accustomed to mark hares upon their form usually discover them by the same circumstance.

Note 29, p. 82

The *Campanula Latifolia*, grand throatwort, or Canterbury bells, grows in profusion upon the beautiful banks of the river Greta, where it divides the manors of Brignall and Scargill, about three miles above Greta Bridge.

Note 30, p. 84

It is agreed, by all the writers upon magic and witchcraft, that revenge was the most common motive for the pretended

compact between Satan and his vassals. The ingenuity of Reginald Scot has very happily stated how such an opinion came to root itself, not only in the minds of the public and of the judges, but even in that of the poor wretches themselves who were accused of sorcery, and were often firm believers in their own power and their own guilt.

'One sort of such as are said to be witches, are women which be commonly old, lame, blear-eyed, pale, foul, and full of wrinkles; poor, sullen, superstitious, or papists, or such as know no religion; in whose drowsie minds the devil hath gotten a fine seat; so as what mischief, mischance, calamity, or slaughter is brought to pass, they are easily perswaded the same is done by themselves, imprinting in their minds an earnest and constant imagination thereof. . . . These go from house to house, and from door to door, for a pot of milk, yest, drink, pottage, or some such relief, without the which they could hardly live; neither obtaining for their service or pains, nor yet by their art, nor yet at the devil's hands (with whom they are said to make a perfect and visible bargain), either beauty, money, promotion, wealth, pleasure, honour, knowledge, learning, or any other benefit whatsoever.

'It falleth out many a time, that neither their necessities nor their expectation is answered or served in those places where they beg or borrow, but rather their lewdness is by their neighbours reproved. And farther, in tract of time the witch waxeth odious and tedious to her neighbours, and they again are despised and despited of her; so as sometimes she curseth one, and sometimes another, and that from the master of the house, his wife, children, cattle, etc., to the little pig that lieth in the stie. Thus, in process of time, they have all displeased her, and she hath wished evil luck unto them all; perhaps with curses and imprecations made in form. Doubtless (at length) some of her neighbours die or fall sick, or some of their children are visited with diseases that vex them strangely, as apoplexies, epilepsies, convulsions, hot fevers, worms, etc., which, by ignorant parents, are supposed to be the vengeance of witches. . . .

'The witch on the other side, expecting her neighbours' mischances, and seeing things sometimes come to pass according to her wishes, curses, and incantations (for Bodin himself confesses, that not above two in a hundred of their witchings or wishings take effect), being called before a justice, by due examination of the circumstances, is driven to see her imprecations and desires, and her neighbours' harms and losses, to concur, and, as it were, to take effect; and so confesseth that she (as a goddess), hath brought such things to pass. Wherein not only she, but the accuser, and also the justice, are foully deceived and abused, as being, through her confession, and other circumstances, perswaded (to the injury of God's glory) that she hath done, or can do, that which is proper only to God himself.' (Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, London, 1655, fol. pp. 4, 5.)

NOTE 31, p. 86

The troops of the King, when they first took the field, were as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favourable, and his funds for regularly paying his forces decreased, habits of military license prevailed among them in greater excess. Lacy the player, who served his master during the Civil War, brought out, after the Restoration, a piece called *The Old Troop*, in which he seems to have commemorated some real incidents which occurred in his military career. The names of the officers of the Troop sufficiently express their habits. We have Flea-Flint Plunder-Master-General, Captain Ferret-Farm, and Quarter-Master Burn-Drop. The officers of the Troop are in league with these worthies, and connive at their plundering the country for a suitable share in the booty. All this was undoubtedly drawn from the life, which Lacy had an opportunity to study. The moral of the whole is comprehended in a rebuke given to the lieutenant, whose disorders in the country are said to prejudice the King's cause more than his courage in the field could recompense. The piece is by no means void of farcical humour.

Note 32, p. 88

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been exhausted, are gradually hidden by the underwood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.

Note 33, p. 96

There was a short war with Spain in 1625–26, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem. But probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that 'there was no peace beyond the Line.' The Spanish *guarda-costas* were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French; and by their own severities, gave room for the system of bucaniering, at first adopted in self-defence and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in from habit and thirst of plunder.

Note 34, p. 98

The laws of the Bucaniers, and their successors the Pirates, however severe and equitable, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they as frequently arose out of mere frolic, or the tyrannical humour of their chiefs. An anecdote of Teach (called Blackbeard) shews that their habitual indifference for human life extended to their companions, as well as their enemies and captives.

'One night, drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot, and another man, Blackbeard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of pistols, and cocks them under the table. which, being perceived by the man, he withdrew upon deck,

leaving Hands, the pilot, and the captain together. When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candles, and, crossing his hands, discharged them at his company. Hands, the master, was shot through the knee, and lamed for life; the other pistol did no execution.' (Johnson's *History of Pirates*, London, 1724, 8vo, I, 38.)

Another anecdote of this worthy may be also mentioned. 'The hero of whom we are writing was thoroughly accomplished this way, and some of his frolics of wickedness were so extravagant, as if he aimed at making his men believe he was a devil incarnate; for, being one day at sea, and a little flushed with drink, "Come," says he, "let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it." Accordingly, he, with two or three others, went down into the hold, and, closing up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone and other combustible matter, and set it on fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air. At length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest.' (*Ibid.* 90.)

NOTE 35, p. 100

'Immediately after supper, the huntsman should go to his master's chamber, and if he serve a king, then let him go to the master of the game's chamber, to know in what quarter he determineth to hunt the day following, that he may know his own quarter; that done, he may go to bed, to the end that he may rise the earlier in the morning, according to the time and season, and according to the place where he must hunt: then when he is up and ready, let him drinke a good draught, and fetch his hound to make him breake his fast a little: and let him not forget to fill his bottel with good wine: that done, let him take a little vinegar into the palme of his hand, and put it in the nostrils of his hound, for to make him snuffe, to the end his scent may be the perfecter, then let him go to the wood. . . . When the huntsman perceiveth that it is time to begin to beat, let him put his hound before him, and beat the outsides of springs

or thickets; and if he find an hart or deer that likes him, let him mark well whether it be fresh or not, which he may know as well by the maner of his hounds drawing, as also by the eye. . . . When he hath well considered what maner of hart it may be, and hath marked every thing to judge by, then let him draw till he come to the couert where he is gone to; and let him harbour him if he can, still marking all his tokens, as well by the slot as by the entries, foyles, or such-like. That done, let him plash or bruse down small twigges, some aloft and some below, as the art requireth, and therewithall, whilest his hound is hote, let him beat the outsides, and make his ring-walkes twice or thrice about the wood.' (*The Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting*, London, 1611, 4to, pp. 76, 77.)

Note 36, p. 103

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of *Rokeby* was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family: —

It was a' for our rightful king
That we left fair Scotland's strand.
It was a' for our rightful king
That we e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
That we e'er saw Irish land.

Now all is done that man can do,
And all is done in vain!
My love! my native land, adieu!
For I must cross the main,
My dear,
For I must cross the main.

He turn'd him round and right about,
All on the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear,
Adieu for evermore!

The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant frae the main,
But I hae parted wi' my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My dear,
And ne'er to meet again.

When day is gone and night is come,
And a' are boun' to sleep,
I think on them that 's far awa
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

Note 37, p. 105

The ruins of Ravensworth Castle stand in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about three miles from the town of Richmond, and adjoining to the waste called the Forest of Arkingarth. It belonged originally to the powerful family of Fitz-Hugh, from whom it passed to the Lords Dacre of the South.

Note 38, p. 105

This is a fragment of an old cross, with its pediment, surrounded by an intrenchment, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stanmore, near a small house of entertainment called the Spittal. It is called Rere-Cross, or Ree-Cross, of which Holinshed gives us the following explanation: —

'At length a peace was concluded betwixt the two kings vnder these conditions, that Malcome should enjoy that part of Northumberland which lieth betwixt Tweed, Cumberland, and Stainmore, and doo homage to the Kinge of England for the same. In the midst of Stainmore there shall be a crosse set up, with the Kinge of England's image on the one side, and the Kinge of Scotland's on the other, to signifie that one is march to England, and the other to Scotland. This crosse was called the Roi-crosse, that is, the cross of the Kinge.' (Holinshed, *Chronicles*, London, 1808, 4to, v, 280.)

Holinshed's sole authority seems to have been Boethius. But it is not improbable that his account may be the true one,

although the circumstance does not occur in Wintoun's *Chronicle*. The situation of the cross, and the pains taken to defend it, seem to indicate that it was intended for a landmark of importance.

Note 39, p. 106

The duty of the ranger, or pricker, was first to lodge, or harbour the deer; i.e., to discover his retreat, as described at length in Note 35, p. 458, and then to make his report to his prince or master: —

> Before the King I come report to make,
> Then husht and peace for noble Tristrame's sake . . .
> My liege, I went this morning on my quest,
> My hound did stick, and seem'd to vent some beast.
> I held him short, and drawing after him,
> I might behold the hart was feeding trym;
> His head was high, and large in each degree,
> Well paulmed eke, and seem'd full sound to be.
> Of colour browne, he beareth eight and tenne,
> Of stately height, and long he seemed then.
> His beam seem'd great, in good proportion led,
> Well barred and round, well pearled neare his head.
> He seemed fayre tweene blacke and berrie brounde,
> He seemes well fed by all the signes I found.
> For when I had well marked him with eye,
> I stept aside, to watch where he would lye.
> And when I had so wayted full an houre.
> That he might be at layre and in his boure,
> I cast about to harbour him full sure;
> My hound by sent did me thereof assure . . .
> Then if he ask what slot or view I found,
> I say the slot or view was long on ground;
> The toes were great, the joynt bones round and short,
> The shinne bones large, the dew-claws close in port:
> Short ioynted was he, hollow-footed eke,
> An hart to hunt as any man can seeke.
>
> *The Art of Venerie, ut supra*, p. 97.

Note 40, p. 108

About the year of God 866, the Danes, under their celebrated leaders Inguar (more properly Agnar) and Hubba, sons, it is said, of the still more celebrated Regnar Lodbrog, invaded Northumberland, bringing with them the magical standard, so often mentioned in poetry, called Reafen, or Rumfan, from its bearing the figure of a raven: —

Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king.
Of furious Ivar in a midnight hour:
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song
Wrapt in pale tempest, labour'd through the clouds,
The demons of destruction then, they say,
Were all abroad, and mixing with the woof
Their baleful power: The sisters ever sung,
Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes.
Thomson and Mallet's *Alfred*.

The Danes renewed and extended their incursions, and began to colonise, establishing a kind of capital at York, from which they spread their conquests and incursions in every direction. Stanmore, which divides the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, was probably the boundary of the Danish kingdom in that direction. The district to the west, known in ancient British history by the name of Reged, had never been conquered by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious independence until it was ceded to Malcolm, King of Scots, by William the Conqueror, probably on account of its similarity in language and manners to the neighbouring British kingdom of Strath-Clyde.

Upon the extent and duration of the Danish sovereignty in Northumberland, the curious may consult the various authorities quoted in the *Gesta et Vestigia Danorum extra Daniam* (II, 40). The most powerful of their Northumbrian leaders seems to have been Ivar, called, from the extent of his conquests, 'Widfam,' that is, 'The Strider.'

NOTE 41, p. 108

The Tees rises about the skirts of Crossfell, and falls over the cataracts named in the text before it leaves the mountains which divide the North-Riding from Cumberland. High Force is seventy-five feet in height.

NOTE 42, p. 108

The Heathen Danes have left several traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its

name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste land on the very ridge of Stanmore; and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees is also termed Woden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda. Thorsgill, of which a description is attempted in stanza II, is a beautiful little brook and dell, running up behind the ruins of Eglistone Abbey. Thor was the Hercules of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreadful giant-queller, and in that capacity the champion of the gods, and the defender of Asgard, the northern Olympus, against the frequent attacks of the inhabitants of Jotunhem. There is an old poem in the Edda of Sœmund, called the *Song of Thrym*, which turns upon the loss and recovery of the mace, or hammer, which was Thor's principal weapon, and on which much of his power seems to have depended. It may be read to great advantage in a version equally spirited and literal, among the *Miscellaneous Translations and Poems* of the Honourable William Herbert.

Note 43, p. 113

The O'Neale here meant, for more than one succeeded to the chieftainship during the reign of Elizabeth, was Hugh, the grandson of Con O'Neale, called Con Bacco, or the Lame. His father, Matthew O'Kelly, was illegitimate, and, being the son of a blacksmith's wife, was usually called Matthew the Blacksmith. His father, nevertheless, destined his succession to him; and he was created, by Elizabeth, Baron of Dungannon. Upon the death of Con Bacco, this Matthew was slain by his brother. Hugh narrowly escaped the same fate, and was protected by the English. Shane O'Neale, his uncle, called Shane Dymas, was succeeded by Turlough Lynogh O'Neale; after whose death Hugh, having assumed the chieftainship, became nearly as formidable to the English as any by whom it had been possessed. He rebelled repeatedly, and as often made submissions, of which it was usually a condition that he should not any longer assume the title of O'Neale; in lieu of which he was created Earl

of Tyrone. But this condition he never observed longer than until the pressure of superior force was withdrawn. His baffling the gallant Earl of Essex in the field, and overreaching him in a treaty, was the induction to that nobleman's tragedy. Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally subjugating O'Neale; but it was not till the succession of James, to whom he made personal submission, and was received with civility at court. Yet, according to Morrison, 'no respect to him could containe many weomen in those parts, who had lost husbands and children in the Irish warres, from flinging durt and stones at the earle as he passed, and from reuiling him with bitter words; yea, when the earle had been at court, and there obtaining his majestie's direction for his pardon and performance of all conditions promised him by the Lord Mountjoy, was about September to returne, hee durst not pass by those parts without direction to the shiriffes, to convey him, with troopes of horse from place to place, till he was safely imbarked and put to sea for Ireland.' (*Itinerary*, p. 269.)

NOTE 44, p. 113

The chief victory which Tyrone obtained over the English was in a battle fought near Blackwater, while he besieged a fort garrisoned by the English, which commanded the passes into his country.

'This captain and his few warders did with no less courage suffer hunger, and, having eaten the few horses they had, lived vpon hearbes growing in the ditches and wals, suffering all extremities, till the lord-lieutenant, in the moneth of August, sent Sir Henry Bagnal, marshall of Ireland, with the most choice companies of foote and horse-troopes of the English army to victual this fort, and to raise the rebels' siege. When the English entered the place and thicke woods beyond Armagh, on the east side, Tyrone (with all the rebels assembled to him) pricked forward with rage, enuy, and settled rancour against the marshall, assayled the English, and turning his full force against the marshall's person, had the successe to kill him, valiantly fighting

among the thickest of the rebels. Whereupon the English being dismayed with his death, the rebels obtained a great victory against them. I terme it great, since the English, from their first arriual in that kingdome, neuer had received so great an ouerthrow as this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackewater; thirteene valiant captaines and 1500 common souldiers (whereof many were of the old companies which had serued in Brittany vnder General Norreys) were slain in the field. The yielding of the fort of Blackewater followed this disaster, when the assaulted guard saw no hope of relief; but especially vpon messages sent to Captain Williams from our broken forces, retired to Armagh, professing that all their safety depended vpon his yielding the fort into the hands of Tyrone, without which danger Captaine Williams professed that no want or miserie should have induced him thereunto.' (Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*, London, 1617, fol. part II, p. 24.)

Tyrone is said to have entertained a personal animosity against the knight-marshal, Sir Henry Bagnal, whom he accused of detaining the letters which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, explanatory of his conduct, and offering terms of submission. The river, called by the English, Blackwater, is termed in Irish, Avon-Duff, which has the same signification. Both names are mentioned by Spenser in his 'Marriage of the Thames and the Medway.' But I understand that his verses relate not to the Blackwater of Ulster, but to a river of the same name in the south of Ireland:—

> Swift Avon-Duff, which of the Englishmen
> Is called Blackwater.

NOTE 45, p. 114

Eudox. What is that which you call Tanist and Tanistry? These be names and terms never heard of nor known to us.

Iren. It is a custom amongst all the Irish, that presently after the death of one of their chiefe lords or captaines, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead, where

they do nominate and elect, for the most part not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that is, the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept; and then next to them doe they choose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said captainry, if he live thereunto.

Eudox. Do they not use any ceremony in this election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites?

Iren. They use to place him that shall be their captaine upon a stone, always reserved to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captaine's foot; whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round, thrice forwards and thrice backwards.

Eudox. But how is the Tanist chosen?

Iren. They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the captaine did. (Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*, apud *Works*, London, 1805, 8vo, VIII, 306.)

The Tanist, therefore, of O'Neale, was the heir-apparent of his power. This kind of succession appears also to have regulated, in very remote times, the succession to the crown of Scotland. It would have been imprudent, if not impossible, to have asserted a minor's right of succession in those stormy days, when the principles of policy were summed up in my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines: —

> —— the good old rule
> Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

Note 46, p. 115

There is here an attempt to describe the ancient Irish dress, of which a poet of Queen Elizabeth's day has given us the following particulars: —

I marvailde in my mynde,
and thereupon did muse,
To see a bride of heavenlie hewe
an ouglie fere to chuse.
This bride it is the soile,
the bridegroome is the karne.
With writhed glibbes, like wicked sprits,
with visage rough and stearne;
With sculles upon their poalles,
instead of civill cappes;
With speares in hand and swordes besydes,
to beare off after clappes:
With jackettes long and large,
which shroud simplicitie,
Though spitfull dartes which they do beare
importe iniquitie.
Their shirtes be very strange,
not reaching past the thie:
With pleates on pleates thei pleated are
as thick as pleates may lye.
Whose sleaves hang trailing doune
almost unto the shoe;
And with a mantell commonlie
the Irish karne do goe.
Now some amongst the reste
do use another weede;
A coate I meane, of strange devise,
which fancy first did breade.
His skirts be very shorte,
with pleates set thick about,
And Irish trouzes moe to put
their strange protactours out.

Derrick's *Image of Ireland*, apud Somers' *Tracts*, Edinburgh, 1809, 4to, 1, 585.

Some curious wooden engravings accompany this poem, from which it would seem, that the ancient Irish dress was (the bonnet excepted) very similar to that of the Scottish Highlanders. The want of a covering on the head was supplied by the mode of plaiting and arranging the hair, which was called the 'glibbe.' These glibbes, according to Spenser, were fit marks for a thief, since, when he wished to disguise himself, he could either cut it off entirely, or so pull it over his eyes as to render it very hard to

recognise him. This, however, is nothing to the reprobation with which the same poet regards that favourite part of the Irish dress, the mantle.

'It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thief. First, the outlaw being for his many crimes and villanyes banished from the townes and houses of honest men, and wandring in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house; when it bloweth it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it, never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable; for in his warre that he maketh (if at least it deserve the name of warre), when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thicke woods and straite passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himself round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which, in that country, doe more annoy the naked rebels while they keep the woods, and doe more sharply wound them, than all their enemies swords or speares, which can seldom come nigh them: yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are neere driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut through with a sword; besides, it is light to beare, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thiefe it is so handsome as it may seem it was first invented for him; for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night in freebooting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or bankside till they may conveniently do their errand; and when all is over, he can in his mantle passe through any

town or company, being close-hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is indangered. Besides 't is, he or any man els that is disposed to mischief or villany, may, under his mantle, goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, his skean, or pistol, if he please, to be always in readiness.' (Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*, apud *Works, ut supra*, VIII, 367.)

The javelins, or darts, of the Irish, which they threw it with great dexterity, appear, from one of the prints already mentioned, to have been about four feet long, with a strong steel head and thick knotted shaft.

NOTE 47, p. 116

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty. Morrison has preserved a summons from Tyrone to a neighbouring chieftain, which runs in the following terms: —

'O'Neale commendeth him unto you, Morish Fitz-Thomas; O'Neale requesteth you, in God's name, to take part with him, and fight for your conscience and right; and in so doing, O'Neale will spend to sea you righted in all your affaires, and will help you. And if you come not at O'Neale betwixt this and to-morrow at twelve of the clocke and take his part, O'Neale is not beholding to you, and will doe to the uttermost of his power to overthrow you, if you come not to him at furthest by Satturday noone. From Knocke Dumayne in Calrie, the fourth of February, 1599.

'O'Neale requesteth you to come speake with him, and doth giue you his word that you shall receive no harme neither in comming nor going from him, whether you be friend or not, and bring with you to O'Neale Gerat Fitzgerald.

(Subscribed) 'O'NEALE.'

Nor did the royalty of O'Neale consist in words alone. Sir John Harrington paid him a visit at the time of his truce with

Essex, and after mentioning his 'fern table, and fern forms, spread under the stately canopy of heaven,' he notices what constitutes the real power of every monarch, the love, namely, and allegiance of his subjects. 'His guards, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who in the frost wade as familiarly through rivers as water-spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love him, I know not; but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it.' (*Nugæ Antiquæ*, London, 1784, 8vo, I, 251.)

Note 48, p. 118

There was no tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the nurse herself, with the child they brought up.

'Foster-fathers spend much more time, money, and affection on their foster-children than their own; and in return take from them clothes, money for their several professions, and arms, and even for any vicious purposes, fortunes and cattle, not so much by a claim of right as by extortion; and they will even carry those things off as plunder. All who have been nursed by the same person preserve a greater mutual affection and confidence in each other than if they were natural brothers, whom they will even hate for the sake of these. When chid by their parents, they fly to their foster-fathers, who frequently encourage them to make open war on their parents, train them up to every excess of wickedness, and make them most abandoned miscreants, as, on the other hand, the nurses make the young women, whom they bring up for every excess. If a foster-child is sick, it is incredible how soon the nurses hear of it, however distant, and with what solicitude they attend it by day and night.' (*Giraldus Cambrensis*, quoted by Camden, IV, 368.)

This custom, like many other Irish usages, prevailed till of late in the Scottish Highlands, and was cherished by the chiefs as an easy mode of extending their influence and connexion; and even in the Lowlands, during the last century, the con-

nexion between the nurse and foster-child was seldom dissolved but by the death of one party.

NOTE 49, p. 122

Neal Naighvallach, or of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages. From one of Neal's sons were derived the Kineleoguin, or Race of Tyrone, which afforded monarchs both to Ireland and to Ulster. Neal (according to O'Flaherty's Ogygia) was killed by a poisoned arrow, in one of his descents on the coast of Bretagne.

NOTE 50, p. 122

This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

'This chieftain is handed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had two hundred tons of wine at once in his cellar at Dandram, but usquebaugh was his favourite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho' so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address; his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had six hundred men for his guard; four thousand foot, one thousand horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof. When commissioners were sent to treat with him, he said, "That, tho' the Queen were his sovereign lady, he never made peace with her *but at her lodging;* that she had made a wise Earl of

Macartymore, but that he kept as good a man as he: that he cared not for so mean a title as Earl; that his blood and power were better than the best; that his ancestors were Kings of Ulster; and that he would give place to none." His kinsman, the Earl of Kildare, having persuaded him of the folly of contending with the crown of England, he resolved to attend the Queen, but in a style suited to his princely dignity. He appeared in London with a magnificent train of Irish Galloglasses, arrayed in the richest habiliments of their country, their heads bare, their hair flowing on their shoulders, with their long and open sleeves dyed with saffron. Thus dressed and surcharged with military harness, and armed with battle-axes, they afforded an astonishing spectacle to the citizens, who regarded them as the intruders of some very distant part of the globe. But at Court his versatility now prevailed; his title to the sovereignty of Tyrone was pleaded from English laws and Irish institutions, and his allegations were so specious, that the Queen dismissed him with presents and assurances of favour. In England this transaction was looked on as the humiliation of a repenting rebel; in Tyrone it was considered as a treaty of peace between two potentates.' (Camden's *Brittania*, by Gough, London, 1806, fol. IV, 442.)

When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Clandeboy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of MacDonell. He was at first courteously received; but by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and advancing from words to deeds, fell upon him with their broadswords, and cut him to pieces. After his death a law was made that none should presume to take the name and title of O'Neale.

NOTE 51, p. 122

The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family; for Henry Owen O'Neale married the daughter of

Thomas, Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his cousin-german, a daughter of Gerald, Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to invite the English to settle in their country. Others ascribe this anathema to his son Con-Bacco. Fearflatha O'Gnive, bard to the O'Neales of Clannaboy, complains in the same spirit of the towers and ramparts with which the strangers had *disfigured* the fair sporting fields of Erin. (See Walker's *Irish Bards*, p. 140.)

Note 52, p. 123

Lacy informs us, in the old play already quoted, how the cavalry raised by the country gentlemen for Charles's service were usually officered. 'You, cornet, have a name that 's proper for all cornets to be called by, for they are all beardless boys in our army. The most part of our horse were raised thus: The honest country gentleman raises the troop at his own charge; then he gets a Low-country lieutenant to fight his troop safely; then he sends for his son from school to be his cornet; and then he puts off his child's coat to put on a buff-coat: and this is the constitution of our army.'

Note 53, p. 123

Originally the order of chivalry embraced three ranks: (1) the page; (2) the squire; (3) the knight; — a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of freemasonry. But, before the reign of Charles I the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into disuse, though the order of the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring anything degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction. The proper nature, and the decay of the institution, are pointed out by old Ben Jonson, with his own forcible moral colouring. The dialogue occurs between Lovell,

'a compleat gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar, known to have been page to the old Lord Beaufort, and so to have followed him in the French wars, after companion of his studies, and left guardian to his son,' and the facetious Goodstock, host of the Light Heart. Lovell had offered to take Goodstock's son for his page, which the latter, in reference to the recent abuse of the establishment, declares as 'a desperate course of life': —

Lovell, Call you that desperate, which by a line
Of institution, from our ancestors,
Hath been derived down to us, and received
In a succession, for the noblest way
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,
Fair mien, discourses, civil exercise,
And all the blazon of a gentleman?
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
To move his body gracefuller; to speak
His language purer; or to tune his mind.
Or manners, more to the harmony of nature,
Than in the nurseries of nobility?
Host. Ay, that was when the nursery's self was noble,
And only virtue made it, not the market,
That titles were not vented at the drum,
Or common outcry. Goodness gave the greatness,
And greatness worship: every house became
An academy of honour; and those parts
We see departed, in the practice, now,
Quite from the institution.
Lovell. Why do you say so?
Or think so enviously? Do they not still
Learn there the Centaur's skill, the art of Thrace,
To ride? or, Pollux' mystery, to fence?
The Pyrrhic gestures, both to dance and spring
In armour, to be active in the wars?
To study figures, numbers, and proportions,
May yield them great in counsels, and the arts
Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses practised?
To make their English sweet upon their tongue,
As reverend Chaucer says?
Host. Sir, you mistake;
To play Sir Pandarus, my copy hath it,
And carry messages to Madame Cressida;
Instead of backing the brave steed o' mornings,
To court the chambermaid; and for a leap
O' the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house:
For exercise of arms, a bale of dice,
Or two or three packs of cards to show the cheat,
And nimbleness of hand; mistake a cloak
Upon my Lord's back, and pawn it; ease his pocket
Of a superfluous watch; or geld a jewel
Of an odd stone or so; twinge two or three buttons

From off my lady's gown: These are the arts
Or seven liberal deadly sciences
Of pagery, or rather paganism,
As the tides run; to which if he apply him,
He may perhaps take a degree at Tyburn
A year the earlier; come to take a lecture
Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas a Watering's,
And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle!

Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, Act I, Scene iii.

NOTE 54, p. 143

The ancient castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

NOTE 55, p. 149

The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once powerful family, was kindly supplied to the author by Mr. Rokeby, of Northamptonshire, descended of the ancient Barons of Rokeby: —

Pedigree of the House of Rokeby

1. Sir Alex. Rokeby, Knt. married to Sir Hump. Liftle's[1] daughter.
2. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Tho. Lumley's daughter.
3. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Tho. Hubborn's daughter.
4. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Biggot's daughter.
5. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John de Melsass' daughter of Bennet-hall in Holderness.
6. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Sir Brian Stapleton's daughter of Weighill.
7. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Ury's daughter.[2]
8. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to daughter of Mansfield, heir of Morton.[3]

[1] Lisle. [2] Temp. Edw. 2di. [3] Temp. Edw. 3tii.

9. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Stroode's daughter and heir.
10. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Jas. Strangwayes' daughter.
11. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John Hotham's daughter.
12. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Danby of Yafforth's daughter and heir.[1]
13. Tho. Rokeby, Esq. to Rob. Constable's daughter of Cliff, serjt at law.
14. Christopher Rokeby, Esq. to Lasscells of Brackenburgh's daughter.[2]
15. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Thweng.
16. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Lawson's daughter of Brough.
17. Frans. Rokeby, Esq. to Faucett's daughter, citizen of London.
18. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Wickliffe of Gales.

High Sheriffs of Yorkshire

1337. 11 Edw. 3. Ralph Hastings and Thos. de Rokeby.
1343. 17 Edw. 3. Thos. de Rokeby, pro sept. annis.
1358. 25 Edw. 3. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Justiciary of Ireland for six years; died at the castle of Kilka.
1407. 8 Hen. 4. Thos. Rokeby Miles, defeated and slew the Duke of Northumberland at the Battle of Bramham Moor.
1411. 12 Hen. 4. Thos. Rokeby Miles.
1486.....Thomas Rokeby, Esq.
1539.....Robert Holgate, Bish. of Landaff, afterwards P. of York, Ld. President of the Council for the Preservation of Peace in the North.
1564. 6 Eliz. Thomas Younge, Archbishop of Yorke, Ld. President.
30 Hen. 8. Tho. Rokeby, LL.D. one of the Council.
Jn. Rokeby, LLD. one of the Council.

[1] Temp. Henr. 7mi, and from him is the house of Skyers, of a fourth brother.
[2] From him is the house of Hotham, and of the second brother that had issue.

1572. 15 Eliz. Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, Ld. President.
Jo. Rokeby, Esq. one of the Council.
Jo. Rokeby, LLD. ditto.
Ralph Rokeby, Esq. one of the Secretaries.
1574. 17 Eliz. Jo. Rokeby, Precentor of York.
7 Will. 3. Sir J. Rokeby, Knt. one of the Justices of the King's Bench.

'The family of De Rokeby came over with the Conqueror.

'The old motto belonging to the family is *In Bivio Dextra*.

'The arms, argent, chevron sable, between three rooks proper.

'There is somewhat more to be found in our family in the Scottish History about the affairs of Dun-Bretton town, but what it is, and in what time, I know not, nor can have convenient leisure to search. But Parson Blackwood, the Scottish chaplain to the Lord of Shrewsbury, recited to me once a piece of a Scottish song, wherein was mentioned, that William Wallis, the great deliverer of the Scots from the English bondage, should, at Dun-Bretton, have been brought up under a Rokeby, captain then of the place; and as he walked on a cliff, should thrust him on a sudden into the sea, and thereby have gotten that hold, which, I think, was about the 33d of Edw. I, or before. Thus, leaving our ancestors of record, we must also with them leave the Chronicle of Malmesbury Abbey, called *Eulogium Historiarum*, out of which Mr. Leland reporteth this history, and coppy down unwritten story, the which have yet the testimony of latter times, and the fresh memory of men yet alive, for their warrant and creditt, of whom I haye learned it that in K. Henry the 7th's reign, one Ralph Rokeby, Esq., was owner of Morton, and I guess that this was he that deceived the fryars of Richmond with his felon swine, on which a jargon was made.'

The above is a quotation from a manuscript written by Ralph Rokeby; when he lived is uncertain.

To what metrical Scottish tradition Parson Blackwood alluded, it would be now in vain to enquire. But in Blind Harry's History of Sir William Wallace, we find a legend of one Rukbie, whom he makes keeper of Stirling Castle under the English usurpation, and whom Wallace slays with his own hand: —

> In the great press Wallace and Rukbie met,
> With his good sword a stroke upon him set;
> Derfly to death the old Rukbie he drave,
> But his two sons escaped among the lave.

These sons, according to the romantic Minstrel, surrendered the castle on conditions, and went back to England, but returned to Scotland in the days of Bruce, when one of them became again keeper of Stirling Castle. Immediately after this achievement follows another engagement, between Wallace and those Western Highlanders who embraced the English interest, at a pass in Glendonchart, where many were precipitated into the lake over a precipice. These circumstances may have been confused in the narrative of Parson Blackwood, or in the recollection of Mr. Rokeby.

In the old ballad of *Chevy Chase*, there is mentioned, among the English warriors, 'Sir Raff the ryche Rugbe,' which may apply to Sir Ralph Rokeby, the tenth baron in the pedigree. The more modern copy of the ballad runs thus: —

> Good Sir Ralph Raby ther was slain,
> Whose prowess did surmount.

This would rather seem to relate to one of the Nevilles of Raby. But as the whole ballad is romantic, accuracy is not to be looked for.

NOTE 56, p. 150

The ancient minstrels had a comic as well as a serious strain of romance; and although the examples of the latter are by far the most numerous, they are, perhaps, the less valuable. The comic romance was a sort of parody upon the usual subjects of minstrel poetry. If the latter described deeds of heroic achievement, and the events of the battle, the tourney, and the chase,

the former, as in the *Tournament of Tottenham*, introduced a set of clowns debating in the field, with all the assumed circumstances of chivalry; or, as in the *Hunting of the Hare* (see Weber's *Metrical Romances*, III), persons of the same description following the chase, with all the grievous mistakes and blunders incident to such unpractised sportsmen. The idea, therefore, of Don Quixote's frenzy, although inimitably embodied and brought out, was not, perhaps, in the abstract, altogether original. One of the very best of these mock romances, and which has no small portion of comic humour, is the *Hunting of the Felon Sow of Rokeby by the Friars of Richmond*. Ralph Rokeby, who (for the jest's sake apparently) bestowed this intractable animal on the convent of Richmond, seems to have flourished in the time of Henry VII, which, since we know not the date of Friar Theobald's wardenship, to which the poem refers us, may indicate that of the composition itself. Morton, the Mortham of the text, is mentioned as being this facetious baron's place of residence: accordingly, Leland notices, that 'Mr. Rokeby hath a place called Mortham, a little beneath Grentey-Bridge, almost on the mouth of Grentey.' That no information may be lacking which is in my power to supply, I have to notice, that the Mistress Rokeby of the romance, who so charitably refreshed the sow after she had discomfited Friar Middleton and his auxiliaries, was, as appears from the pedigree of the Rokeby family, daughter and heir of Danby of Yafforth.

This curious poem was first published in Mr. Whitaker's *History of Craven*, but from an inaccurate manuscript, not corrected very happily. It was transferred by Mr. Evans to the new edition of his *Ballads*, with some well-judged conjectural improvements. I have been induced to give a more authentic and full, though still an imperfect, edition of this humorous composition, from being furnished with a copy from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Rokeby, to whom I have acknowledged my obligations in the last Note. It has three or four stanzas more than that of Mr. Whitaker, and the language seems, where they differ, to have the more ancient and genuine readings.

THE FELON SOW OF ROKEBY AND THE FRIARS OF RICHMOND

Ye men that will of aunters[1] winne,
That late within this land hath beene,
Of one I will you tell;
And of a sew[2] that was sea[3] strang,
Alas! that ever she lived sea lang,
For fell[4] folk did she whell.[5]

She was mare[6] than other three,
The grisliest beast that ere might be,
Her head was great and gray:
She was bred in Rokeby wood,
There were few that thither goed,[7]
That came on live[8] away.

Her walk was endlong[9] Greta side:
There was no bren[10] that durst her bide,
That was froe[11] heaven to hell;
Nor never man that had that might,
That ever durst come in her sight,
Her force it was so fell.

Ralph of Rokeby, with good will,
The Fryers of Richmond gave her till[12]
Full well to garre[13] them fare:
Fryar Middleton by his name,
He was sent to fetch her hame,
That rued him sine[14] full sare.

With him tooke he wicht men two,
Peter Dale was one of thoe,
That ever was brim as beare;[15]
And well durst strike with sword and knife,
And fight full manly for his life,
What time as mister ware.[16]

These three men went at God's will,
This wicked sew while they came till,
Liggan[17] under a tree;
Rugg and rusty was her haire;
She raise up with a felon fare,[18]
To fight against the three.

[1] Both MS. and Mr. Whitaker's copy read 'ancestors,' evidently a corruption of 'aunters,' adventures, as corrected by Mr. Evans.
[2] Sow, according to provincial pronunciation. [3] So; Yorkshire dialect.
[4] Fele, many; Sax. [5] A corruption of 'quell,' to kill.
[6] More, greater. [7] Went. [8] Alive.
[9] Along the side of Greta. [10] Barn, child, man in general.
[11] From. [12] To. [13] Make. [14] Since.
[15] Fierce as a bear. Mr. Whitaker's copy reads, perhaps in consequence of mistaking the MS., 'T'other was Bryan of Bear.'
[16] Need were. Mr. Whitaker reads 'musters.' [17] Lying.
[18] A fierce countenance or manner.

She was so grisely for to meete,
She rave the earth up with her feete,
And bark came fro the tree;
When Fryar Middleton her saugh,[1]
Weet ye well he might not laugh,
Full earnestly look't hee.

These men of aunters that was so wight,[2]
They bound them bauldly [3] for to fight,
And strike at her full sare:
Until a kiln they garred her flee,
Wold God send them the victory,
They wold ask him noa mare.

The sew was in the kiln hole down,
As they were on the balke aboon,[4]
For [5] hurting of their feet;
They were so saulted [6] with this sew,
That among them was a stalworth stew,
The kiln began to reeke.

Durst noe man neigh her with his hand,
But put a rape [7] down with his wand,
And haltered her full meete;
They hurled her forth against her will,
Whiles they came into a hill
A little fro the street.[8]

And there she made them such a fray,
If they should live to Doomes-day,
They tharrow [9] it ne'er forgett;
She braded [10] upon every side,
And ran on them gaping full wide,
For nothing would she lett.[11]

She gave such brades [12] at the band
That Peter Dale had in his hand,
He might not hold his feet.
She chafed them to and fro,
The wight men was never soe woe,
Their measure was not so meete.

She bound her boldly to abide;
To Peter Dale she came aside,
With many a hideous yell;
She gaped soe wide and cried soe hee,
The Fryar seid, 'I conjure thee,[13]
Thou art a fiend of hell.

[1] Saw.
[2] Wight, brave. The Rokeby MS. reads 'incounters,' and Mr. Whitaker, 'auncestors.'
[3] Boldly.
[4] On the beam above.
[5] To prevent.
[6] Assaulted.
[7] Rope.
[8] Watling Street. See the sequel.
[9] Dare.
[10] Rushed.
[11] Leave it.
[12] Pulls.
[13] This line is wanting in Mr. Whitaker's copy, whence it has been conjectured that something is wanting after this stanza, which now there is no occasion to suppose.

'Thou art come hither for some traine,[1]
I conjure thee to go againe
Where thou was wont to dwell.'
He sayned[2] him with crosse and creede
Took forth a book, began to reade
In St. John his gospell.

The sew she would not Latin heare,
But rudely rushed at the Frear,
That blinked all his blee;[3]
And when she would have taken her hold
The Fryar leaped as Jesus wold,
And bealed him[4] with a tree.

She was as brim[5] as any beare,
For all their meete to labour there.[6]
To them it was no boote:
Upon trees and bushes that by her stood
She ranged as she was wood,[7]
And rave them up by roote.

He sayd, 'Alas, that I was Frear!
And I shall be rugged[8] in sunder here,
Hard is my destinie!
Wist[9] my brethren in this houre,
That I was sett in such a stoure,[10]
They would pray for me.'

This wicked beast that wrought this woe,
Tooke that rape from the other two,
And then they fledd all three;
Then fledd away by Watling-street,
They had no succour but their feet,
It was the more pity.

The feild it was both lost and wonne;[11]
The sew went hame, and that full soone,
To Morton on the Greene:
When Ralph of Rokeby saw the rape,[12]
He wist[13] that there had been debate,
Whereat the sew had beene.

[1] Evil device. [2] Blessed, Fr. [3] Lost his colour. [4] Sheltered himself. [5] Fierce.
[6] The MS. reads, 'to labour weere.' The text seems to mean, that all their abour to obtain their intended meat was of no use to them. Mr. Whitaker reads, —

She was brim as any boar,
And gave a grisly hideous roar,
To them it was no boot.

Besides the want of connexion between the last line and the two former, the second has a very modern sound, and the reading of the Rokeby MS. with the slight alteration in the text, is much better.
[7] Mad. [8] Torn, pulled. [9] Knew. [10] Combat, perilous fight.
[11] This stanza, with the two following, and the fragment of a fourth, are not in Mr. Whitaker's edition.
[12] The rope about the sow's neck. [13] Knew.

He bade them stand out of her way,
For she had had a sudden fray, —
'I saw never so keene;
Some new things shall we heare
Of her and Middleton the Frear,
Some battell hath there beene.'

But all that served him for nought,
Had they not better succour sought,
They were served therefore loe.
Then Mistress Rokeby came anon,
And for her brought shee meate full soone,
The sew came her unto.

She gave her meate upon the flower,
. . . . . .[1]

[*Hiatus valde deflendus.*]

When Fryar Middleton came home,
His brethren was full faine ilkone,[2]
And thanked God of his life;
He told them all unto the end,
How he had foughten with a fiend,
And lived through mickle strife.

'We gave her battell half a day,
And sithen[3] was fain to fly away,
For saving of our life;[4]
And Pater Dale would never blinn,[5]
But as fast as he could ryn,[6]
Till he came to his wife.'

The warden said, 'I am full of woe,
That ever ye should be torment so,
But wee with you had beene!
Had we been there your brethren all,
Wee should have garred the warle[7] fall,
That wrought you all this teyne.'[8]

Fryar Middleton said soon, 'Nay,
In faith you would have fled away,
When most mister[9] had been;
You will all speake words at hame,
A man would ding[10] you every ilk ane,
And if it be as I weine.'

He look't so griesly all that night,
The warden said, 'Yon man will fight

[1] This line is almost illegible. [2] Each one. [3] Since then, after that.
[4] The above lines are wanting in Mr. Whitaker's copy. [5] Cease, stop.
[6] Run. [7] Warlock, or wizard. [8] Harm. [9] Need.
[10] Beat. The copy in Mr. Whitaker's *History of Craven* reads, perhaps better, —

The fiend would ding you down ilk one.

If you say ought but good;
Yon guest [1] hath grieved him so sare,
Hold your tongues and speake noe mare;
He looks as he were woode.'

The warden waged [2] on the morne,
Two boldest men that ever were borne,
I weine, or ever shall be;
The one was Gibbert Griffin's son,
Full mickle worship has he wonne,
Both by land and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spain,
Many a Sarazin hath he slain,
His dint [3] hath gart them die.
These two men the battle undertooke,
Against the sew, as says the booke,
And sealed security,

That they should boldly bide and fight;
And skomfit her in maine and might,
Or therefore should they die.
The warden sealed to them againe,
And said, 'In feild if ye be slain,
This condition make I:

'We shall for you pray, sing, and read
To doomesday with hearty speede,
With all our progeny.'
Then the letters well was made,
Bands bound with seales brade,[4]
As deedes of armes should be.

These men of armes that weere so wight,
With armour and with brandes bright.
They went this sew to see;
She made on them slike a rerd,[5]
That for her they were sare afer'd,
And almost bound to flee.

She came roving them egaine;
That saw the bastard son of Spaine,
He braded [6] out his brand:
Full spiteously at her he strake,
For all the fence that he could make,
She gat sword out of hand:
And rave in sunder half his shielde,
And bare him backward in the fielde,
He might not her gainstand.

[1] 'Yon guest,' may be 'yon *gest*,' i.e., that adventure: or it may mean 'yon *ghaist*,' or apparition, which in old poems is applied sometimes to what is supernaturally hideous. The printed copy reads, 'The beast hath,' etc.

[2] Hired, a Yorkshire phrase. [3] Blow. [4] Broad, large.

[5] Such like a roar. [6] Drew out.

She would have riven his privich geare,
But Gilbert with his sword of werre,
He strake at her full strong,
On her shoulder till she held the swerd;
Then was good Gilbert sore afer'd,
When the blade brake in throng.[1]

Since in his hands he hath her tane,
She tooke him by the shoulder bane,[2]
And held her hold full fast,
She strave so stiffly in that stower,[3]
That through all his rich armour
The blood came at the last.

Then Gilbert grieved was sea sare,
That he rave off both hide and haire,
The flesh came fro the bone;
And with all force he felled her there,
And wann her worthily in werre,
And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sea hee,
Into two panniers well made of a tre,
And to Richmond they did hay;[4]
When they saw her come,
They sang merrily Te Deum,
The Fryers on that day.[5]

They thanked God and St. Francis,
As they had won the best of pris,[6]
And never a man was slain:
There did never a man more manly,
Knight Marcus, nor yett Sir Gui,
Nor Loth of Louthyane.[7]

If ye will any more of this,
In the Fryers of Richmond 't is
In parchment good and fine;
And how Fryar Middleton that was so kend,[8]
At Greta Bridge conjured a fiend
In likeness of a swine.

It is well known to many a man,
That Fryar Theobald was warden than,
And this fell in his time;
And Christ them bless both farre and neare,
All that for solace list this to heare,
And him that made the rhime.

[1] In the combat. [2] Bone. [3] Meeting, battle. [4] Hie, hasten.
[5] The MS. reads, mistakenly, '*every* day.' [6] Price.
[7] The father of Sir Gawain, in the romance of Arthur and Merlin. The MS. is thus corrupted, —

More loth of Louth Ryme.

[8] Well known, or perhaps kind, well disposed.

Ralph Rokeby with full good will,
The Fryers of Richmond he gave her till,
This sew to mend their fare;
Fryar Middleton by his name,
Would needs bring the fat sew hame,
That rued him since full sare.

NOTE 57, p. 151

The Filea, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. The late ingenious Mr. Cooper Walker has assembled a curious collection of particulars concerning this order of men, in his *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*. There were itinerant bards of less elevated rank, but all were held in the highest veneration. The English, who considered them as chief supporters of the spirit of national independence, were much disposed to proscribe this race of poets, as Edward I is said to have done in Wales. Spenser, while he admits the merit of their wild poetry, as 'savouring of sweet wit and good invention, and sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device,' yet rigorously condemns the whole application of their poetry, as abased to 'the gracing of wickedness and vice.' The household minstrel was admitted even to the feast of the prince whom he served, and sat at the same table. It was one of the customs of which Sir Richard Sewry, to whose charge Richard II committed the instruction of four Irish monarchs in the civilisation of the period, found it most difficult to break his royal disciples, though he had also much ado to subject them to other English rules, and particularly to reconcile them to wear breeches. 'The kyng, my souerevigne lord's entent was, that in maner, countenaunce, and apparell of clothyng, they sholde use according to the manner of Englande, for the kynge thought to make them all four knyghtes: they had a fayre house to lodge in, in Duvelyn, and I was charged to abyde styll with them, and not to departe; and so two or three dayes I suffered them to do as they lyst, and sayde nothyng to them, but followed their owne appetytes:

they wolde sitte at the table, and make countenance nother good nor fayre. Than I thought I shulde cause them to chaunge that maner; they wolde cause their mynstrells, their seruantes, and varlettes to sytte with them, and to eate in their owne dyssche, and to drinke of their cuppes; and they shewed me that the usage of their cuntre was good, for they sayd in all thyngs (except their beddes) they were and lyved as comen. So the fourthe day I ordayned other tables to be couered in the hall, after the usage of Englande, and I made these four knyghtes to sytte at the hyghe table, and their mynstrels at another borde, and their seruauntes and varlettes at another byneth them, whereof by semynge they were displeased, and beheld each other, and wolde not eate, and sayde, how I wolde take fro them their good usage, wherin they had been norished. Then I answered them, smylyng, to apeace them, that it was not honourable for their estates to do as they dyde before, and that they must leave it, and use the custom of Englande, and that it was the kynge's pleasure they shulde so do, and how he was charged so to order them. When they harde that, they suffred it, bycause they had putte themselfe under the obeysance of the Kynge of England, and parceuered in the same as long as I was with them; yet they had one use which I knew was well used in their cuntre, and that was, they dyde were no breches; I caused breches of lynen clothe to be made for them. Whyle I was with them I caused them to leaue many rude thynges, as well in clothyng as in other causes. Moche ado I had at the fyrst to cause them to weare gownes of sylke, furred with myneuere and gray; for before these kynges thought themselfe well apparelled whan they had on a mantell. They rode alwayes without saddies and styropes, and with great payne I made them to ride after our usage.' (Lord Berners' *Froissart*, London, 1812, 4to, II, 621.)

The influence of these bards upon their patrons, and their admitted title to interfere in matters of the weightiest concern, may be also proved from the behaviour of one of them at an interview between Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare, then about to renounce the English allegiance, and the Lord

Chancellor Cromer, who made a long and goodly oration to dissuade him from his purpose. The young lord had come to the council 'armed and weaponed,' and attended by seven score horsemen in their shirts of mail; and we are assured that the chancellor, having set forth his oration 'with such a lamentable action as his cheekes were all beblubbered with teares, the horsemen, namelie, such as understood not English, began to diuine what the lord-chancellor meant with all this long circumstance; some of them reporting that he was preaching a sermon, others said that he stood making of some heroicall poetry in the praise of the Lord Thomas. And thus as every idiot shot his foolish bolt at the wise chancellor his discourse, who in effect had nought else but drop pretious stones before hogs, one Bard de Nelan, an Irish rithmour, and a rotten sheepe to infect a whole flocke, was chatting of Irish verses, as though his toong had run on pattens, in commendation of the Lord Thomas, investing him with the title of Silken Thomas, bicause his horsemens jacks were gorgeously imbroidered with silke; and in the end he told him that he lingered there ouer long; whereat the Lord Thomas being quickened,'[1] as Holinshed expresses it, bid defiance to the chancellor, threw down contemptuously the sword of office, which, in his father's absence, he held as deputy, and rushed forth to engage in open insurrection.

Note 58, p. 151

Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the sept of the O'Neales, and Slieve-Donard a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was ruined after Tyrone's great rebellion, and their places of abode laid desolate. The ancient Irish, wild and uncultivated in other respects, did not yield even to their descendants in practising the most free and extended hospitality; and doubtless the bards mourned the decay of the mansion of their chiefs in strains similar to the verses of the British Llywarch Hen on a similar occasion, which are affect-

1 Holinshed, London, 1808, 4to, VI, 291.

ing, even through the discouraging medium of a literal translation :—

Silent-breathing gale, long wilt thou be heard!
There is scarcely another deserving praise,
Since Urien is no more.

Many a dog that scented well the prey, and aerial hawk,
Have been trained on this floor
Before Erlleon became polluted . . .

This hearth, ah, will it not be covered with nettles!
Whilst its defender lived,
More congenial to it was the foot of the needy petitioner.

This hearth, will it not be covered with green sod!
In the lifetime of Owain and Elphin,
Its ample caldron boiled the prey taken from the foe.

This hearth, will it not be covered with toad-stools!
Around the viand it prepared, more cheering was
The clattering sword of the fierce dauntless warrior.

This hearth, will it not be overgrown with spreading brambles!
Till now, logs of burning wood lay on it,
Accustomed to prepare the gifts of Reged!

This hearth, will it not be covered with thorns!
More congenial on it would have been the mixed group
Of Owain's social friends united in harmony.

This hearth, will it not be covered over with ants!
More adapted to it would have been the bright torches
And harmless festivities!

This hearth, will it not be covered with dock-leaves!
More congenial on its floor would have been
The mead, and the talking of wine-cheered warriors.

This hearth, will it not be turned up by the swine!
More congenial to it would have been the clamour of men,
And the circling horns of the banquet.'

Heroic Elegies of Llywarç Hen, by Owen, London, 1792, 8vo, p. 41

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without bed —
I must weep a while, and then be silent!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without candle —
Except God doth, who will endue me with patience!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without being lighted —
Be thou encircled with spreading silence!

The hall of Cynddylan, gloomy seems its roof
Since the sweet smile of humanity is no more —
Woe to him that saw it, if he neglects to do good!

The hall of Cynddylan, art thou not bereft of thy appearance
Thy shield is in the grave;
Whilst he lived there was no broken roof!

The hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,
Since he that owned it is no more —
Ah, death: it will be but a short time he will leave me!

The hall of Cynddylan is not easy this night,
On the top of the rock of Hydwith,
Without its lord, without company, without the circling feasts!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without songs —
Tears afflict the cheeks!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without family —
My overflowing tears gush out!

The hall of Cynddylan pierces me to see it,
Without a covering, without fire —
My general dead, and I alive myself!

The hall of Cynddylan is the seat of chill grief this night,
After the respect I experienced;
Without the men, without the women, who reside there!

The hall of Cynddylan is silent this night,
After losing its master —
The great merciful God, what shall I do!
Heroic Elegies of Llywarç Hen, by Owen, London, 1792, 8vo, p. 77.

NOTE 59, p. 154

Marwood Chase is the old park extending along the Durham side of the Tees, attached to Barnard Castle. Toller Hill is an eminence on the Yorkshire side of the river, commanding a superb view of the ruins.

NOTE 60, p. 157

Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his reputation as a poet during the Civil Wars. He died in 1649.

Note 61, p. 157

'MacCurtin, hereditary Ollamh of North Munster, and Filea to Donough, Earle of Thomond, and President of Munster. This nobleman was amongst those who were prevailed upon to join Elizabeth's forces. Soon as it was known that he had basely abandoned the interests of his country, MacCurtin presented an adulatory poem to MacCarthy, chief of South Munster, and of the Eugenian line, who, with O'Neil, O'Donnel, Lacy, and others, were deeply engaged in protecting their violated country. In this poem he dwells with rapture on the courage and patriotism of MacCarthy, but the verse that should (according to an established law of the order of the bards) be introduced in the praise of O'Brien, he turns into severe satire; "How am I afflicted (says he) that the descendant of the great Brion Boiromh cannot furnish me with a theme worthy the honour and glory of his exalted race!" Lord Thomond, hearing this, vowed vengeance on the spirited bard, who fled for refuge to the county of Cork. One day, observing the exasperated nobleman and his equipage at a small distance, he thought it was in vain to fly, and pretended to be suddenly seized with the pangs of death; directing his wife to lament over him, and tell his lordship, that the sight of him, by awakening the sense of his ingratitude, had so much affected him that he could not support it; and desired her at the same time to tell his lordship, that he entreated, as a dying request, his forgiveness. Soon as Lord Thomond arrived, the feigned tale was related to him. That nobleman was moved to compassion, and not only declared that he most heartily forgave him, but, opening his purse, presented the fair mourner with some pieces to inter him. This instance of his lordship's pity and generosity gave courage to the trembling bard; who, suddenly springing up, recited an extemporaneous ode in praise of Donough, and, reëntering into his service, became once more his favourite.' — (Walker's *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, London, 1786, 4to, p. 141.)

Note 62, p. 158

Among the entertainments presented to Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, was the introduction of a person designed to represent a travelling minstrel, who entertained her with a solemn story out of the Acts of King Arthur. Of this person's dress and appearance Mr. Laneham has given us a very accurate account, transferred by Bishop Percy to the preliminary Dissertation on Minstrels, prefixed to his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I.

Note 63, p. 171

The tradition from which the ballad is founded was supplied by a friend (the late Lord Webb Seymour), whose account I will not do the injustice to abridge, as it contains an admirable picture of an old English hall: —

'Littlecote House stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country mansion. Many circumstances, however, in the interior of the house, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole

neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffleboard. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of cumbrous workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end, by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door in the front of the house to a quadrangle [1] within; at the other, it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the doors of some bedchambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bedchambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed curtains you are shown a place where a small piece has been cut out and sewn in again, — a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story: —

'It was on a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sat musing by her cottage fire-side, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded; but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and, therefore, she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bedchamber of the lady. With some hesitation the midwife consented; the horseman bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillion behind him. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was

[1] I think there is a chapel on one side of it, but am not quite sure.

removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bed-chamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire, that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home. he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the facts before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bedside, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed curtain, and sewn it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote House, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, in a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Style, — a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.

'Littlecote House is two miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire, through which the Bath road passes. The fact occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. All the important circumstances I have

given exactly as they are told in the country; some trifles only are added, either to render the whole connected, or to increase the impression.'

To Lord Webb's edition of this singular story the author can now add the following account, extracted from Aubrey's Correspondence. It occurs among other particulars respecting Sir John Popham: —

'Sir —— Dayrell, of Littlecote, in Corn. Wilts, having gott his lady's waiting-woman with child, when her travell came, sent a servant with a horse for a midwife, whom he was to bring hoodwinked. She was brought, and layd the woman, but as soon as the child was born, she sawe the knight take the child and murther it, and burn it in the fire in the chamber. She having done her businesse, was extraordinarily rewarded for her paines, and sent blindfolded away. This horrid action did much run in her mind, and she had a desire to discover it, but knew not where 't was. She considered with herself the time that she was riding, and how many miles she might have rode at that rate in that time, and that it must be some great person's house, for the roome was 12 foot high; and she should know the chamber if she sawe it. She went to a Justice of Peace, and search was made. The very chamber found. The Knight was brought to his tryall; and to be short, this judge had this noble house, parke and manner, and (I thinke) more, for a bribe to save his life.

'Sir John Popham gave sentence according to lawe, but being a great person, and a favourite, he procured a *noli prosequi*.'

With this tale of terror the author has combined some circumstances of a similar legend, which was current at Edinburgh during his childhood.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the large castles of the Scottish nobles, and even the secluded hotels, like those of the French noblesse, which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the scenes of strange and mysterious transactions, a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight to pray with a person at the point of death. This was no unusual summons; but what followed was alarming: He was put

into a sedan-chair, and after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded. The request was enforced by a cocked pistol, and submitted to; but in the course of the discussion, he conjectured, from the phrases employed by the chairmen, and from some part of their dress, not completely concealed by their cloaks, that they were greatly above the menial station they had assumed. After many turns and windings, the chair was carried up stairs into a lodging, where his eyes were uncovered, and he was introduced into a bedroom, where he found a lady, newly delivered of an infant. He was commanded by his attendants to say such prayers by her bedside as were fitting for a person not expected to survive a mortal disorder. He ventured to remonstrate, and observe, that her safe delivery warranted better hopes. But he was sternly commanded to obey the orders first given, and with difficulty recollected himself sufficiently to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. He was then again hurried into the chair; but as they conducted him down stairs, he heard the report of a pistol. He was safely conducted home; a purse of gold was forced upon him; but he was warned, at the same time, that the least allusion to this dark transaction would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest, and, after long and broken musing, fell into a deep sleep. From this he was awakened by his servant, with the dismal news that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of ———, near the head of the Canongate, and that it was totally consumed; with the shocking addition, that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady eminent for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman had his suspicions, but to have made them public would have availed nothing. He was timid; the family was of the first distinction; above all, the deed was done, and could not be amended. Time wore away, however, and with it his terrors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depositary of this fearful mystery, and mentioned it to some of his brethren, through whom the anecdote acquired a sort of publicity. The divine, however, had been long dead, and the story in some

degree forgotten, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot where the house of ——— had formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description. When the flames were at their height, the tumult, which usually attends such a scene, was suddenly suspended by an unexpected apparition. A beautiful female, in a night dress, extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these tremendous words in her vernacular idiom: '*Anes* burned, *twice* burned; the *third* time I 'll scare you all!' The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety testified, lest the apparition should make good her denunciation.

NOTE 64, p. 177

Such an exhortation was, in similar circumstances, actually given to his followers by a Welsh chieftain: —

'Enmity did continue betweene Howell ap Rys ap Howell Vaughan and the sonnes of John ap Meredith. After the death of Even ap Rebert, Griffith ap Gronw (cosen german to John ap Meredith's sonnes of Gwynfryn, who had long served in France, and had charge there) comeing home to live in the countrey, it happened that a servant of his, comeing to fish in Stymllyn, his fish was taken away, and the fellow beaten by Howell ap Rys his servants, and by his commandment. Griffith ap John ap Gronw took the matter in such dudgeon that he challenged Howell ap Rys to the field, which he refusing, assembling his cosins John ap Meredith's sonnes and his friends together, assaulted Howell in his own house, after the maner he had seene in the French warres, and consumed with fire his barnes and his out-houses. Whilst he was thus assaulting the hall, which Howel ap Rys and many other people kept, being a very strong house, he was shot, out of a crevice of the house, through the sight of his beaver into the head, and slayne outright, being otherwise armed at all points. Notwithstanding his death, the

assault of the house was continued with great vehemence, the doores fired with great burthens of straw; besides this, the smoake of the out-houses and barnes not farre distant annoyed greatly the defendants, for that most of them lay under boordes and benches upon the floore, in the hall, the better to avoyd the smoake. During this scene of confusion onely the old man, Howell ap Rys, never stooped, but stood valiantly in the middest of the floore, armed with a gleve in his hand, and called unto them, and bid "them arise like men, for shame, for he had knowne there as great a smoake in that hall upon Christmas-even." In the end, seeing the house could noe longer defend them, being overlayed with a multitude, upon parley betweene them, Howell ap Rys was content to yeald himself prisoner to Morris ap John ap Meredith, John ap Meredith's eldest sonne, soe as he would swear unto him to bring him safe to Carnarvon Castle, to abide the triall of the law for the death of Graff' ap John ap Gronw, who was cosen-german removed to the said Howell ap Rys, and of the very same house he was of. Which Morris ap John ap Meredith undertaking, did put a guard about the said Howell of his trustiest friends and servants, who kept and defended him from the rage of his kindred, and especially of Owen ap John ap Meredith, his brother, who was very eager against him. They passed by leisure thence like a campe to Carnarvon: the whole countrie being assembled, Howell his friends posted a horseback from one place or other by the way, who brought word that he was come thither safe, for they were in great fear lest he should be murthered, and that Morris ap John ap Meredith could not be able to defend him, neither durst any of Howell's friends be there, for fear of the kindred. In the end, being delivered by Morris ap John ap Meredith to the constable of Carnarvon Castle, and there kept safely in ward untill the assises, it fell out by law, that the burning of Howell's houses, and assaulting him in his owne house, was a more haynous offence in Morris ap John ap Meredith and the rest, than the death of Graff' ap John ap Gronw in Howell, who did it in his own defence; whereupon Morris ap John ap Mere-

dith, with thirty-five more, were indicted of felony, as appeareth by the copie of the indictment, which I had from the records.' — (Sir John Wynne's *History of the Gwydir Family*, London, 1770, 8vo, p. 116.)

Note 65, p. 205

This custom among the Redesdale and Tynedale Borderers is mentioned in the interesting *Life of Barnard Gilpin*, where some account is given of these wild districts, which it was the custom of that excellent man regularly to visit.

'This custom (of duels) still prevailed on the Borders, where Saxon barbarism held its latest possession. These wiid Northumbrians, indeed, went beyond the ferocity of their ancestors. They were not content with a duel: each contending party used to muster what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed.

'It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr. Gilpin was at Rothbury, in those parts. During the two or three first days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as Mr. Gilpin began his sermon the other entered. They stood not long silent. Inflamed at the sight of each other, they began to clash their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approached. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased. Mr. Gilpin proceeded: when again the combatants began to brandish their weapons, and draw towards each other. As a fray seemed near, Mr. Gilpin stepped from the pulpit, went between them, and addressed the leaders, put an end to the quarrel for the present, but could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised him, however, that till the sermon was over they would make no more disturbance. He then went again into the pulpit, and spent the rest of the time in endeavouring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behaviour and discourse

affected them so much, that, at his farther entreaty, they promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so much respected was he among them, that whoever was in fear of his enemy used to resort where Mr. Gilpin was, esteeming his presence the best protection.

'One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts, before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton, that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr. Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it him; but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it into his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and, before he concluded his sermon, took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. "I hear," saith he, "that one among you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down: see, I have taken it down;" and, pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasives to mutual love as he thought would most affect them.' (*Life of Barnard Gilpin*, London, 1753, 8vo, p. 177.)

Note 66, p. 218

This, and what follows, is taken from a real achievement of Major Robert Philipson, called, from his desperate and adventurous courage, Robin the Devil; which, as being very inaccurately noticed in this note upon the first edition, shall be now given in a more authentic form. The chief place of his retreat was not Lord's Island, in Derwentwater, but Curwen's Island, in the Lake of Windermere.

'This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the Civil Wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the King. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

'The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprise; and for his many feats of personal bravery had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of Robin the Devil.

'After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal, and, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a Justice-of-Peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. How it was conducted, my authority[1] does not inform us — whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor of the works without. All we learn is, that Major Philipson endured a siege of eight months with great gallantry, till his brother, the Colonel, raised a party and relieved him.

'It was now the Major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself, therefore, at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal. Here, being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers (for it was on a Sunday morning), he stationed his men properly in the avenues, and himself armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but some large place of meeting. It is said he intended to seize the Colonel and carry him off; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot, and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated, for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

'The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them; and the Major, taking advantage of

[1] Dr. Burn's *History of Westmoreland*.

their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assaulted as he left the assembly, and being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.

'At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants, and the Major killed with his own hand the man who had seized him, clapped the saddle, ungirthed as it was, upon his horse, and, vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him; and, with his whole party, made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake. The action marked the man. Many knew him: and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit that it could be nobody but Robin the Devil.'

NOTE 67, p. 233

The ruins of the Castle of Artornish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull, a name given to the deep arm of the sea, which divides that island from the continent. The situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree, having on the one hand a high and precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other the narrow entrance to the beautiful salt-water lake, called Loch Alline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Artornish are not now very considerable, and consist chiefly of the remains of an old keep, or tower, with fragments of outward defences. But, in former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds which the Lords of the Isles, during the period of their stormy independence, possessed upon the mainland of Argyleshire. Here they assembled what popular tradition calls their parliaments, meaning, I suppose, their *cour plénière*, or assembly of feudal and patriarchal vassals and dependents. From this Castle of Artornish, upon the 19th day of October, 1461, John de Yle, designing himself Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, granted, in the style of an independent sovereign, a commission to his trusty and well-beloved cousins, Ronald of the

Isles, and Duncan, Arch-Dean of the Isles, for empowering them to enter into a treaty with the most excellent Prince Edward, by the grace of God, King of France and England, and Lord of Ireland. Edward IV, on his part, named Laurence, Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Worcester, the Prior of St. John's, Lord Wenlock, and Mr. Robert Stillington, keeper of the privy seal, his deputies and commissioners, to confer with those named by the Lord of the Isles. The conference terminated in a treaty, by which the Lord of the Isles agreed to become a vassal to the crown of England, and to assist Edward IV and James Earl of Douglas, then in banishment, in subduing the realm of Scotland.

The first article provides, that John de Isle, Earl of Ross, with his son Donald Balloch, and his grandson John de Isle, with all their subjects, men, people, and inhabitants, become vassals and liegemen to Edward IV of England, and assist him in his wars in Scotland or Ireland; and then follow the allowances to be made to the Lord of the Isles, in recompense of his military service, and the provisions for dividing such conquests as their united arms should make upon the mainland of Scotland among the confederates. These appear such curious illustrations of the period, that they are here subjoined: —

'*Item*, The seid John Erle of Rosse shall, from the seid fest of Whittesontyde next comyng, yerely, durying his lyf, have and take, for fees and wages in tyme of peas, of the seid most high and Christien prince c. marc sterlyng of Englysh money; and in tyme of werre, as long as he shall entende with his myght and power in the said werres, in manner and fourme abovesaid, he shall have wages of cc. *lb.* sterlyng of English money yearly; and after the rate of the tyme that he shall be occupied in the seid werres.

'*Item*, The seid Donald shall, from the seid feste of Whittesontyde, have and take, during his lyf, yerly, in tyme of peas, for his fees and wages, xx *l.* sterlyng of Englysh money; and, when he shall be occupied and intend to the werre, with his myght and power, and in manner and fourme aboveseid, he shall have and

take, for his wages yearly, xl *l.* sterlynge of Englysh money; or for the rate of the tyme of werre —

'*Item*, The seid John, sonn and heire apparant of the said Donald, shall have and take, yerely, from the seid fest, for his fees and wages, in the tyme of peas, x *l.* sterlynge of Englysh money; and for tyme of werre, and his intendyng thereto, in manner and fourme aboveseid, he shall have, for his fees and wages, yearly xx *l.* sterlynge of Englysh money; or after the rate of the tyme that he shall be occupied in the werre: And the seid John, th' Erle Donald and John, and eche of them, shall have good and sufficiaunt paiment of the seid fees and wages, as wel for tyme of peas as of werre, accordyng to thees articules and appoyntements. *Item*, it is appointed, accorded, concluded, and finally determined, that, if it so be that hereafter the seid reaume of Scotlande, or the more part thereof, be conquered, subdued, and brought to the obeissance of the seid most high and Christien prince, and his heires, or successoures, of the seid Lionell, in fourme aboveseid descendyng, be the assistance, helpe, and aide of the seid John Erle of Rosse, and Donald, and of James Erle of Douglas, then, the seid fees and wages for the tyme of peas cessying, the same erles and Donald shall have, by the graunte of the same most Christien prince, all the possessions of the seid reaume beyonde Scottishe see, they to be departed equally betwix them: eche of them, his heires and successours, to holde his parte of the seid most Christien prince, his heires and successours, for evermore, in right of his croune of England, by homage and feaute to be done therefore.

'*Item*, If so be that, by th' aide and assistence of the seid James Erle of Douglas, the saide reaume of Scotlande be conquered and subdued as above, then he shall have, enjoie, and inherite all his own possessions, landes, and inheritaunce, on this syde the Scottish see; that is to saye, betwixt the seid Scottishe see and Englande, such he hath rejoiced and be possessed of before this; there to holde them of the seid most high and Christien prince, his heires, and successours, as is abovesaid, for evermore, in right of the coroune of Englonde, as

weel the seid Erle of Douglas, as his heires and successours, by homage and feaute to be done therefore.' (Rymer's *Fœdera Conventiones Literæ et cujuscunque generis Acta Publica*, fol. v, 1741.)

Such was the treaty of Artornish; but it does not appear that the allies ever made any very active effort to realize their ambitious designs. It will serve to show both the power of these reguli, and their independence upon the Crown of Scotland.

It is only farther necessary to say of the Castle of Artornish, that it is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Mull, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lord of the Isles.

Note 68, p. 234

The seal displays a taste for music, which could scarcely be expected from his habits and local predilections. They will long follow a boat in which any musical instrument is played, and even a tune simply whistled has attractions for them. The Dean of the Isles says of Heiskar, a small uninhabited rock, about twelve (Scottish) miles from the isle of Uist, that an infinite slaughter of seals takes place there.

Note 69, p. 238

The Sound of Mull, which divides that island from the continent of Scotland, is one of the most striking scenes which the Hebrides afford to the traveller. Sailing from Oban to Aros, or Tobermory, through a narrow channel, yet deep enough to bear vessels of the largest burden, he has on his left the bold and mountainous shores of Mull; on the right those of that district of Argyleshire, called Morven, or Morvern, successively indented by deep salt-water lochs, running up many miles inland. To the southeastward arise a prodigious range of mountains, among which Cruachan Ben is preëminent. And to the northeast is the no less huge and picturesque range of the Ardnamurchan hills.

Many ruinous castles, situated generally upon cliffs overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene. Those of Donolly and Dunstaffnage are first passed, then that of Duart, formerly belonging to the chief of the warlike and powerful sept of MacLeans, and the scene of Miss Baillie's beautiful tragedy, entitled the Family Legend. Still passing on to the northward, Artornish and Aros become visible upon the opposite shores; and, lastly, Mingarry, and other ruins of less distinguished note. In fine weather, a grander and more impressive scene, both from its natural beauties, and associations with ancient history and tradition, can hardly be imagined. When the weather is rough, the passage is both difficult and dangerous, from the narrowness of the channel, and in part from the number of inland lakes, out of which sally forth a number of conflicting and thwarting tides, making the navigation perilous to open boats. The sudden flaws and gusts of wind which issue without a moment's warning from the mountain glens, are equally formidable. So that in unsettled weather, a stranger, if not much accustomed to the sea, may sometimes add to the other sublime sensations excited by the scene, that feeling of dignity which arises from a sense of danger.

NOTE 70, p. 238

The number of the western isles of Scotland exceeds two hundred, of which St. Kilda is the most northerly, anciently called Hirth, or Hirt, probably from 'earth,' being in fact the whole globe to its inhabitants. Ilay, which now belongs almost entirely to Walter Campbell, Esq., of Shawfield, is by far the most fertile of the Hebrides, and has been greatly improved under the spirited and sagacious management of the present proprietor. This was in ancient times the principal abode of the Lords of the Isles, being, if not the largest, the most important island of their archipelago. In Martin's time, some relics of their grandeur were yet extant. 'Loch-Finlagan, about three miles in circumference, affords salmon, trouts, and eels: this lake lies in the centre of the isle. The Isle Finlagan, from which this lake

hath its name, is in it. It's famous for being once the court in which the great MacDonald, King of the Isles, had his residence; his houses, chapel, etc., are now ruinous. His guards de corps, called Lucht-tach, kept guard on the lakeside nearest to the isle; the walls of their houses are still to be seen there. The high court of judicature, consisting of fourteen, sat always here; and there was an appeal to them from all the courts in the isles: the eleventh share of the sum in debate was due to the principal judge. There was a big stone of seven foot square, in which there was a deep impression made to receive the feet of MacDonald; for he was crowned King of the Isles standing in this stone, and swore that he would continue his vassals in the possession of their lands, and do exact justice to all his subjects: and then his father's sword was put into his hand. The Bishop of Argyle and seven priests anointed him king, in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the isles and continent, and were his vassals; at which time the orator rehearsed a catalogue of his ancestors,' etc. (Martin's *Account of the Western Isles*, 8vo, London, 1716, p. 240.)

Note 71, p. 239

The castle of Mingarry is situated on the seacoast of the district of Ardnamurchan. The ruins, which are tolerably entire, are surrounded by a very high wall, forming a kind of polygon, for the purpose of adapting itself to the projecting angles of a precipice overhanging the sea, on which the castle stands. It was anciently the residence of the MacIans, a clan of Macdonalds descended from Ian, or John, a grandson of Angus Og, Lord of the Isles. The last time that Mingarry was of military importance, occurs in the celebrated Leabhar dearg, or Red-Book of Clanronald, a MS. renowned in the Ossianic controversy. Allaster MacDonald, commonly called Colquitto, who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, sent over by the Earl of Antrim during the great civil war to the assistance of Montrose, began his enterprise in 1644, by taking the castles of Kinloch-Alline,

and Mingarry, the last of which made considerable resistance, as might, from the strength of the situation, be expected. In the meanwhile, Allaster MacDonald's ships, which had brought him over, were attacked in Loch Eisord, in Skye, by an armament sent round by the covenanting parliament, and his own vessel was taken. This circumstance is said chiefly to have induced him to continue in Scotland, where there seemed little prospect of raising an army in behalf of the king. He had no sooner moved eastward to join Montrose, a junction which he effected in the braes of Athole, than the Marquis of Argyle besieged the castle of Mingarry, but without success. Among other warriors and chiefs whom Argyle summoned to his camp to assist upon this occasion, was John of Moidart, the Captain of Clanronald. Clanronald appeared; but, far from yielding effectual assistance to Argyle, he took the opportunity of being in arms to lay waste the district of Sunart, then belonging to the adherents of Argyle, and sent part of the spoil to relieve the castle of Mingarry. Thus the castle was maintained until relieved by Allaster MacDonald (Colquitto), who had been detached for the purpose by Montrose. These particulars are hardly worth mentioning, were they not connected with the memorable successes of Montrose, related by an eyewitness, and hitherto unknown to Scottish historians.

NOTE 72, p. 239

Somerled was thane of Argyle and Lord of the Isles, about the middle of the twelfth century. He seems to have exercised his authority in both capacities, independent of the Crown of Scotland, against which he often stood in hostility. He made various incursions upon the western lowlands during the reign of Malcolm IV, and seems to have made peace with him upon the terms of an independent prince, about the year 1157. In 1164, he resumed the war against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large but probably a tumultuary army, collected in the isles, in the mainland of Argyleshire, and in the neighbouring provinces of Ireland. He was defeated and slain in an en-

gagement with a very inferior force, near Renfrew. His son Gillicolane fell in the same battle. This mighty chieftain married a daughter of Olaus, King of Man. From him our genealogists deduce two dynasties, distinguished in the stormy history of the middle ages; the Lords of the Isles descended from his elder son Ronald, — and the Lords of Lorn, who took their surname of M'Dougal, as descended of his second son Dougal. That Somerled's territories upon the mainland, and upon the islands, should have been thus divided between his two sons, instead of passing to the elder exclusively, may illustrate the uncertainty of descent among the great Highland families, which we shall presently notice.

NOTE 73, p. 239

The representative of this independent principality, for such it seems to have been, though acknowledging occasionally the preëminence of the Scottish Crown, was, at the period of the poem, Angus, called Angus Og; but the name has been, *euphoniæ gratia*, exchanged for that of Ronald, which frequently occurs in the genealogy. Angus was a protector of Robert Bruce, whom he received in his castle of Dunnaverty, during the time of his greatest distress. As I shall be equally liable to censure for attempting to decide a controversy which has long existed between three distinguished chieftains of this family, who have long disputed the representation of the Lord of the Isles, or for leaving a question of such importance altogether untouched, I choose, in the first place, to give such information as I have been able to derive from Highland genealogists, and which, for those who have patience to investigate such subjects, really contains some curious information concerning the history of the Isles. In the second place, I shall offer a few remarks upon the rules of succession at that period, without pretending to decide their bearing upon the question at issue, which must depend upon evidence which I have had no opportunity to examine.

'Angus Og,' says an ancient manuscript translated from the Gaelic, 'son of Angus Mor, son of Donald, son of Ronald, son

of Somerled, high chief and superior Lord of Innisgall (or the Isles of the Gael, the general name given to the Hebrides), he married a daughter of Cumbui, namely, Cathan; she was mother to John, son of Angus, and with her came an unusual portion from Ireland, viz. twenty-four clans, of whom twenty-four families in Scotland are descended. Angus had another son, namely, young John Fraoch, whose descendants are called Clan-Ean of Glencoe, and the MacDonalds of Fraoch. This Angus Og died in Isla, where his body was interred. His son John succeeded to the inheritance of Innisgall. He had good descendants, namely, three sons procreate of Ann, daughter of Rodric, high chief of Lorn, and one daughter, Mary, married to John Maclean, Laird of Duart, and Lauchlan, his brother, Laird of Coll; she was interred in the church of the Black Nuns. The eldest sons of John were Ronald, Godfrey, and Angus. . . . He gave Ronald a great inheritance. These were the lands which he gave him, viz., from Kilcumin in Abertarf to the river Seil, and from thence to Beilli, north of Eig and Rum, and the two Uists, and from thence to the foot of the river Glaichan, and threescore long ships. John married afterwards Margaret Stewart, daughter to Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, called John Fernyear; she bore him three good sons, Donald of the Isles, the heir, John the Tainister (i.e., Thane), the second son, and Alexander Carrach. John had another son called Marcus, of whom the clan Macdonald of Cnoc, in Tirowen, are descended. This John lived long, and made donations to Icolumkill; he covered the chapel of Eorsay-Elan, the chapel of Finlagam, and the chapel of the Isle of Tsuibhne, and gave the proper furniture for the service of God, upholding the clergy and monks; he built or repaired the church of the Holy Cross immediately before his death. He died at his own castle of Ardtorinish, many priests and monks took the sacrament at his funeral, and they embalmed the body of this dear man, and brought it to Icolumkill; the abbot, monks, and vicar, came as they ought to meet the King of Fiongal,[1] and out of great

[1] Western Isles and adjacent coast.

respect to his memory mourned eight days and nights over it, and laid it in the same grave with his father, in the church of Oran, 1380.

'Ronald, son of John, was chief ruler of the Isles in his father's lifetime, and was old in the government at his father's death.

'He assembled the gentry of the Isles, brought the sceptre from Kildonan in Eig, and delivered it to his brother Donald, who was thereupon called MacDonald, and Donald Lord of the Isles,[1] contrary to the opinion of the men of the Isles.

'Ronald, son of John, son of Angus Og, was a great supporter of the church and clergy; his descendants are called Clanronald. He gave the lands of Tiruma, in Uist, to the minister of it for ever, for the honour of God and Columkill; he was proprietor of all the lands of the north along the coast and the isles; he died in the year of Christ 1386, in his own mansion of Castle Tirim, leaving five children. Donald of the Isles, son of John, son of Angus Og, the brother of Ronald, took possession of Inisgall by the consent of his brother and the gentry thereof; they were all obedient to him: he married Mary Lesley, daughter to the Earl of Ross, and by her came the earldom of Ross to the MacDonalds. After his succession to that earldom, he was called MacDonald, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross. There are many things written of him in other places.

'He fought the battle of Garioch (i.e., Harlaw) against Duke Murdoch, the governor, the Earl of Mar commanded the army, in support of his claim to the earldom of Ross: which was ceded to him by King James the First, after his release from the King of England, and Duke Murdoch, his two sons and retainers, were beheaded: he gave lands in Mull and Isla to the minister of Hi, and every privilege which the minister of Iona had formerly, besides vessels of gold and silver to Columkill for the monastery, and became himself one of the fraternity. He left issue, a lawful heir to Innisgall and Ross, namely, Alexander, the son of Donald: he died in Isla, and his body was interred in the south side of the temple of Oran. Alexander, called John

[1] Innisgal.

of the Isles, son of Alexander of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles. Angus, the third son of John, son of Angus Og, married the daughter of John, the son of Allan, which connexion caused some disagreement betwixt the two families about their marches and division of lands, the one party adhering to Angus, and the other to John: the differences increased so much, that John obtained from Allan all the lands betwixt "Abhan Fahda" (i.e., the long river) and "old na sionnach" (i.e., the fox-burn brook), in the upper part of Cantyre. Allan went to the king to complain of his son-in-law; in a short time thereafter, there happened to be a great meeting about this young Angus's lands to the north of Inverness, where he was murdered by his own harper MacCairbre, by cutting his throat with a long knife. He[1] lived a year thereafter, and many of those concerned were delivered up to the king. Angus's wife was pregnant at the time of his murder, and she bore him a son who was named Donald, and called Donald Du. He was kept in confinement until he was thirty years of age, when he was released by the men of Glenco, by the strong hand. After this enlargement, he came to the Isles, and convened the gentry thereof. There happened great feuds betwixt these families while Donald Du was in confinement, insomuch that MacCean of Ardnamurchan destroyed the greatest part of the posterity of John Mor of the Isles and Cantyre. For John Cathanach, son of John, son of Donald Balloch, son of John Mor, son of John, son of Angus Og (the chief of the descendants of John Mor), and John Mor, son of John Cathanach, and young John, son of John Cathanach, and young Donald Balloch, son of John Cathanach, were treacherously taken by MacCean in the island of Finlagan, in Isla, and carried to Edinburgh, where he got them hanged at the Burrow-Muir, and their bodies were buried in the church of St. Anthony, called the New Church. There were none left alive at that time of the children of John Cathanach, except Alexander, the son of John Cathanach, and Agnes Flach, who concealed themselves in the glens of Ireland. MacCean, hearing of their hiding-

[1] The murderer, I presume, not the man who was murdered.

places, went to cut down the woods of these glens, in order to destroy Alexander, and extirpate the whole race. At length MacCean and Alexander met, were reconciled, and a marriage alliance took place; Alexander married MacCean's daughter, and she brought him good children. The MacDonalds of the north had also descendants; for, after the death of John, Lord of the Isles, and Earl of Ross, and the murder of Angus, Alexander, the son of Archibald, the son of Alexander of the Isles, took possession, and John was in possession of the earldom of Ross, and the north bordering country; he married a daughter of the Earl of Moray, of whom some of the men of the north had descended. The MacKenzies rose against Alexander, and fought the battle called "Blar na Paire." Alexander had only a few of the men of Ross at the battle. He went after that battle to take possession of the Isles, and sailed in a ship to the south to see if he could find any of the posterity of John Mor alive, to rise along with him; but MacCean of Ardnamurchan watched him as he sailed past, followed him to Oransay and Colonsay, went to the house where he was, and he and Alexander, son of John Cathanach, murdered him there.

'A good while after these things fell out, Donald Galda, son of Alexander, son of Archibald, became major; he, with the advice and direction of the Earl of Moray, came to the Isles, and MacLeod of the Lewis, and many of the gentry of the Isles, rose with him: they went by the promontory of Ardnamurchan, where they met Alexander, the son of John Cathanach, were reconciled to him, he joined his men with theirs against MacCean of Ardnamurchan, came upon him at a place called the Silver Craig, where he and his three sons, and a great number of his people, were killed, and Donald Galda was immediately declared MacDonald: And, after the affair of Ardnamurchan, all the men of the Isles yielded to him, but he did not live above seven or eight weeks after it; he died at Carnaborg, in Mull, without issue. He had three sisters, daughters of Alexander, son of Archibald, who were portioned in the north upon the continent, but the earldom of Ross was kept for them. Alex-

ander, the son of Archibald, had a natural son, called John Cam, of whom is descended Achnacoichan, in Ramoeh, and Donald Gorm, son of Ronald, son of Alexander Duson, of John Cam. Donald Du, son of Angus, son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles, son of John of the Isles, son of Angus Og, namely, the true heir of the Isles and Ross, came after his release from captivity to the Isles, and convened the men thereof, and he and the Earl of Lennox agreed to raise a great army for the purpose of taking possession, and a ship came from England with a supply of money to carry on the war, which landed at Mull, and the money was given to MacLean of Duart to be distributed among the commanders of the army, which they not receiving in proportion as it should have been distributed among them, caused the army to disperse, which, when the Earl of Lennox heard, he disbanded his own men, and made it up with the King. MacDonald went to Ireland to raise men, but he died on his way to Dublin, at Drogheda, of a fever, without issue of either sons or daughters.'

In this history may be traced, though the Bard, or Seannachie, touches such a delicate discussion with a gentle hand, the point of difference between the three principal septs descended from the Lords of the Isles. The first question, and one of no easy solution, where so little evidence is produced, respects the nature of the connexion of John, called by the Archdean of the Isles 'the Good John of Ila,' and 'the last Lord of the Isles,' with Anne, daughter of Roderick MacDougal, high chief of Lorn. In the absence of positive evidence, presumptive must be resorted to, and I own it appears to render it in the highest degree improbable that this connexion was otherwise than legitimate. In the wars between David II and Edward Baliol, John of the Isles espoused the Baliol interest, to which he was probably determined by his alliance with Roderick of Lorn, who was, from every family predilection, friendly to Baliol and hostile to Bruce. It seems absurd to suppose, that between two chiefs of the same descent, and nearly equal power and rank

(though the MacDougals had been much crushed by Robert Bruce), such a connexion should have been that of concubinage; and it appears more likely that the tempting offer of an alliance with the Bruce family, when they had obtained the decided superiority in Scotland, induced 'the good John of Ila,' to disinherit, to a certain extent, his eldest son Ronald, who came of a stock so unpopular as the MacDougals, and to call to his succession his younger family, born of Margaret Stuart, daughter of Robert, afterwards King of Scotland. The setting aside of this elder branch of his family, was most probably a condition of his new alliance, and his being received into favour with the dynasty he had always opposed. Nor were the laws of succession at this early period so clearly understood as to bar such transactions. The numerous and strange claims set up to the crown of Scotland, when vacant by the death of Alexander III, make it manifest how very little the indefeasible hereditary right of primogeniture was valued at that period. In fact, the title of the Bruces themselves to the crown, though justly the most popular, when assumed with the determination of asserting the independence of Scotland, was, upon pure principle, greatly inferior to that of Baliol. For Bruce, the competitor, claimed as son of Isabella, *second* daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon; and John Baliol, as grandson of Margaret, the elder daughter of that same earl. So that the plea of Bruce was founded upon the very loose idea, that as the great grandson of David I, King of Scotland, and the nearest collateral relation of Alexander III, he was entitled to succeed in exclusion of the great great grandson of the same David, though by an elder daughter. This maxim savoured of the ancient practice of Scotland, which often called a brother to succeed to the crown as nearer in blood than a grand-child, or even a son of a deceased monarch. But, in truth, the maxims of inheritance in Scotland were sometimes departed from at periods when they were much more distinctly understood. Such a transposition took place in the family of Hamilton, in 1513, when the descendants of James, third Lord, by Lady Janet Home, were set aside, with an appanage of great

value indeed, in order to call to the succession those which he had by a subsequent marriage with Janet Beatoun. In short, many other examples might be quoted to show that the question of legitimacy is not always determined by the fact of succession; and there seems reason to believe that Ronald, descendant of 'John of Ila,' by Ann of Lorn, was legitimate, and therefore Lord of the Isles *de jure*, though *de facto* his younger half-brother Donald, son of his father's second marriage with the Princess of Scotland, superseded him in his right, and apparently by his own consent. From this Donald so preferred is descended the family of Sleat, now Lords MacDonald. On the other hand, from Ronald, the excluded heir, upon whom a very large appanage was settled, descended the chiefs of Glengary and Clanronald, each of whom had large possessions, and a numerous vassalage, and boasted a long descent of warlike ancestry. Their common ancestor Ronald was murdered by the Earl of Ross, at the Monastery of Elcho, A.D. 1346. I believe it has been subject of fierce dispute, whether Donald, who carried on the line of Glengary, or Allan of Moidart, the ancestor of the captains of Clanronald, was the eldest son of Ronald, the son of John of Isla. A humble Lowlander may be permitted to waive the discussion, since a Sennachie of no small note, who wrote in the sixteenth century, expresses himself upon this delicate topic in the following words: —

'I have now given you an account of every thing you can expect of the descendants of the clan Colla, (i.e., the MacDonalds,) to the death of Donald Du at Drogheda, namely, the true line of those who possessed the Isles, Ross, and the mountainous countries of Scotland. It was Donald, the son of Angus, that was killed at Inverness, by his (own harper Mac-i'Cairbre,) son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander, son of Donald, son of John, son of Angus Og. And I know not which of his kindred or relations is the true heir, except these five sons of John, the son of Angus Og, whom I here set down for you, namely, Ronald and Godfrey, the two sons of the daughter of MacDonald of Lorn, and Donald and John Mor, and Alexander Carrach,

the three sons of Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert Stewart, King of Scotland.' (*Leabhar Dearg.*)

Note 74, p. 242

The House of Lorn, as we observed in a former note, was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew, in 1164. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyleshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of MacDougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the Middle Ages. The Lord of Lorn, who flourished during the wars of Bruce, was Allaster (or Alexander) MacDougal, called Allaster of Argyle. He had married the third daughter of John, called the Red Comyn,[1] who was slain by Bruce in the Dominican Church at Dumfries, and hence he was a mortal enemy of that prince, and more than once reduced him to great straits during the early and distressed period of his reign, as we shall have repeated occasion to notice. Bruce, when he began to obtain an ascendency in Scotland, took the first opportunity in his power to requite these injuries. He marched into Argyleshire to lay waste the country. John of Lorn, son of the chieftain, was posted with his followers in the formidable pass between Dalmally and Bunawe. It is a narrow path along the verge of the huge and precipitous mountain, called Cruachan-Ben, and guarded on the other side by a precipice overhanging Loch Awe. The pass seems to the eye of a soldier as strong, as it is

[1] The aunt, according to Lord Hailes. But the genealogy is distinctly given by Wyntoun: —

> The thryd douchtyr of Red Cwmyn,
> Alysawndyr of Argayle syne
> Tuk, and weddyt til hys wyf,
> And on hyr he gat in-til hys lyfe
> Jhon of Lorne, the quhilk gat
> Ewyn of Lorne eftyr that.
>
> Wyntoun's *Chronicle*, book VIII, chap. VI, l. 206.

wild and romantic to that of an ordinary traveller. But the skill of Bruce had anticipated this difficulty. While his main body, engaged in a skirmish with the men of Lorn, detained their attention to the front of their position, James of Douglas, with Sir Alexander Fraser, Sir William Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Grey, ascended the mountain with a select body of archery, and obtained possession of the heights which commanded the pass. A volley of arrows descending upon them directly warned the Argyleshire men of their perilous situation, and their resistance, which had hitherto been bold and manly, was changed into a precipitate flight. The deep and rapid river of Awe was then (we learn the fact from Barbour with some surprise) crossed by a bridge. This bridge the mountaineers attempted to demolish, but Bruce's followers were too close upon their rear; they were therefore, without refuge and defence, and were dispersed with great slaughter. John of Lorn, suspicious of the event, had early betaken himself to the galleys which he had upon the lake; but the feelings which Barbour assigns to him, while witnessing the rout and slaughter of his followers, exculpate him from the charge of cowardice.

> To Jhone off Lorne it suld displese
> I trow, quhen he his men mycht se,
> Owte off his schippis fra the se,
> Be slayne and chassyt in the hill,
> That he mycht set na help thar till.
> Bot it angrys als gretumly,
> To gud hartis that ar worthi,
> To se thair fayis fulfill thair will
> As to thaim selff to thole the ill. — Book VII, v. 394.

After this decisive engagement, Bruce laid waste Argyleshire, and besieged Dunstaffnage Castle, on the western shore of Lorn, compelled it to surrender, and placed in that principal stronghold of the MacDougals a garrison and governor of his own. The elder MacDougal, now wearied with the contest, submitted to the victor; but his son, 'rebellious,' says Barbour, 'as he wont to be,' fled to England by sea. When the wars between the Bruce and Baliol factions again broke out in the reign of David II, the Lords of Lorn were again found upon the losing side,

owing to their hereditary enmity to the house of Bruce. Accordingly, upon the issue of that contest, they were deprived by David II and his successor of by far the greater part of their extensive territories, which were conferred upon Stewart, called the Knight of Lorn. The house of MacDougal continued, however, to survive the loss of power, and affords a very rare, if not a unique, instance of a family of such unlimited power, and so distinguished during the Middle Ages, surviving the decay of their grandeur, and flourishing in a private station. The Castle of Dunolly, near Oban, with its dependencies, was the principal part of what remained to them, with their right of chieftainship over the families of their name and blood. These they continued to enjoy until the year 1715, when the representative incurred the penalty of forfeiture, for his accession to the insurrection of that period; thus losing the remains of his inheritance, to replace upon the throne the descendants of those princes, whose accession his ancestors had opposed at the expense of their feudal grandeur. The estate was, however, restored about 1745, to the father of the present proprietor, whom family experience had taught the hazard of interfering with the established government, and who remained quiet upon that occasion. He therefore regained his property when many Highland chiefs lost theirs.

Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly. The ruins are situated upon a bold and precipitous promontory, overhanging Loch Etive, and distant about a mile from the village and port of Oban. The principal part which remains is the donjon or keep; but fragments of other buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it had been once a place of importance, as large apparently as Artornish or Dunstaffnage. These fragments enclose a courtyard, of which the keep probably formed one side; the entrance being by a steep ascent from the neck of the isthmus, formerly cut across by a moat, and defended doubtless by outworks and a drawbridge. Beneath the castle stands the present mansion of the family, having on the one hand Loch Etive, with its islands and mountains, on the other two romantic eminences tufted with

copsewood. There are other accompaniments suited to the scene; in particular, a huge upright pillar, or detached fragment of that sort of rock called plum-pudding stone, upon the shore about a quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called 'Clachna-cau,' or the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran. Others say, that when the Lord of the Isles came upon a visit to the Lord of Lorn, the dogs brought for his sport were kept beside this pillar. Upon the whole, a more delightful and romantic spot can scarce be conceived; and it receives a moral interest from the considerations attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life. It is at present possessed by Patrick MacDougal, Esq., the lineal and undisputed representative of the ancient Lords of Lorn. The heir of Dunolly fell lately in Spain, fighting under the Duke of Wellington, — a death well becoming his ancestry.

Note 75, p. 250

The phenomenon called by sailors 'Sea-Fire' is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting upon the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness. These phosphoric appearances, concerning the origin of which naturalists are not agreed in opinion, seem to be called into action by the rapid motion of the ship through the water, and are probably owing to the water being saturated with fish-spawn, or other animal substances. They remind one strongly of the description of the sea-snakes in Mr. Coleridge's wild, but highly poetical ballad of the *Ancient Mariner:* —

> Beyond the shadow of the ship
> I watch'd the water-snakes,
> They moved in tracks of shining white,
> And when they rear'd, the elvish light
> Fell off in hoary flakes.

Note 76, p. 252

The fortress of a Hebridean chief was almost always on the sea-shore, for the facility of communication which the ocean afforded. Nothing can be more wild than the situations which they chose, and the devices by which the architects endeavoured to defend them. Narrow stairs and arched vaults were the usual mode of access; and the drawbridge appears at Dunstaffnage, and elsewhere, to have fallen from the gate of the building to the top of such a staircase; so that any one advancing with hostile purpose, found himself in a state of exposed and precarious elevation, with a gulf between him and the object of his attack.

These fortresses were guarded with equal care. The duty of the watch devolved chiefly upon an officer called the Cockman, who had the charge of challenging all who approached the castle. The very ancient family of MacNiel of Barra kept this attendant at their castle about a hundred years ago. Martin gives the following account of the difficulty which attended his procuring entrance there: 'The little island Kismul lies about a quarter of a mile from the south of this isle (Barra); it is the seat of Mackneil of Barra; there is a stone wall round it two stories high, reaching the sea; and within the wall there is an old tower and an hall, with other houses about it. There is a little magazine in the tower, to which no stranger has access. I saw the officer called the Cockman, and an old cock he is; when I bid him ferry me over the water to the island, he told me that he was but an inferior officer, his business being to attend in the tower; but if (says he) the constable, who then stood on the wall, will give you access, I'll ferry you over. I desired him to procure me the constable's permission, and I would reward him; but having waited some hours for the constable's answer, and not receiving any, I was obliged to return without seeing this famous fort. Mackneil and his lady being absent, was the cause of this difficulty, and of my not seeing the place. I was told some weeks after, that the constable was very

apprehensive of some design I might have in viewing the fort, and thereby to expose it to the conquest of a foreign power; of which I supposed there was no great cause of fear.'

NOTE 77, p. 260

Sir Egidius, or Giles de Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxemburg with such high reputation, that he was, in popular estimation, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fame assigned precedence over him were, Henry of Luxemburg himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slain two antagonists in each engagement: — an easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two Pagan dogs. His death corresponded with his high character. With Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, he was appointed to attend immediately upon the person of Edward II at Bannockburn. When the day was utterly lost they forced the king from the field. De Argentine saw the king safe from immediate danger, and then took his leave of him; 'God be with you, sir,' he said, 'it is not my wont to fly.' So saying, he turned his horse, cried his war-cry, plunged into the midst of the combatants, and was slain. Baston, a rhyming monk who had been brought by Edward to celebrate his expected triumph, and who was compelled by the victors to compose a poem on his defeat, mentions with some feeling the death of Sir Giles de Argentine: —

> Nobilis Argenten, pugil inclyte, dulcis Egidi,
> Vix scieram mentem cum te succumbere vidi.

'The first line mentions the three chief requisites of a true knight, noble birth, valour, and courteousness. Few Leonine couplets can be produced that have so much sentiment. I wish that I could have collected more ample memorials concerning a character altogether different from modern manners. Sir Giles d'Argentine was a hero of romance in real life.' So observes the excellent Lord Hailes.

Note 78, p. 261

A Hebridean drinking-cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the Castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of MacLeod of MacLeod, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The horn of Rorie More, preserved in the same family, and recorded by Dr. Johnson, is not to be compared with this piece of antiquity, which is one of the greatest curiosities in Scotland. The following is a pretty accurate description of its shape and dimensions, but cannot, I fear, be perfectly understood without a drawing.

This very curious piece of antiquity is nine inches and three quarters in inside depth, and ten and a half in height on the outside, the extreme measure over the lips being four inches and a half. The cup is divided into two parts by a wrought ledge, beautifully ornamented, about three-fourths of an inch in breadth. Beneath this ledge the shape of the cup is rounded off, and terminates in a flat circle, like that of a teacup; four short feet support the whole. Above the projecting ledge the shape of the cup is nearly square, projecting outward at the brim. The cup is made of wood (oak to all appearance), but most curiously wrought and embossed with silver work, which projects from the vessel. There are a number of regular projecting sockets, which appear to have been set with stones; two or three of them still hold pieces of coral, the rest are empty. At the four corners of the projecting ledge, or cornice, are four sockets, much larger, probably for pebbles or precious stones. The workmanship of the silver is extremely elegant, and appears to have been highly gilded. The ledge, brim, and legs of the cup, are of silver. The family tradition bears that it was the property of Neil Ghlunedhu, or Black-knee. But who this Neil was, no one pretends to say. Around the edge of the cup is a legend, perfectly legible, in the Saxon black-letter, which seems to run thus: —

Afo : Johis : Mich : ‖ Mgn : pncipis : De : ‖
Yr : Manae : Mich : ‖ Liabia : Mgrgneil : ‖
Et : Spat : Do : Ihu : Da : ‖ Clea : Illdra Ipa : ‖
Fecit : Ano : Di : Ir : 930 Onili : Oimi : ‖

The inscription may run thus at length: *Ufo Johanis Mich Magni Principis de Hr Manae Vich Liahia Magryneil et sperat Domino Ihesu dari clementiam illorum opera. Fecit Anno Domini 993 Onili Oimi.* Which may run in English: Ufo, the son of John, the son of Magnus, Prince of Man, the grandson of Liahia Macgryneil, trusts in the Lord Jesus that their works (i.e., his own and those of his ancestors) will obtain mercy. Oneil Oimi made this in the year of God nine hundred and ninety-three.

But this version does not include the puzzling letters HR before the word Manae. Within the mouth of the cup the letters Ihs. (Jesus) are repeated four times. From this and other circumstances it would seem to have been a chalice. This circumstance may perhaps account for the use of the two Arabic numerals 93. These figures were introduced by Pope Sylvester, A.D. 991, and might be used in a vessel formed for church service so early as 993. The workmanship of the whole cup is extremely elegant, and resembles, I am told, antiques of the same nature preserved in Ireland.

The cups, thus elegantly formed, and highly valued, were by no means utensils of mere show. Martin gives the following account of the festivals of his time, and I have heard similar instances of brutality in the Lowlands at no very distant period.

'The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the Isles is called in their language Streah, i.e., a Round; for the company sat in a circle, the cup-bearer fill'd the drink round to them, and all was drank out, whatever the liquor was, whether strong or weak; they continued drinking sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours: It was reckoned a piece of manhood to drink until they became drunk, and there were two men with a barrow attending punctually on such occasions. They stood at the door until some became drunk, and they carry'd them upon the barrow to bed, and returned again to their post as long as any continued fresh, and so carried off the whole company, one by one, as they became drunk. Several of my acquaintance have been witnesses to this custom of drinking, but it is now abolished.'

This savage custom was not entirely done away within this

last generation. I have heard of a gentleman who happened to be a water-drinker, and was permitted to abstain from the strong potations of the company. The bearers carried away one man after another, till no one was left but this Scottish Mirglip. They then came to do him the same good office, which, however, he declined as unnecessary, and proposed to walk to his bedroom. It was a permission he could not obtain. Never such a thing had happened, they said, in the castle! that it was impossible but he must require their assistance, at any rate he must submit to receive it; and carried him off in the barrow accordingly. A classical penalty was sometimes imposed on those who baulked the rules of good fellowship by evading their share of the banquet. The same author continues: —

'Among persons of distinction it was reckoned an affront put upon any company to broach a piece of wine, ale, or aquavitæ, and not to see it all drank out at one meeting. If any man chance to go out from the company, though but for a few minutes, he is obliged, upon his return, and before he take his seat, to make an apology for his absence in rhyme; which if he cannot perform, he is liable to such a share of the reckoning as the company thinks fit to impose: which custom obtains in many places still, and is called Bianchiz Bard, which, in their language, signifies the poet's congratulating the company.'

Few cups were better, at least more actively, employed in the rude hospitality of the period, than those of Dunvegan; one of which we have just described. There is in the Leabhar Dearg, a song, intimating the overflowing gratitude of a bard of Clan-Ronald, after the exuberance of a Hebridean festival at the patriarchal fortress of MacLeod. The translation being obviously very literal, has greatly flattened, as I am informed, the enthusiastic gratitude of the ancient bard; and it must be owned that the works of Homer or Virgil, to say nothing of MacVuirich, might have suffered by their transfusion through such a medium. It is pretty plain, that when the tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of Rorie More had not been inactive.

Upon Sir Roderic Mor Macleod, by Niall Mor Mac Vuirich.

'The six nights I remained in the Dunvegan, it was not a show of hospitality I met with there, but a plentiful feast in thy fair hall among thy numerous host of heroes.

'The family placed all around under the protection of their great chief, raised by his prosperity and respect for his warlike feats, now enjoying the company of his friends at the feast, — Amidst the sound of harps, overflowing cups, and happy youth unaccustomed to guile, or feud, partaking of the generous fare by a flaming fire.

'Mighty Chief, liberal to all in your princely mansion, filled with your numerous warlike host, whose generous wine would overcome the hardiest heroes, yet we continued to enjoy the feast, so happy our host, so generous our fare.' (*Translated by D. MacIntosh.*)

It would be unpardonable in a modern bard, who has experienced the hospitality of Dunvegan Castle in the present day, to omit paying his own tribute of gratitude for a reception more elegant indeed, but not less kindly sincere, than Sir Roderick More himself could have afforded. But Johnson has already described a similar scene in the same ancient patriarchal residence of the Lords of MacLeod: 'Whatever is imaged in the wildest tales, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried, amidst his terror and uncertainty, to the hospitality and elegance of Raasay or Dunvegan.'

NOTE 79, p. 263

The Sewer, to whom, rather than the Seneschal, the office of arranging the guests of an island chief appertained, was an officer of importance in the family of a Hebridean chief. 'Every family had commonly two stewards, which, in their language, were called Marischal Tach: the first of these served always at

home, and was obliged to be versed in the pedigree of all the tribes in the isles, and in the highlands of Scotland; for it was his province to assign every man at table his seat according to his quality; and this was done without one word speaking, only by drawing a score with a white rod, which this Marischal had in his hand, before the person who was bid by him to sit down: and this was necessary to prevent disorder and contention; and though the Marischal might sometimes be mistaken, the master of the family incurred no censure by such an escape; but this custom has been laid aside of late. They had also cup-bearers, who always filled and carried the cup round the company, and he himself always drank off the first draught. They had likewise purse-masters, who kept their money. Both these officers had an hereditary right to their office in writing, and each of them had a town and land for his service: some of those rights I have seen fairly written on good parchment.' (Martin's *Western Isles.*)

NOTE 80, p. 265

It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dumfries, and asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the English and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of the Scottish barons, but his authority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year 'a summer king, but not a winter one.' On the 29th March, 1306, he was crowned king at Scone. Upon the 19th June, in the same year, he was totally defeated at Methven, near Perth; and his most important adherents, with few exceptions, were either executed or compelled to embrace the English interest, for safety of their lives and fortunes. After this disaster, his life was that of an outlaw, rather than a candidate for monarchy. He separated himself from the females of his retinue, whom he sent for safety to the Castle of Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire, where they afterward became captives to

England. From Aberdeenshire, Bruce retreated to the mountainous parts of Breadalbane, and approached the borders of Argyleshire. There, as mentioned in Note 74, and more fully in Note 81, he was defeated by the Lord of Lorn, who had assumed arms against him in revenge of the death of his relative, John the Red Comyn. Escaped from this peril, Bruce, with his few attendants, subsisted by hunting and fishing, until the weather compelled them to seek better sustenance and shelter than the Highland mountains afforded. With great difficulty they crossed, from Rowardennan probably, to the western banks of Lochlomond, partly in a miserable boat, and partly by swimming. The valiant and loyal Earl of Lennox, to whose territories they had now found their way, welcomed them with tears, but was unable to assist them to make an effectual head. The Lord of the Isles, then in possession of great part of Cantyre, received the fugitive monarch and future restorer of his country's independence, in his Castle of Dunnaverty, in that district. But treason, says Barbour, was so general, that the King durst not abide there. Accordingly, with the remnant of his followers, Bruce embarked for Rath-Erin, or Rachrine, the Recina of Ptolemy, a small island, lying almost opposite to the shores of Ballycastle, on the coast of Ireland. The islanders at first fled from their new and armed guests, but upon some explanation submitted themselves to Bruce's sovereignty. He resided among them until the approach of spring, [1306,] when he again returned to Scotland, with the desperate resolution to reconquer his kingdom, or perish in the attempt. The progress of his success, from its commencement to its completion, forms the brightest period in Scottish history.

Note 81, p. 266

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, endeavoured, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of

Perthshire into the Argyleshire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed, after a very severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. Bruce's personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the MacDougals of Lorn, that their chieftain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men: that MacDougal was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigour of mind, and would have been slain on the spot, had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms MacKeoch, rescued him, by seizing the mantle of the monarch, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce rid himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubted battle-axe, but was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorn, that he was forced to abandon the mantle, and broach which fastened it, clasped in the dying grasp of the MacKeochs. A studded broach, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of MacDougal, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary residence.

The metrical history of Barbour throws an air of credibility upon the tradition, although it does not entirely coincide either in the names or number of the vassals by whom Bruce was assailed, and makes no mention of the personal danger of Lorn, or of the loss of Bruce's mantle. The last circumstance, indeed, might be warrantably omitted.

According to Barbour, the King, with his handful of followers, not amounting probably to three hundred men, encountered Lorn with about a thousand Argyleshire men, in Glen-Douchart, at the head of Breadalbane, near Teyndrum. The place of action is still called Dalry, or the King's Field. The field of battle was unfavourable to Bruce's adherents, who were chiefly men-at-arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long pole-axes, of which the Argyleshire Scottish had learned the use from the Norwegians. At length Bruce commanded a retreat up a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and

repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturous assailants. Lorn, observing the skill and valour used by his enemy in protecting the retreat of his followers, 'Methinks, Murthokson,' said he, addressing one of his followers, 'he resembles Gol Mak-morn, protecting his followers from Fingal.' 'A most unworthy comparison,' observes the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, unsuspicious of the future fame of these names; 'he might with more propriety have compared the King to Sir Gaudefer de Layrs, protecting the foragers of Gadyrs against the attacks of Alexander.'[1] Two brothers, the strongest among Lorn's followers, whose names Barbour calls Mackyn-Drosser (interpreted Durward, or Porterson), resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe. A third person (perhaps the MacKeoch of the family tradition) associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between a lake (Loch Dochart probably) and a precipice, where the King, who was the last of the party, had scarce room to manage his steed. Here his three foes sprung upon him at once. One seized his bridle, but received a wound which hewed off his arm; a second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and leg, and endeavoured to dismount him, but the King, putting spurs to his horse, threw him down, still holding by the stirrup. The third, taking advantage of an acclivity, sprung up behind him upon his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal strength is uniformly mentioned as exceeding that of most men, extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and cleft his skull with his sword. By similar exertion he drew the stirrup from his grasp whom he had overthrown, and killed him also with his sword as he lay among the horse's feet. The story seems romantic, but this was the age of romantic exploit; and it must be remembered that Bruce was armed cap-a-pie, and the

[1] 'This is a very curious passage, and has been often quoted in the Ossianic controversy. That it refers to ancient Celtic tradition, there can be no doubt, and as little that it refers to no incident in the poems published by Mr. Macpherson as from the Gaelic. The hero of romance, whom Barbour thinks a more proper prototype for the Bruce, occurs in the romance of Alexander, of which there is a unique translation into Scottish verse, in the library of the Honourable Mr. Maule of Panmure.' (See Weber's *Romances*, I, Appendix to Introduction, lxxiii.)

assailants were half-clad mountaineers. Barbour adds the following circumstance, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry. MacNaughton, a Baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valour which Bruce performed in this memorable retreat, with the highest expressions of admiration. 'It seems to give thee pleasure,' said Lorn, 'that he makes such havoc among our friends.' 'Not so, by my faith,' replied MacNaughton; 'but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour; and never have I heard of one, who, by his knightly feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce.'

NOTE 82, p. 266

Great art and expense was bestowed upon the *fibula*, or broach, which secured the plaid, when the wearer was a person of importance. Martin mentions having seen a silver broach of a hundred marks value. 'It was broad as any ordinary pewter plate, the whole curiously engraven with various animals, etc. There was a lesser buckle, which was wore in the middle of the larger, and above two ounces weight; it had in the centre a large piece of crystal, or some finer stone, and this was set all round with several finer stones of a lesser size.' (*Western Islands.*) Pennant has given an engraving of such a broach as Martin describes, and the workmanship of which is very elegant. It is said to have belonged to the family of Lochbuy. (See Pennant's *Tour*, III, 14.)

NOTE 83, p. 268

The gallant Sir James, called the Good Lord Douglas, the most faithful and valiant of Bruce's adherents, was wounded at the battle of Dalry. Sir Nigel, or Niel Campbell, was also in that unfortunate skirmish. He married Marjorie, sister to Robert Bruce, and was among his most faithful followers. In a manuscript account of the house of Argyle, supplied, it would seem, as materials for Archbishop Spottiswoode's History of

the Church of Scotland, I find the following passage concerning Sir Niel Campbell: 'Moreover, when all the nobles in Scotland had left King Robert after his hard success, yet this noble knight was most faithful, and shrinked not, as it is to be seen in an indenture bearing these words: "Memorandum quod cum ab incarnatione Domini *1308* conventum fuit et concordatum inter nobiles viros Dominum Alexandrum de Seatoun militem et Dominum Gilbertum de Haye militem et Dominum Nigellum Campbell militem apud monasterium de Cambuskenneth *9°* Septembris qui tacta sancta eucharista, magnoque juramento facto, jurarunt se debere libertatem regni et Robertum nuper regem coronatum contra omnes mortales Francos Anglos Scotos defendere usque ad ultimum terminum vitæ ipsorum." Their sealles are appended to the indenture in greene wax, togithir with the seal of Gulfrid, Abbot of Cambuskenneth.'

Note 84, p. 268

Every reader must recollect that the proximate cause of Bruce's asserting his right to the crown of Scotland, was the death of John, called the Red Comyn. The causes of this act of violence, equally extraordinary from the high rank both of the perpetrator and sufferer, and from the place where the slaughter was committed, are variously related by the Scottish and English historians, and cannot now be ascertained. The fact that they met at the high altar of the Minorites, or Greyfriars Church in Dumfries, that their difference broke out into high and insulting language, and that Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn, is certain. Rushing to the door of the church, Bruce met two powerful barons, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and James de Lindsay, who eagerly asked him what tidings? 'Bad tidings,' answered Bruce, 'I doubt I have slain Comyn.' 'Doubtest thou?' said Kirkpatrick; 'I make sicker' (i.e., sure). With these words, he and Lindsay rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded Comyn. The Kirkpatricks of Closeburn assumed, in memory of this deed, a hand holding a dagger,

with the memorable words, 'I make sicker.' Some doubt having been started by the late Lord Hailes as to the identity of the Kirkpatrick who completed this day's work with Sir Roger, then representative of the ancient family of Closeburn, my kind and ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Kirkpatricke Sharpe, has furnished me with the following memorandum, which appears to fix the deed with his ancestor: —

'The circumstances of the Regent Cummin's murder, from which the family of Kirkpatrick, in Nithsdale, is said to have derived its crest and motto, are well known to all conversant with Scottish history; but Lord Hailes has started a doubt as to the authenticity of this tradition, when recording the murder of Roger Kirkpatrick, in his own Castle of Caerlaverock, by Sir James Lindsay. "Fordun," says his Lordship, "remarks that Lindsay and Kirkpatrick were the heirs of the two men who accompanied Robert Brus at the fatal conference with Comyn. If Fordun was rightly informed as to this particular, an argument arises, in support of a notion which I have long entertained, that the person who struck his dagger in Comyn's heart, was *not* the representative of the honourable family of Kirkpatrick in Nithsdale. Roger de K. was made prisoner at the battle of Durham, in 1346. Roger de Kirkpatrick was alive on the 6th of August, 1357; for, on that day, Humphry, the son and heir of Roger de K., is proposed as one of the young gentlemen who were to be hostages for David Bruce. Roger de K. Miles was present at the Parliament held at Edinburgh, 25th September, 1357, and he is mentioned as alive 3d October, 1357, (*Fœdera;*) it follows, of necessary consequence, that Roger de K., murdered in June, 1357, must have been a different person." (*Annals of Scotland*, II, 242.)

'To this it may be answered, that at the period of the regent's murder, there were only *two* families of the name of Kirkpatrick (nearly allied to each other) in existence — Stephen Kirkpatrick, styled in the Chartulary of Kelso (1278) *Dominus villæ de Closeburn, Filius et hæres Domini Ade de Kirkpatrick, Militis* (whose father, Ivone de Kirkpatrick, witnesses a charter of

Robert Brus, Lord of Annandale, before the year 1141), had two sons, Sir Roger, who carried on the line of Closeburn, and Duncan, who married Isobel, daughter and heiress of Sir David Torthorwald of that Ilk; they had a charter of the lands of Torthorwald from King Robert Brus, dated 10th August, the year being omitted — Umphray, the son of Duncan and Isobel, got a charter of Torthorwald from the king, 16th July, 1322 — his son, Roger of Torthorwald, got a charter from John the Grahame, son of Sir John Grahame of Mosskessen, of an annual rent of 40 shillings, out of the lands of Overdryft, 1355 — his son, William Kirkpatrick, grants a charter to John of Garroch, of the twa merk land of Glengip and Garvellgill, within the tenement of Wamphray, 22d April, 1372. From this, it appears that the Torthorwald branch was not concerned in the affair of Comyn's murder, and the inflictions of Providence which ensued: Duncan Kirkpatrick, if we are to believe the Blind Minstrel, was the firm friend of Wallace, to whom he was related; —

> Ane Kyrk Patrick, that cruel was and keyne,
> In Esdaill wod that half yer he had beyne;
> With Ingliss men he couth nocht weyll accord,
> Off Torthorowald he Barron was and Lord,
> Off kyn he was, and Wallace modyr ner; etc.
>
> Book v, v. 920.

But this Baron seems to have had no share in the adventures of King Robert; the crest of his family, as it still remains on a carved stone built into a cottage wall, in the village of Torthorwald, bears some resemblance, says Grose, to a rose.

'Universal tradition, and all our later historians, have attributed the regent's death-blow to Sir Roger K. of Closeburn. The author of the MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates' Library, affirms, that the crest and motto were given by the king on that occasion; and proceeds to relate some circumstances respecting a grant to a cottager and his wife in the vicinity of Closeburn Castle, which are certainly authentic, and strongly vouch for the truth of the other report. "The steep hill" (says he), "called the Dune of Tynron, of a considerable

height, upon the top of which there hath been some habitation or fort. There have been in ancient times, on all hands of it, very thick woods, and great about that place, which made it the more inaccessible, into which K. Ro. Bruce is said to have been conducted by Roger Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, after they had killed the Cumin at Dumfriess, which is nine miles from this place, whereabout it is probable that he did abide for some time hereafter; and it is reported, that during his abode there, he did often divert to a poor man's cottage, named Brownrig, situate in a small parcel of stoney ground, incompassed with thick woods, where he was content sometimes with such mean accommodation as the place could afford. The poor man's wife being advised to petition the king for somewhat, was so modest in her desires, that she sought no more but security for the croft in her husband's possession, and a liberty of pasturage for a very few cattle of different kinds on the hill, and the rest of the bounds. Of which priviledge that ancient family, by the injury of time, hath a long time been, and is, deprived: but the croft continues in the possession of the heirs and successours lineally descended of this Brownrig and his wife; so that this family, being more ancient than rich, doth yet continue in the name, and, as they say, retains the old charter."' (MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh.)

NOTE 85, p. 268

These knights are enumerated by Barbour among the small number of Bruce's adherents, who remained in arms with him after the battle of Methven.

> With him was a bold baron,
> Schyr William the Baroundoun;
> . . . . . .
> Schyr Gilbert de la Haye alsua.

There were more than one of the noble family of Hay engaged in Bruce's cause; but the principal was Gilbert de la Haye, Lord of Errol, a stanch adherent to King Robert's interest, and whom

he rewarded by creating him hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, a title which he used 16th March, 1308, where, in a letter from the peers of Scotland to Philip the Fair of France, he is designed *Gilbertus de Hay Constabularius Scotiæ*. He was slain at the battle of Halidoun-Hill. Hugh de la Haye, his brother, was made prisoner at the battle of Methven.

NOTE 86, p. 269

The character of the Highland bards, however high in an earlier period of society, seems soon to have degenerated. The Irish affirm, that in their kindred tribes severe laws became necessary to restrain their avarice. In the Highlands they seem gradually to have sunk into contempt, as well as the orators, or men of speech, with whose office that of family poet was often united. 'The orators, in their language called Isdane, were in high esteem both in these islands and the continent; until within these forty years, they sat always among the nobles and chiefs of families in the streah, or circle. Their houses and little villages were sanctuaries, as well as churches, and they took place before doctors of physick. The orators, after the Druids were extinct, were brought in to preserve the genealogy of families, and to repeat the same at every succession of chiefs; and upon the occasion of marriages and births, they made epithalamiums and panegyricks, which the poet or bard pronounced. The orators, by the force of their eloquence, had a powerful ascendant over the greatest men in their time; for if any orator did but ask the habit, arms, horse, or any other thing belonging to the greatest man in these islands, it was readily granted them, sometimes out of respect, and sometimes for fear of being exclaimed against by a satyre, which, in those days, was reckoned a great dishonour. But these gentlemen becoming insolent, lost ever since both the profit and esteem which was formerly due to their character; for neither their panegyricks nor satyres are regarded to what they have been, and they are now allowed but a small salary. I must not omit to relate their way of study, which is

very singular: They shut their doors and windows for a day's time, and lie on their backs, with a stone upon their belly, and plads about their heads, and their eyes being covered, they pump their brains for rhetorical encomium or panegyrick; and indeed they furnish such a style from this dark cell as is understood by very few; and if they purchase a couple of horses as the reward of their meditation, they think they have done a great matter. The poet, or bard, had a title to the bridegroom's upper garb, that is, the plad and bonnet; but now he is satisfyed with what the bridegroom pleases to give him on such occasions.' (Martin's *Western Isles*.)

NOTE 87, p. 278

It was anciently customary in the Highlands to bring the bride to the house of the husband. Nay, in some cases the complaisance was stretched so far, she remained there upon trial for a twelvemonth; and the bridegroom, even after this period of cohabitation, retained an option of refusing to fulfil his engagement. It is said that a desperate feud ensued between the clans of MacDonald of Sleate and MacLeod, owing to the former chief having availed himself of this license to send back to Dunvegan a sister, or daughter of the latter. MacLeod, resenting the indignity, observed, that since there was no wedding bonfire, there should be one to solemnize the divorce. Accordingly, he burned and laid waste the territories of MacDonald, who retaliated, and a deadly feud, with all its accompaniments, took place in form.

NOTE 88, p. 279.

Stow gives the following curious account of the trial and execution of this celebrated patriot: 'William Wallace, who had oft-times set Scotland in great trouble, was taken and brought to London, with great numbers of men and women wondering upon him. He was lodged in the house of William Delect, a citizen of London, in Fenchurch Street. On the morrow, being the eve of St. Bartholomew, he was brought on horseback to

Westminster. John Legrave and Geffrey, knights, the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of London, and many others, both on horseback and on foot, accompanying him; and in the great hall at Westminster, he being placed on the south bench, crowned with laurel, for that he had said in times past that he ought to bear a crown in that hall, as it was commonly reported; and being appeached for a traitor by Sir Peter Malorie, the king's justice, he answered, that he was never traitor to the King of England; but for other things whereof he was accused he confessed them; and was after headed and quartered.' (Stow, *Chronicles*, p. 209.) There is something singularly doubtful about the mode in which Wallace was taken. That he was betrayed to the English is indubitable; and popular fame charges Sir John Menteith with the indelible infamy. 'Accursed,' says Arnold Blair, 'be the day of nativity of John de Menteith, and may his name be struck out of the book of life.' But John de Menteith was all along a zealous favourer of the English interest, and was governor of Dumbarton Castle by commission from Edward the First; and therefore, as the accurate Lord Hailes has observed, could not be the friend and confidant of Wallace, as tradition states him to be. The truth seems to be, that Menteith, thoroughly engaged in the English interest, pursued Wallace closely, and made him prisoner through the treachery of an attendant, whom Peter Langtoft calls Jack Short.

> William Waleis is nomen that master was of theves,
> Tiding to the king is comen that robbery mischeives,
> Sir John of Menetest sued William so nigh,
> He tok him when he ween'd least, on night, his leman him by,
> That was through treason of *Jack Short* his man,
> He was the encheson that Sir John so him ran,
> Jack's brother had he slain, the Walleis that is said,
> The more Jack was fain to do William that braid.

From this it would appear that the infamy of seizing Wallace, must rest between a degenerate Scottish nobleman, the vassal of England, and a domestic, the obscure agent of his treachery; between Sir John Menteith, son of Walter, Earl of Menteith, and the traitor Jack Short.

Note 89, p. 279

When these lines were written, the author was remote from the means of correcting his indistinct recollection concerning the individual fate of Bruce's followers, after the battle of Methven. Hugh de la Haye, and Thomas Somerville, of Lintoun and Cowdally, ancestor of Lord Somerville, were both made prisoners at that defeat, but neither was executed.

Sir Nigel Bruce was the younger brother of Robert, to whom he committed the charge of his wife and daughter, Marjorie, and the defense of his strong castle of Kildrummie, near the head of the Don, in Aberdeenshire. Kildrummie long resisted the arms of the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, until the magazine was treacherously burnt. The garrison was then compelled to surrender at discretion, and Nigel Bruce, a youth remarkable for personal beauty, as well as for gallantry, fell into the hands of the unrelenting Edward. He was tried by a special commission at Berwick, was condemned, and executed.

Christopher Seatoun shared the same unfortunate fate. He also was distinguished by personal valour, and signalised himself in the fatal battle of Methven. Robert Bruce adventured his person in that battle like a knight of romance. He dismounted Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, but was in his turn dismounted by Sir Philip Mowbray. In this emergence Seatoun came to his aid, and remounted him. Langtoft mentions, that in this battle the Scottish wore white surplices, or shirts, over their armour, that those of rank might not be known. In this manner both Bruce and Seatoun escaped. But the latter was afterwards betrayed to the English, through means, according to Barbour, of one MacNab, 'a disciple of Judas,' in whom the unfortunate knight reposed entire confidence. There was some peculiarity respecting his punishment; because, according to Matthew of Westminster, he was considered not as a Scottish subject, but an Englishman. He was therefore taken to Dumfries, where he was tried, condemned, and executed, for the murder of a soldier slain by him. His brother, John de Seton,

had the same fate at Newcastle; both were considered as accomplices in the slaughter of Comyn, but in what manner they were particularly accessary to that deed does not appear.

The fate of Sir Simon Frazer, or Frizel, ancestor of the family of Lovat, is dwelt upon at great length, and with savage exultation, by the English historians. This knight, who was renowned for personal gallantry, and high deeds of chivalry, was also made prisoner, after a gallant defence, in the battle of Methven. Some stanzas of a ballad of the times, which, for the sake of rendering it intelligible, I have translated out of its rude orthography, give minute particulars of his fate. It was written immediately at the period, for it mentions the Earl of Athole as not yet in custody. It was first published by the indefatigable Mr. Ritson, but with so many contractions and peculiarities of character, as to render it illegible, excepting by antiquaries.

This was before Saint Bartholomew's mass,
That Frizel was y-taken, were it more other less,
To Sir Thomas of Multon, gentil baron and free,
And to Sir Johan Jose be-take tho was he
To hand
He was y-fettered wele
Both with iron and with steel
To bringen of Scotland.

Soon thereafter the tiding to the king come,
He sent him to London, with mony armed groom,
He came in at Newgate, I tell you it on a-plight,
A garland of leaves on his head y-dight
Of green,
For he should be y-know
Both of high and of low,
For traitour I ween.

Y-fettered were his legs under his horse's wombe,
Both with iron and with steel mancled were his hond,
A garland of pervynk[1] set upon his heved,[2]
Much was the power that him was bereved,
In land.
So God me amend,
Little he ween'd
So to be brought in hand.

This was upon our lady's even, forsooth I understand,
The justices sate for the knights of Scotland,

[1] Periwinckle. [2] Head.

Sir Thomas of Multon, an kinde knyght and wise,
And Sir Ralph of Sandwich that mickle is told in price,
And Sir Johan Abel,
Moe I might tell by tale
Both of great and of small
Ye know sooth well.

Then said the justice, that gentil is and free,
Sir Simond Frizel the king's traiter hast thou be;
In water and in land that mony mighten see,
What sayst thou thereto, how will thou quite thee,
Do say.
So foul he him wist,
Nede war on trust
For to say nay.

With fetters and with gives[1] y-hot he was to-draw
From the Tower of London that many men might know,
In a kirtle of burel, a selcouth wise,
And a garland on his head of the new guise.
Through Cheape
Many men of England
For to see Symond
Thitherward can leap.

Though he cam to the gallows first he was on hung,
All quick beheaded that him thought long;
Then he was y-opened, his bowels y-brend,[2]
The heved to London-bridge was send
To shende.
So evermore mote I the,
Some while weened he
Thus little to stand.[3]

He rideth through the city, as I tell may,
With gamen and with solace that was their play,
To London-bridge he took the way,
Mony was the wives child that thereon lacketh a day,[4]
And said, alas!
That he was y-born
And so vilely forlorn,
So fair man he was.[5]

Now standeth the heved above the tu-brigge,
Fast by Wallace sooth for to segge;
After succour of Scotland long may he pry,
And after help of France what halt it to lie,
I ween,
Better him were in Scotland,
With his axe in his hand,
To play on the green, etc.

[1] He was condemned to be drawn. [2] Burned.
[3] Meaning, at one time he little thought to stand thus.
[4] Namely, Saith Lack-a-day.
[5] The gallant knight, like others in the same situation, was pitied by the female spectators as 'a proper young man.'

The preceding stanzas contain probably as minute an account as can be found of the trial and execution of state criminals of the period. Superstition mingled its horrors with those of a ferocious state policy, as appears from the following singular narrative.

'The Friday next, before the assumption of Our Lady, King Edward met Robert the Bruce at Saint Johnstoune, in Scotland, and with his company, of which company King Edward quelde seven thousand. When Robert the Bruce saw this mischief, and gan to flee, and hov'd him that men might not him find; but S. Simond Frisell pursued was so sore, so that he turned again and abode bataille, for he was a worthy knight and a bolde of bodye, and the Englishmen pursuede him sore on every side, and quelde the steed that Sir Simon Frisell rode upon, and then toke him and led him to the host. And S. Symond began for to flatter and speke fair, and saide, Lordys, I shall give you four thousand markes of silver, and myne horse and harness, and all my armoure and income. Tho' answered Thobaude of Pevenes, that was the kinges archer, Now, God me so helpe, it is for nought that thou speakest, for all the gold of England I would not let thee go without commandment of King Edward. And tho' he was led to the King, and the King would not see him, but commanded to lead him away to his doom in London, on Our Lady's even nativity. And he was hung and drawn, and his head smitten off, and hanged again with chains of iron upon the gallows, and his head was set at London-bridge upon a spear, and against Christmas the body was burnt, for encheson (*reason*) that the men that keeped the body saw many devils ramping with iron crooks, running upon the gallows, and horribly tormenting the body. And many that them saw, anon thereafter died for dread, or waxen mad, or sore sickness they had.' (MS. Chronicle in the British Museum, quoted by Ritson.)

NOTE 90, p. 280

John de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, had attempted to escape out of the kingdom, but a storm cast him upon the coast, when

he was taken, sent to London, and executed, with circumstances of great barbarity, being first half strangled, then let down from the gallows while yet alive, barbarously dismembered, and his body burnt. It may surprise the reader to learn, that this was a *mitigated* punishment; for in respect that his mother was a grand-daughter of King John, by his natural son Richard, he was not drawn on a sledge to execution, 'that point was forgiven,' and he made the passage on horseback. Matthew of Westminster tells us that King Edward, then extremely ill, received great ease from the news that his relative was apprehended. '*Quo audito, Rex Angliæ, etsi gravissimo morbo tunc langueret, levius tamen tulit dolorem.*' To this singular expression the text alludes.

NOTE 91, p. 280

This alludes to a passage in Barbour, singularly expressive of the vindictive spirit of Edward I. The prisoners taken at the castle of Kildrummie had surrendered upon condition that they should be at King Edward's disposal. 'But his will,' says Barbour, 'was always evil towards Scottishmen.' The news of the surrender of Kildrummie arrived when he was in his mortal sickness at Burgh-upon-Sands.

And when he to the death was near,
The folk that at Kyldromy wer
Come with prisoners that they had tane,
And syne to the king are gane.
And for to comfort him they tauld
How they the castell to them yauld;
And how they till his will were brought,
To do off that whatever he thought;
And ask'd what men should off them do.
Then look'd he angryly them to,
He said, grinning, 'HANGS AND DRAWS.'
That was wonder of sic saws,
That he, that to the death was near,
Should answer upon sic maner,
Forouten moaning and mercy;
How might he trust on him to cry,
That sooth-fastly dooms all thing
To have mercy for his crying,
Off him that, throw his felony,
Into sic point had no mercy?

There was much truth in the Leonine couplet, with which Matthew of Westminster concludes his encomium on the first Edward: —

Scotos Edwardus, dum vixit, suppeditavit,
Tenuit, afflixit, depressit, dilaniavit.

NOTE 92, p. 280

The MacLeods, and most other distinguished Hebridean families, were of Scandinavian extraction, and some were late or imperfect converts to Christianity. The family names of Torquil, Thormod, etc., are all Norwegian.

NOTE 93, p. 283

Bruce uniformly professed, and probably felt, compunction for having violated the sanctuary of the church by the slaughter of Comyn; and finally, in his last hours, in testimony of his faith, penitence, and zeal, he requested James Lord Douglas, to carry his heart to Jerusalem, to be there deposited in the Holy Sepulchre.

NOTE 94, p. 284

So soon as the notice of Comyn's slaughter reached Rome, Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated. It was published first by the Archbishop of York, and renewed at different times, particularly by Lambyrton, Bishop of Saint Andrews, in 1308; but it does not appear to have answered the purpose which the English monarch expected. Indeed, for reasons which it may be difficult to trace, the thunders of Rome descended upon the Scottish mountains with less effect than in more fertile countries. Probably the comparative poverty of the benefices occasioned that fewer foreign clergy settled in Scotland; and the interests of the native churchmen were linked with that of their country. Many of the Scottish prelates, Lambyrton the primate particularly, declared for Bruce, while he was yet under the ban of the church, although he afterwards again changed sides.

NOTE 95, p. 284

Bruce, like other heroes, observed omens, and one is recorded by tradition. After he had retreated to one of the miserable places of shelter, in which he could venture to take some repose after his disasters, he lay stretched upon a handful of straw, and abandoned himself to his melancholy meditations. He had now been defeated four times, and was upon the point of resolving to abandon all hopes of further opposition to his fate, and to go to the Holy Land. It chanced his eye, while he was thus pondering, was attracted by the exertions of a spider, who, in order to fix his web, endeavoured to swing himself from one beam to another above his head. Involuntarily he became interested in the pertinacity with which the insect renewed his exertions, after failing six times; and it occurred to him that he would decide his own course according to the success or failure of the spider. At the seventh effort the insect gained his object; and Bruce, in like manner, persevered and carried his own. Hence it has been held unlucky or ungrateful, or both, in one of the name of Bruce to kill a spider.

The archdeacon of Aberdeen, instead of the abbot of this tale, introduces an Irish Pythoness, who not only predicted his good fortune as he left the is'and of Rachrin, but sent her two sons along with him, to ensure her own family a share in it.

Then in schort time men mycht thaim se
Schute all thair galayis to the se.
And ber to se baith ayr and ster,
And othyr thingis that mystir[1] wer.
And as the king apon the sand
Wes gangand wp and doun, bidand[2]
Till that his menye redy war,
His ost come rycht till him thar.
And quhen that scho him halyst had,
And priwè spek till him scho made;
And said, 'Takis gud kep till my saw:
For or ye pass I sall yow schaw,
Off your fortoun a gret party.
Bot our all speceally
A wyttring her I sall yow ma,
Quhat end that your purposs sall ta.

[1] Need. [2] Abiding.

For in this land is nane trewly
Wate thingis to cum sa weill as I.
Ye pass now furth on your wiage,
To wenge the harme, and the owtrag,
That Ingliss men has to yow done;
Bot ye wat nocht quhatkyne forton
Ye mon drey in your werraying.
Bot wyt ye weill, with outyn lesing,
That fra ye now haiff takyn land,
Nane sa mychty, na sa strenth thi of hand,
Sall ger yow pass owt of your countré
Till all to yow abandownyt be.
With in schort tyme ye sall be king,
And haiff the land at your liking,
And ourcum your fayis all.
Bot fele anoyis thole ye sall,
Or that your purposs end haiff tane:
Bot ye sall thaim ourdryve ilkane.
And, that ye trow this sekyrly,
My twa sonnys with yow sall I
Send to tak part of your trawaill;
For I wate weill thai sall nocht faill
To be rewardyt weill at rycht,
Quhen ye ar heyit to yowr mycht.'

Barbour's *Bruce*, book III, v. 856.

NOTE 96, p. 285

This is not metaphorical. The echoes of Scotland did actually

——— ring
With the bloodhounds that bayed for her fugitive king.

A very curious and romantic tale is told by Barbour upon this subject, which may be abridged as follows: —

When Bruce had again got footing in Scotland in the spring of 1306, he continued to be in a very weak and precarious condition, gaining, indeed, occasional advantages, but obliged to fly before his enemies whenever they assembled in force. Upon one occasion, while he was lying with a small party in the wilds of Cumnock, in Ayrshire, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, with his inveterate foe John of Lorn, came against him suddenly with eight hundred Highlanders, besides a large body of men-at-arms. They brought with them a slough-dog, or bloodhound, which, some say, had been once a favourite with the Bruce himself, and therefore was least likely to lose the trace.

Bruce, whose force was under four hundred men, continued to make head against the cavalry, till the men of Lorn had nearly cut off his retreat. Perceiving the danger of his situation, he acted as the celebrated and ill-requited Mina is said to have done in similar circumstances. He divided his force into three parts, appointed a place of rendezvous, and commanded them to retreat by different routes. But when John of Lorn arrived at the spot where they divided, he caused the hound to be put upon the trace, which immediately directed him to the pursuit of that party which Bruce headed. This, therefore, Lorn pursued with his whole force, paying no attention to the others. The king again subdivided his small body into three parts, and with the same result, for the pursuers attached themselves exclusively to that which he led in person. He then paused his followers to disperse, and retained only his foster-brother in his company. The slough-dog followed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attached himself and his attendants to pursuit of the king. Lorn became convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power, and detached five of his most active attendants to follow him, and interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of mountaineers. 'What aid wilt thou make?' said Bruce to his single attendant, when he saw the five men gain ground on him. 'The best I can,' replied his foster-brother. 'Then,' said Bruce, 'here I make my stand.' The five pursuers came up fast. The king took three to himself, leaving the other two to his foster-brother. He slew the first who encountered him; but observing his foster-brother hard pressed, he sprung to his assistance, and despatched one of his assailants. Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-brother had despatched his single antagonist. When this hard encounter was over, with a courtesy, which in the whole work marks Bruce's character, he thanked his foster-brother for his aid. 'It likes you to say so,' answered his follower; 'but you yourself slew four of the five.' 'True,' said the King, 'but only because I had better opportunity than you. They were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter three,

so I had a moment's time to spring to thy aid, and to return equally unexpectedly upon my own opponents.'

In the meanwhile Lorn's party approached rapidly, and the king and his foster-brother betook themselves to a neighbouring wood. Here they sat down, for Bruce was exhausted by fatigue, until the cry of the slough-hound came so near, that his foster-brother entreated Bruce to provide for his safety by retreating further. 'I have heard,' answered the King, 'that whosoever will wade a bow-shot length down a running stream, shall make the slough-hound lose scent. — Let us try the experiment, for were yon devilish hound silenced, I should care little for the rest.'

Lorn in the meanwhile advanced, and found the bodies of his slain vassals, over whom he made his moan, and threatened the most deadly vengeance. Then he followed the hound to the side of the brook, down which the King had waded a great way. Here the hound was at fault, and John of Lorn, after long attempting in vain to recover Bruce's trace, relinquished the pursuit.

'Others,' says Barbour, 'affirm, that upon this occasion the king's life was saved by an excellent archer who accompanied him, and who perceiving they would be finally taken by means of the blood-hound, hid himself in a thicket, and shot him with an arrow. In which way,' adds the metrical biographer, 'this escape happened I am uncertain, but at that brook the king escaped from his pursuers.'

Quhen the chasseris relyit war,
And Jhon of Lorn had met thaim thar,
He tauld Schyr Aymer all the cass
How that the king eschapyt wass;
And how that he his five men slew,
And syne to the wode him drew.
Quhen Schyr Aymer herd this, in hy
He sanyt him for the ferly:
And said; 'He is gretly to pryss;
For I knaw nane that liffand is,
That at myscheyff gan help him swa.
I trow he suld be hard to sla,
And he war bodyn[1] ewynly.'
On this wiss spak Schyr Aymery.

Barbour's *Bruce*, book v, v. 391.

[1] Matched.

The English historians agree with Barbour as to the mode in which the English pursued Bruce and his followers, and the dexterity with which he evaded them. The following is the testimony of Harding, a great enemy to the Scottish nation: —

The King Edward with hoost hym sought full sore,
But ay he fled into woodes and strayte forest,
And slewe his men at staytes and daungers thore,
And at marreys and mires was ay full prest
Englyshmen to kyll withoutyn any rest;
In the mountaynes and cragges he slew ay where,
And in the nyght his foes he frayed full sere:

The King Edward with hornes and houndes him soght,
With menne on fote, through marris, mosse, and myre,
Through wodes also, and mountens (wher thei fought,)
And euer the Kyng Edward hight men greate hyre,
Hym for to take and by myght conquere;
But thei might hym not gette by force ne by train,
He satte by the fyre when thei went in the rain.

Hardyng's *Chronicle*, pp. 303–04.

Peter Langtoft has also a passage concerning the extremities to which King Robert was reduced, which he entitles

De Roberto Brus et fugâ circum circa fit

And wele I understode that the Kyng Robyn
Has drunken of that blode the drink of Dan Waryn.
Dan Waryn he les tounes that he held,
With wrong he mad a res, and misberyng of scheld,
Sithen into the forest he yede naked and wode,
Als a wild beast, ete of the gres that stode,
Thus of Dan Waryn in his boke men rede,
God gyf the King Robyn, that alle his kynde so spede,
Sir Robynet the Brus he durst noure abide,
That thei mad him restus, both in more and wod-side,
To while he mad this train, and did umwhile outrage, etc.

Peter Langtoft's *Chronicle*, 8vo, London, 1810, II, 335.

NOTE 97, p. 289

A sort of persons common in the isles, as may be easily believed, until the introduction of civil polity. Witness the Dean of the Isles' account of Ronay. 'At the north end of Raarsay, be half myle of sea frae it, layes ane ile callit Ronay, maire then a myle in lengthe, full of wood and heddir, with ane havein for

heiland galeys in the middis of it, and the same havein is guid for fostering of theives, ruggairs and reivairs, till a nail, upon the peilling and spulzeing of poor peopill. This ile perteins to M'Gillychallan of Raarsay by force, and to the bishope of the iles be heritage.' (Sir Donald Monro's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1805, p. 22.)

NOTE 98, p. 294

I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace, and the array of Scotland, at the fatal battle of Falkirk. The story, which seems to have no better authority than that of Blind Harry, bears, that having made much slaughter during the engagement, he sat down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filthy witness from his hands.

> Fasting he was, and had been in great need,
> Blooded were all his weapons and his weed;
> Southeron lords scorn'd him in terms rude,
> And said, Behold yon Scot eats his own blood.
>
> Then rued he sore, for reason bad be known,
> That blood and land alike should be his own;
> With them he long was, ere he got away,
> But contrair Scots he fought not from that day.

The account given by most of our historians, of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Carron River, is equally apocryphal. There is full evidence that Bruce was not at that time on the English side, nor present at the battle of Falkirk; nay, that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, along with John Comyn, in the name of Baliol, and in opposition to the English. He was the grandson of the competitor, with whom he has been sometimes confounded. Lord Hailes has well described, and in some degree apologised for, the earlier part of his life. 'His grandfather, the competitor, had patiently acquiesced in the award of Edward. His father, yielding to the times, had served under the English banners. But young Bruce had more ambition, and a more restless spirit. In his earlier years he acted

upon no regular plan. By turns the partisan of Edward, and the vicegerent of Baliol, he seems to have forgotten or stifled his pretensions to the crown. But his character developed itself by degrees, and in maturer age became firm and consistent.' (*Annals of Scotland*, p. 290, quarto, London, 1776.)

NOTE 99, p. 297.

The extraordinary piece of scenery which I have here attempted to describe, is, I think, unparalleled in any part of Scotland, at least in any which I have happened to visit. It lies just upon the frontier of the Laird of MacLeod's country, which is thereabouts divided from the estate of Mr. Maccallister of Strath-Aird, called Strathnardill by the Dean of the Isles. The following account of it is extracted from a journal kept during a tour through the Scottish islands: —

'The western coast of Sky is highly romantic, and at the same time displays a richness of vegetation in the lower grounds to which we have hitherto been strangers. We passed three salt-water lochs, or deep embayments, called Loch Bracadale, Loch Einort, and Loch ——, and about 11 o'clock opened Loch Slavig. We were now under the western termination of the high ridge of mountains called Cuillen, or Quillin, or Coolin, whose weatherbeaten and serrated peaks we had admired at a distance from Dunvegan. They sunk here upon the sea, but with the same bold and peremptory aspect which their distant appearance indicated. They appeared to consist of precipitous sheets of naked rock, down which the torrents were leaping in a hundred lines of foam. The tops of the ridge, apparently inaccessible to human foot, were rent and split into the most tremendous pinnacles. Towards the base of these bare and precipitous crags, the ground, enriched by the soil washed down from them, is comparatively verdant and productive. Where we passed within the small isle of Soa, we entered Loch Slavig, under the shoulder of one of these grisly mountains, and observed that the opposite side of the loch was of a milder character, the mountains

being softened down into steep green declivities. From the bottom of the bay advanced a headland of high rocks, which divided its depth into two recesses, from each of which a brook issued. Here it had been intimated to us we would find some romantic scenery; but we were uncertain up which inlet we should proceed in search of it. We chose, against our better judgment, the southerly dip of the bay, where we saw a house which might afford us information. We found, upon enquiry, that there is a lake adjoining to each branch of the bay; and walked a couple of miles to see that near the farm-house, merely because the honest highlander seemed jealous of the honour of his own loch, though we were speedily convinced it was not that which we were recommended to examine. It had no particular merit, excepting from its neighbourhood to a very high cliff, or precipitous mountain, otherwise the sheet of water had nothing differing from any ordinary low-country lake. We returned and re-embarked in our boat, for our guide shook his head at our proposal to climb over the peninsula, or rocky headland which divided the two lakes. In rowing round the headland, we were surprised at the infinite number of sea-fowl, then busy apparently with a shoal of fish.

'Arrived at the depth of the bay, we found that the discharge from this second lake forms a sort of waterfall, or rather a rapid stream, which rushes down to the sea with great fury and precipitation. Round this place were assembled hundreds of trouts and salmon, struggling to get up into the fresh water: with a net we might have had twenty salmon at a haul; and a sailor, with no better hook than a crooked pin, caught a dish of trouts during our absence. Advancing up this huddling and riotous brook, we found ourselves in a most extraordinary scene; we lost sight of the sea almost immediately after we had climbed over a low ridge of crags, and were surrounded by mountains of naked rock, of the boldest and most precipitous character. The ground on which we walked was the margin of a lake, which seemed to have sustained the constant ravage of torrents from these rude neighbours. The shores consisted of huge strata

of naked granite, here and there intermixed with bogs, and heaps of gravel and sand piled in the empty watercourses. Vegetation there was little or none; and the mountains rose so perpendicularly from the water edge, that Borrowdale, or even Glencoe, is a jest to them. We proceeded a mile and a half up this deep, dark, and solitary lake, which was about two miles long, half a mile broad, and is, as we learned, of extreme depth. The murky vapours which enveloped the mountain ridges, obliged us by assuming a thousand varied shapes, changing their drapery into all sorts of forms, and sometimes clearing off all together. It is true, the mist made us pay the penalty by some heavy and downright showers, from the frequency of which a Highland boy, whom we brought from the farm, told us the lake was popularly called the Water-kettle. The proper name is Loch Corriskin, from the deep corrie, or hollow, in the mountains of Cuilin, which affords the basin for this wonderful sheet of water. It is as exquisite a savage scene as Loch Katrine is a scene of romantic beauty. After having penetrated so far as distinctly to observe the termination of the lake under an immense precipice, which rises abruptly from the water, we returned, and often stopped to admire the ravages which storms must have made in these recesses, where all human witnesses were driven to places of more shelter and security. Stones, or rather large masses and fragments of rocks of a composite kind, perfectly different from the strata of the lake, were scattered upon the bare rocky beach, in the strangest and most precarious situations, as if abandoned by the torrents which had borne them down from above. Some lay loose and tottering upon the ledges of the natural rock, with so little security, that the slightest push moved them, though their weight might exceed many tons. These detached rocks, or stones, were chiefly what is called plum-pudding stones. The bare rocks, which formed the shore of the lakes, were a species of granite. The opposite side of the lake seemed quite pathless and inaccessible, as a huge mountain, one of the detached ridges of the Cuillen hills, sinks in a profound and perpendicular precipice down to

the water. On the left-hand side, which we traversed, rose a higher and equally inaccessible mountain, the top of which strongly resembled the shivered crater of an exhausted volcano. I never saw a spot in which there was less appearance of vegetation of any kind. The eye rested on nothing but barren and naked crags, and the rocks on which we walked by the side of the loch, were as bare as the pavements of Cheapside. There are one or two small islets in the loch, which seem to bear juniper, or some such low bushy shrub. Upon the whole, though I have seen many scenes of more extensive desolation, I never witnessed any in which it pressed more deeply upon the eye and the heart than at Loch Corriskin; at the same time that its grandeur elevated and redeemed it from the wild and dreary character of utter barrenness.'

NOTE 100, p. 303

The story of Bruce's meeting the banditti is copied, with such alterations as the fictitious narrative rendered necessary, from a striking incident in the monarch's history, told by Barbour, and which I shall give in the words of the hero's biographer. It is the sequel to the adventure of the bloodhound, narrated in Note 96. It will be remembered that the narrative broke off, leaving the Bruce escaped from his pursuers, but worn out with fatigue, and having no other attendant but his foster-brother.

And the gud king held forth his way,
Betuix him and his man, quhill thai
Passyt owt throw the forest war;
Syne in the more thai entryt thar.
It wes bathe hey, and lang, and braid;
And or thai halff it passyt had,
Thai saw on syd thre men cummand,
Lik to lycht men and wauerand.
Swerdis thai had, and axys als;
And ane off thaim, apon his hals,[1]
A mekill boundyn wethir bar.
Thai met the king, and halist[2] him thar:
And the king thaim thar hailsing yauld;[3]
And askyt thaim quethir thai wauld.

[1] Neck. [2] Saluted. [3] Returned their salute.

Thai said, Robert the Bruyss thai soucht;
For mete with him giff that thai moucht,
Thar duelling with him wauld thai ma.[1]
The king said, 'Giff that ye will swa,
Haldys furth your way with me,
And I sall ger yow sone him se.'
Thai persawyt, be his speking,
That he wes the selwyn Robert king.
And chaungyt contenance and late;[2]
And held nocht in the fyrst state.
For thai war fayis to the king;
And thoucht to cum in to sculking,
And duell with him, quhill that thai saw
Thar poynt, and bryng him than off daw.[3]
Thai grantyt till his spek forthi.[4]
Bot the king, that wes witty,
Persawyt weill, by thar hawing,
That thai luffyt him na thing:
And said, 'Falowis, ye mon, all thre,
Forthir aqwent till that we be,
All be your selwyn furth ga;
And, on the samyn wyss, we twa
Sall folow behind weill ner.'
Quoth thai, 'Schyr, it is na myster[5]
To trow in ws ony ill.'
'Nane do I,' said he; 'bot I will,
That yhe ga fourth thus, quhill we
Better with othyr knawin be.'
'We grant,' thai said, 'sen ye will swa:'
And furth apon thair gate gan ga.
Thus yeid thai till the nycht wes ner.
And than the formast cummyn wer
Till a waist housband houss;[6] and thar
Thai slew the wethir that thai bar:
And slew fyr for to rost thar mete;
And askyt the king giff he wald ete,
And rest him till the mete war dycht.
The king, that hungry was, Ik hycht,
Assentyt till thair spek in hy.
Bot he said, he wald anerly[7]
At a fyr; and thai all thre
On na wyss with thaim till gyddre be.
In the end off the houss thai suld ma
Ane othyr fyr: and thai did swa.
Thai drew thaim in the houss end,
And halff the wethir till him send.
And thai rostyt in hy thair mete;
And fell rycht freschly for till ete.
For the king weill lang fastyt had;
And had rycht mekill trawaill mad:
Tharfor he eyt full egrely.
And quhen he had etyn hastily,

[1] Maks. [2] Gesture or manner. [3] Kill him. [4] Therefore.
[5] There is no need. [6] Husbandman's house, cottage. [7] Alone.

He had to slep sa mekill will,
That he moucht set na let thar till.
For quhen the wanys[1] fillyt ar,
Men worthys[2] hewy euirmar;
And to slepe drawys hewynes.
The king, that all fortrawaillyt[3] wes.
Saw that him worthyt slep nedwayis.
Till his fostyr-brodyr he sayis;
'May I traist in the, me to waik,
Till Ik a litill sleping tak?'
'Ya, Schyr,' he said, 'till I may drey.'[4]
The king then wynkyt a litill wey;
And slepyt nocht full encrely;
Bot gliffnyt wp oft sodanly.
For he had dreid off thai thre men,
That at the tothyr fyr war then.
That thai his fais war he wyst;
Tharfor he slepyt as foule on twyst.[5]
The king slepyt bot a litill than;
Quhen sic slep fell on his man,
That he mycht nocht hald wp his ey,
Bot fell in slep, and rowtyt hey.
Now is the king in gret perile:
For slep he swa a litill quhile,
He sall be ded, for owtyn dreid.
For the thre tratouris tuk gud heid,
That he on slep wes, and his man.
In full gret hy thai raiss wp than,
And drew thair suerdis hastily;
And went towart the king in hy,
Quhen that thai saw him sleip swa,
And slepand thoucht thai wald him sla.
The king wp blenkit hastily.
And saw his man slepand him by;
And saw cummand the tothyr thre.
Deliuerly on fute gat he;
And drew his suerd owt, and thaim mete.
And, as he yude, his fute he set
Apon his man, weill hewyly.
He waknyt, and raiss disily:
For the slep maistryt hym sway,
That or he gat wp, ane off thai,
That com for to sla the king,
Gaiff hym a strak in his rysing,
Swa that he mycht help him no mar.
The king sa straitly stad[6] wes thar,
That he wes neuir yeyt sa stad.
Ne war the armyng[7] that he had,
He had bene dede, for owtyn wer.
But nocht for thi[8] on sic maner
He helpyt him, in that bargayne,[9]

[1] Bellies. [2] Becomes. [3] Fatigued. [4] Endure. [5] Bird on bough.
[6] So dangerously situated. [7] Had it not been for the armour he wore.
[8] Nevertheless. [9] Fray, or dispute.

That thai thre tratowris he has slan,
Throw Goddis grace, and his manheid.
His fostyr-brothyr thar wes dede.
Then wes he wondre will of wayn,[1]
Quhen he saw him left allane.
His fostyr-brodyr menyt he;
And waryit[2] all the tothyr thre.
And syne hys way tuk him allane,
And rycht towart his tryst[3] is gane.

The Bruce, book v, v. 403.

Note 101, p. 313

Imagination can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto discovered not many years since upon the estate of Alexander MacAllister, Esq., of Strathaird. It has since been much and deservedly celebrated, and a full account of its beauties has been published by Dr. MacLeay of Oban. The general impression may perhaps be gathered from the following extract from a journal, which, written under the feelings of the moment, is likely to be more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions then received. 'The first entrance to this celebrated cave is rude and unpromising; but the light of the torches, with which we were provided, was soon reflected from the roof, floor, and walls, which seem as if they were sheeted with marble, partly smooth, partly rough with frost-work and rustic ornaments, and partly seeming to be wrought into statuary. The floor forms a steep and difficult ascent, and might be fancifully compared to a sheet of water, which, while it rushed whitening and foaming down a declivity, had been suddenly arrested and consolidated by the spell of an enchanter. Upon attaining the summit of this ascent, the cave opens into a splendid gallery, adorned with the most dazzling crystallizations, and finally descends with rapidity to the brink of a pool, of the most limpid water, about four or five yards broad. There opens beyond this pool a portal arch, formed by two columns of white spar, with beautiful chasing upon the sides, which promises a continuation of the cave. One of our

[1] Much afflicted. [2] Cursed.
[3] The place of rendezvous appointed for his soldiers.

sailors swam across, for there is no other mode of passing, and informed us (as indeed we partly saw by the light he carried) that the enchantment of Maccalister's cave terminates with this portal, a little beyond which there was only a rude cavern, speedily choked with stones and earth. But the pool, on the brink of which we stood, surrounded by the most fanciful mouldings, in a substance resembling white marble, and distinguished by the depth and purity of its waters, might have been the bathing grotto of a naiad. The groups of combined figures projecting, or embossed, by which the pool is surrounded, are exquisitely elegant and fanciful. A statuary might catch beautiful hints from the singular and romantic disposition of those stalactites. There is scarce a form, or group, on which active fancy may not trace figures or grotesque ornaments, which have been gradually moulded in this cavern by the dropping of the calcareous water hardening into petrifactions. Many of those fine groups have been injured by the senseless rage of appropriation of recent tourists; and the grotto has lost (I am informed), through the smoke of torches, something of that vivid silver tint which was originally one of its chief distinctions. But enough of beauty remains to compensate for all that may be lost.' Mr. MacAllister of Straithaird has, with great propriety, built up the exterior entrance to this cave, in order that strangers may enter properly attended by a guide, to prevent any repetition of the wanton and selfish injury which this singular scene has already sustained.

NOTE 102, p. 320

The generosity which does justice to the character of an enemy, often marks Bruce's sentiments, as recorded by the faithful Barbour. He seldom mentions a fallen enemy without praising such good qualities as he might possess. I shall only take one instance. Shortly after Bruce landed in Carrick, in 1306, Sir Ingram Bell, the English governor of Ayr, engaged a wealthy yeoman, who had hitherto been a follower of Bruce,

to undertake the task of assassinating him. The King learned this treachery, as he is said to have done other secrets of the enemy, by means of a female with whom he had an intrigue. Shortly after he was possessed of this information, Bruce, resorting to a small thicket at a distance from his men, with only a single page to attend him, met the traitor, accompanied by two of his sons. They approached him with their wonted familiarity, but Bruce, taking his page's bow and arrow, commanded them to keep at a distance. As they still pressed forward with professions of zeal for his person and service, he, after a second warning, shot the father with the arrow; and being assaulted successively by the two sons, despatched first one, who was armed with an axe, then as the other charged him with a spear, avoided the thrust, struck the head from the spear, and cleft the skull of the assassin with a blow of his two-handed sword.

He rushed down of blood all red,
And when the king saw they were dead,
All three lying, he wiped his brand.
With that his boy came fast running,
And said, 'Our lord might lowyt[1] be,
That granted you might and poweste[2]
To fell the felony and the pride,
Of three in so little tide.'
The king said, 'So our lord me see,
They have been worthy men all three,
Had they not been full of treason:
But that made their confusion.'

Barbour's *Bruce*, book v. p. 152.

NOTE 103, p. 321

To establish his dominion in Scotland had been a favourite object of Edward's ambition, and nothing could exceed the pertinacity with which he pursued it, unless his inveterate resentment against the insurgents, who so frequently broke the English yoke when he deemed it most firmly riveted. After the battles of Falkirk and Methven, and the dreadful examples which he had made of Wallace and other champions of national independence, he probably concluded every chance of insurrec-

[1] Lauded. [2] Power.

tion was completely annihilated. This was in 1306, when Bruce, as we have seen, was utterly expelled from Scotland: yet, in the conclusion of the same year, Bruce was again in arms and formidable; and in 1307, Edward, though exhausted by a long and wasting malady, put himself at the head of the army destined to destroy him utterly. This was, perhaps, partly in consequence of a vow which he had taken upon him, with all the pomp of chivalry, upon the day in which he dubbed his son a knight, for which see a subsequent note. But even his spirit of vengeance was unable to restore his exhausted strength. He reached Burgh-upon-Sands, a petty village of Cumberland, on the shores of the Solway Firth, and there, 6th July, 1307, expired in sight of the detested and devoted country of Scotland. His dying injunctions to his son required him to continue the Scottish war, and never to recall Gaveston. Edward II disobeyed both charges. Yet, more to mark his animosity, the dying monarch ordered his bones to be carried with the invading army. Froissart, who probably had the authority of eyewitnesses, has given us the following account of this remarkable charge: —

'In the said forest, the old King Robert of Scotland dyd kepe hymselfe, whan King Edward the Fyrst conquered nygh all Scotland; for he was so often chased, that none durst loge him in castell, nor fortresse, for feare of the said Kyng.

'And ever whan the King was returned into Ingland, than he would gather together agayn his people, and conquere townes, castells, and fortresses, iuste to Berwick, some by battle, and some by fair speech and love: and when the said King Edward heard thereof, than would he assemble his power, and wyn the realme of Scotland again; thus the chance went between these two foresaid Kings. It was shewed me, how that this King Robert wan and lost his realme v. times. So this continued till the said King Edward died at Berwick: and when he saw that he should die, he called before him his eldest son, who was King after him, and there, before all the barones, he caused him to swear, that as soon as he were dead, that he should take his body, and boyle it in a cauldron, till the flesh departed clean

from the bones, and than to bury the flesh, and keep still the bones; and that as often as the Scotts should rebell against him, he should assemble the people against them, and carry with him the bones of his father; for he believed verily, that if they had his bones with them, that the Scotts should never attain any victory against them. The which thing was not accomplished, for when the King died his son carried him to London.' (Berners' Froissart's *Chronicle*, London, 1812, pp. 39, 40.)

Edward's commands were not obeyed, for he was interred in Westminster Abbey, with the appropriate inscription: —

'EDWARDUS PRIMUS SCOTORUM MALLEUS HIC EST.
PACTUM SERVA.'

Yet some steps seem to have been taken towards rendering his body capable of occasional transportation, for it was exquisitely embalmed, as was ascertained when his tomb was opened some years ago. Edward II judged wisely in not carrying the dead body of his father into Scotland, since he would not obey his living counsels.

It ought to be observed, that though the order of the incidents is reversed in the poem, yet, in point of historical accuracy, Bruce had landed in Scotland, and obtained some successes of consequence, before the death of Edward I.

NOTE 104, p. 325

The little island of Canna, or Cannay, adjoins to those of Rum and Muick, with which it forms one parish. In a pretty bay opening towards the east, there is a lofty and slender rock detached from the shore. Upon the summit are the ruins of a very small tower, scarcely accessible by a steep and precipitous path. Here it is said one of the kings, or Lords of the Isles, confined a beautiful lady, of whom he was jealous. The ruins are of course haunted by her restless spirit, and many romantic stories are told by the aged people of the island concerning her fate in life, and her appearances after death.

Note 105, p. 327

Ronin (popularly called Rum, a name which a poet may be pardoned for avoiding if possible, is a very rough and mountainous island, adjacent to those of Eigg and Cannay. There is almost no arable ground upon it, so that, except in the plenty of the deer, which of course are now nearly extirpated, it still deserves the description bestowed by the archdean of the Isles. 'Ronin, sixteen myle north-wast from the ile of Coll, lyes ane ile callit Ronin Ile, of sixteen myle long, and six in bredthe in the narrowest, ane forest of heigh mountains, and abundance of little deir in it, quhilk deir will never be slane dounewith, but the principal saittis man be in the height of the hill, because the deir will be callit upwart ay be the tainchell, or without tynchel they will pass upwart perforce. In this ile will be gotten about Britane als many wild nests upon the plane mure as men pleasis to gadder, and yet by resson the fowls hes few to start them except deir. This ile lyes from the west to the eist in lenth, and pertains to M'Kenabrey of Colla. Many solan geese are in this ile.' (Monro's *Description of the Western Isles*, p. 18.)

Note 106, p. 327

These, and the following lines of the stanza, refer to a dreadful tale of feudal vengeance, of which unfortunately there are relics that still attest the truth. Scoor-Eigg is a high peak in the centre of the small Isle of Eigg, or Egg. It is well known to mineralogists, as affording many interesting specimens, and to others whom chance or curiosity may lead to the island, for the astonishing view of the mainland and neighbouring isles, which it commands. I shall again avail myself of the journal I have quoted.

'*26th August, 1814.* — At seven this morning we were in the Sound which divides the Isle of Rum from that of Egg. The latter, although hilly and rocky, and traversed by a remarkably high and barren ridge, called Scoor-Eigg, has, in point of soil,

a much more promising appearance. Southward of both lies the Isle of Muich, or Muck, a low and fertile island, and though the least, yet probably the most valuable of the three. We manned the boat, and rowed along the shore of Egg in quest of a cavern, which had been the memorable scene of a horrid feudal vengeance. We had rounded more than half the island, admiring the entrance of many a bold natural cave, which its rocks exhibited, without finding that which we sought, until we procured a guide. Nor, indeed, was it surprising that it should have escaped the search of strangers, as there are no outward indications more than might distinguish the entrance of a fox-earth. This noted cave has a very narrow opening, through which one can hardly creep on his knees and hands. It rises steep and lofty within, and runs into the bowels of the rock to the depth of two hundred and fifty-five measured feet; the height at the entrance may be about three feet, but rises within to eighteen or twenty, and the breadth may vary in the same proportion. The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewed with the bones of men, women, and children, the sad relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island, two hundred in number, who were slain on the following occasion: The MacDonalds of the Isle of Egg, a people dependent on Clan-Ranald, had done some injury to the Laird of MacLeod. The tradition of the isle says, that it was by a personal attack on the chieftain, in which his back was broken. But that of the other isles bears, more probably, that the injury was offered to two or three of the MacLeods, who, landing upon Eigg, and using some freedom with the young women, were seized by the islanders, bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a boat, which the winds and waves safely conducted to Skye. To avenge the offence given, MacLeod sailed with such a body of men, as rendered resistance hopeless. The natives, fearing his vengeance, concealed themselves in this cavern, and, after a strict search, the MacLeods went on board their galleys, after doing what mischief they could, concluding the inhabitants had left the isle, and betaken themselves to the Long Island, or some of Clan-Ranald's other possessions. But next morning

they espied from the vessels a man upon the island, and immediately landing again, they traced his retreat by the marks of his footsteps, a light snow being unhappily on the ground. MacLeod then surrounded the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison, and demanded that the individuals who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chieftain then caused his people to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his purposed vengeance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cavern a huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it with unrelenting assiduity, until all within were destroyed by suffocation. The date of this dreadful deed must have been recent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those relics. I brought off, in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which the cavern afforded. Before reëmbarking we visited another cave, opening to the sea, but of a character entirely different, being a large open vault as high as that of a cathedral, and running back a great way into the rock at the same height. The height and width of the opening gives ample light to the whole. Here, after 1745, when the Catholic priests were scarcely tolerated, the priest of Eigg used to perform the Roman Catholic service, most of the islanders being of that persuasion. A huge ledge of rocks rising about half-way up one side of the vault, served for altar and pulpit; and the appearance of a priest and Highland congregation in such an extraordinary place of worship, might have engaged the pencil of Salvator.'

NOTE 107, p. 328

It would be unpardonable to detain the reader upon a wonder so often described, and yet so incapable of being understood by description. This palace of Neptune is even grander upon a second than the first view. The stupendous columns which form the sides of the cave, the depth and strength of the tide which rolls its deep and heavy swell up to the extremity of the vault —

the variety of tints formed by white, crimson, and yellow stalactites, or petrifactions, which occupy the vacancies between the base of the broken pillars which form the roof, and intersect them with a rich, curious, and variegated chasing, occupying each interstice — the corresponding variety below water, where the ocean rolls over a dark-red or violet-coloured rock, from which, as from a base, the basaltic columns arise — the tremendous noise of the swelling tide, mingling with the deep-toned echoes of the vault — are circumstances elsewhere unparalleled.

Nothing can be more interesting than the varied appearance of the little archipelago of islets, of which Staffa is the most remarkable. This group, called in Gaelic Tresharnish, affords a thousand varied views to the voyager, as they appear in different positions with reference to his course. The variety of their shape contributes much to the beauty of these effects.

Note 108, p. 330

The ballad, entitled *Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin*, was composed by John Leyden, from a tradition which he found while making a tour through the Hebrides about 1801, soon before his fatal departure for India, where, after having made farther progress in Oriental literature than any man of letters who had embraced those studies, he died a martyr to his zeal for knowledge, in the island of Java, immediately after the landing of our forces near Batavia, in August, 1811.

Note 109, p. 330

The peninsula of Cantire is joined to South Knapdale by a very narrow isthmus, formed by the western and eastern Loch of Tarbat. These two saltwater lakes, or bays, encroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them.

'It is not long,' says Pennant, 'since vessels of nine or ten tons were drawn by horses out of the west loch into that of the

east, to avoid the dangers of the Mull of Cantyre, so dreaded and so little known was the navigation round that promontory. It is the opinion of many, that these little isthmuses, so frequently styled Tarbat in North Britain, took their name from the above circumstance; Tarruing, signifying to draw, and Bata, a boat. This too might be called, by way of preëminence, the Tarbat, from a very singular circumstance related by Torfœus. When Magnus, the barefooted king of Norway, obtained from Donald-bane of Scotland the cession of the Western Isles, or all those places that could be surrounded in a boat, he added to them the peninsula of Cantyre by this fraud: he placed himself in the stern of a boat, held the rudder, was drawn over this narrow track, and by this species of navigation wrested the country from his brother monarch.' (Pennant's *Scotland*, London, 1790, p. 190.)

But that Bruce also made this passage, although at a period two or three years later than in the poem, appears from the evidence of Barbour, who mentions also the effect produced upon the minds of the Highlanders, from the prophecies current amongst them: —

Bot to King Robert will we gang,
That we haff left wnspokyn of lang.
Quhen he had conwoyit to the se
His brodyr Eduuard, and his menye,
And othyr men off gret noblay.
To Tarbart thai held thair way,
In galayis ordanyt for thair far.
Bot thaim worthyt[1] draw thair schippis thar:
And a myle wes betuix the seys;
Bot that wes lompnyt[2] all with treis.
The King his schippis thar gert[3] draw.
And for the wynd couth[4] stoutly blaw
Apon thair bak, as thai wald ga,
He gert men rapys and mastis ta,
And set thaim in the schippis hey,
And sayllis to the toppis tey;
And gert men gang thar by drawand.
The wynd thaim helpyt, that was blawand;
Swa that, in a litill space,
Thair flote all our drawin was.

And quhen thai, that in the Ilis war,
Hard tell how the gud King had thar

[1] Were obliged to. [2] Laid with trees. [3] Caused. [4] Could.

Gert hys schippis with saillis ga
Owt our betuix [the] Tarbart[is] twa,
Thai war abaysit[1] sa wtrely.
For thai wyst, throw auld prophecy,
That he that suld ger[2] schippis sua
Betuix thai seis with saillis ga,
Suld wyne the Ilis sua till hand,
That nane with strenth suld him withstand.
Tharfor thai come all to the King.
Wes nane withstud his bidding,
Owtakyn[3] Jhone of Lorne allayne.
Bot weill sone eftre wes he tayne;
And present rycht to the King.
And thai that war of his leding,
That till the King had brokyn fay,[4]
War all dede, and destroyit away.

Barbour's *Bruce*, book x, v. 821.

NOTE 110, p. 331

Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay, on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East Tarbat Loch. It is well described by Pennant: 'The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front, about a mile deep, having a ruined castle near the lower end, on a low far projecting neck of land, that forms another harbour, with a narrow passage; but within has three fathom of water, even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a little plain watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan-Athol soar above.' (Pennant's *Tour to the Western Isles*, pp. 191–92.) Ben-Ghaoil, 'the mountain of the winds,' is generally known by its English, and less poetical name, of Goatfield.

NOTE 111, p. 337

The passage in Barbour, describing the landing of Bruce, and his being recognised by Douglas and those of his followers who had preceded him, by the sound of his horn, is in the original singularly simple and affecting. The King arrived in Arran with thirty-three small row-boats. He interrogated a female if there

[1] Confounded. [2] Make. [3] Excepting. [4] Faith.

had arrived any warlike men of late in that country. 'Surely, sir,' she replied, 'I can tell you of many who lately came hither, discomfited the English governor, and blockaded his castle of Brodick. They maintain themselves in a wood at no great distance.' The king, truly conceiving that this must be Douglas and his followers, who had lately set forth to try their fortune in Arran, desired the woman to conduct him to the wood. She obeyed.

The king then blew his horn on high;
And gert his men that were him by,
Hold them still, and all privy;
And syne again his horne blew he.
James of Dowglas heard him blow,
And at the last alone gan know,
And said, 'Soothly yon is the king;
I know long while since his blowing.'
The third time therewithall he blew,
And then Sir Robert Boid it knew;
And said, 'Yon is the king, but dread,
Go we forth till him, better speed.'
Then went they till the king in hye,
And him inclined courteously.
And blithly welcomed them the king,
And was joyful of their meeting,
And kissed them; and speared[1] syne
How they had fared in hunting?
And they him told all, but lesing:[2]
Syne laud they God of their meeting.
Syne with the king till his harbourye
Went both joyfu' and jolly.

Barbour's *Bruce*, book v, pp. 115, 116.

Note 112, p. 339

The kind, and yet fiery character of Edward Bruce, is well painted by Barbour, in the account of his behaviour after the battle of Bannockburn. Sir Walter Ross, one of the very few Scottish nobles who fell in that battle, was so dearly beloved by Edward, that he wished the victory had been lost, so Ross had lived.

Out-taken him, men has not seen
Where he for any men made moaning.

And here the venerable Archdeacon intimates a piece of scandal. Sir Edward Bruce, it seems, loved Ross's sister, *par amours*, to

[1] Asked. [2] Without lying.

the neglect of his own lady, sister to David de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole. This criminal passion had evil consequences; for, in resentment of the affront done to his sister, Athole attacked the guard which Bruce had left at Cambuskenneth, during the battle of Bannockburn, to protect his magazine of provisions, and slew Sir William Keith, the commander. For which treason he was forfeited.

In like manner, when in a sally from Carrickfergus, Neil Fleming, and the guards whom he commanded, had fallen, after the protracted resistance which saved the rest of Edward Bruce's army, he made such moan as surprised his followers: —

> Sic moan he made men had ferly,[1]
> For he was not customably
> Wont for to moan men any thing,
> Nor would not hear men make moaning.

Such are the nice traits of character so often lost in general history.

Note 113, p. 346

This incident, which illustrates so happily the chivalrous generosity of Bruce's character, is one of the many simple and natural traits recorded by Barbour. It occurred during the expedition which Bruce made to Ireland, to support the pretensions of his brother Edward to the throne of that kingdom Bruce was about to retreat, and his host was arrayed for moving.

> The king has heard a woman cry,
> He asked what that was in hy.[2]
> 'It is the layndar,[3] sir,' sai ane,
> 'That her child-ill[4] right now has ta'en:
> And must leave now behind us here.
> Therefore she makes an evil cheer.'[5]
> The king said, 'Certes,[6] it were pity
> That she in that point left should be,
> For certes I trow there is no man
> That he no will rue[7] a woman than.'
> His hosts all there arested he,
> And gert[8] a tent soon stintit[9] be,
> And gert her gang in hastily,
> And other women to be her by.

[1] Wonder. [2] Haste. [3] Laundress. [4] Child-bed. [5] Stop.
[6] Certainly. [7] Pity. [8] Caused. [9] Pitched.

While she was delivered he bade;
And syne forth on his ways rade.
And how she forth should carried be,
Or he forth fure,[1] ordained he.
This was a full great courtesy,
That swilk a king and so mighty,
Gert his men dwell on this manner,
But for a poor lavender.'

Barbour's *Bruce*, book XVI, pp. 39, 40.

NOTE 114, p. 355

The interior of the island of Arran abounds with beautiful highland scenery. The hills, being very rocky and precipitous, afford some cataracts of great height, though of inconsiderable breadth. There is one pass over the river Machrai, renowned for the dilemma of a poor woman, who, being tempted by the narrowness of the ravine to step across, succeeded in making the first movement, but took fright when it became necessary to move the other foot, and remained in a posture equally ludicrous and dangerous, until some chance passenger assisted her to extricate herself. It is said she remained there some hours.

NOTE 115, p. 355

The isle of Arran, like those of Man and Anglesea, abounds with many relics of heathen, and probably Druidical, superstition. There are high erect columns of unhewn stone, the most early of all monuments, the circles of rude stones, commonly entitled Druidical, and the cairns, or sepulchral piles, within which are usually found urns enclosing ashes. Much doubt necessarily rests upon the history of such monuments, nor is it possible to consider them as exclusively Celtic, or Druidical. By much the finest circles of standing stones, excepting Stonehenge, are those of Stenhouse, at Stennis, in the island of Pomona, the principal isle of the Orcades. These, of course, are neither Celtic nor Druidical; and we are assured that many circles of the kind occur both in Sweden and Norway.

[1] Moved.

Note 116, p. 355

Brodick or Brathwick Castle, in the Isle of Arran, is an ancient fortress, near an open roadstead called Brodick Bay, and not far distant from a tolerable harbour, closed in by the island of Lamlash. This important place had been assailed a short time before Bruce's arrival in the island. James Lord Douglas, who accompanied Bruce to his retreat in Rachrine, seems, in the spring of 1306, to have tired of his abode there, and set out accordingly, in the phrase of the times, to see what adventure God would send him. Sir Robert Boyd accompanied him; and his knowledge of the localities of Arran appears to have directed his course thither. They landed in the island privately, and appear to have laid an ambush for Sir John Hastings, the English governor of Brodwick, and surprised a considerable supply of arms and provisions, and nearly took the castle itself. Indeed, that they actually did so, has been generally averred by historians, although it does not appear from the narrative of Barbour. On the contrary, it would seem that they took shelter within a fortification of the ancient inhabitants, a rampart called 'Tor an Schian.' When they were joined by Bruce, it seems probable that they had gained Brodick Castle. At least tradition says, that from the battlements of the tower he saw the supposed signal-fire on Turnberry-nook. . . . The castle is now much modernised, but has a dignified appearance, being surrounded by flourishing plantations.

Note 117, p. 357

Barbour, with great simplicity, gives an anecdote, from which it would seem that the vice of profane swearing, afterwards too general among the Scottish nation, was, at this time, confined to military men. As Douglas, after Bruce's return to Scotland, was roving about the mountainous country of Tweeddale, near the water of Line, he chanced to hear some persons in a farmhouse say 'the devil.' Concluding, from this hardy expression,

that the house contained warlike guests, he immediately assailed it, and had the good fortune to make prisoners Thomas Randolph, afterwards the famous Earl of Murray, and Alexander Stuart, Lord Bonkle. Both were then in the English interest, and had come into that country with the purpose of driving out Douglas. They afterwards ranked among Bruce's most zealous adherents.

Note 118, p. 359

The remarkable circumstances by which Bruce was induced to enter Scotland, under the false idea that a signal-fire was lighted upon the shore near his maternal castle of Turnberry — the disappointment which he met with, and the train of success which arose out of that very disappointment, are too curious to be passed over unnoticed. The following is the narrative of Barbour. The introduction is a favourable specimen of his style, which seems to be in some degree the model for that of Gawain Douglas: —

This wes in ver,[1] quhen wynter tid,
With his blastis hidwyss to bid,
Was our drywn: and byrdis smale,
As turturis and the nychtyngale,
Begouth[2] rycht sariely[3] to syng;
And for to mak in thair singyng
Swete notis, and sownys ser,[4]
And melodys plesand to her.
And the treis begouth to ma[5]
Burgeans,[6] and brycht blomys alsua,
To wyn the helyng[7] off thair hewid,
That wykkyt wyntir had thaim rewid.[8]
And all gressys beguth to spryng.
In to that tyme the nobill king,
With his flote, and a few menye,[9]
Thre hundyr I trow thai mycht be,
Is to the se, owte off Arane
A litill forouth,[10] ewyn gane.
Thai rowit fast, with all thair mycht,
Till that apon thaim fell the nycht,
That woux myrk[11] apon gret maner,
Swa that thai wyst nocht quhar thai wer.

[1] Spring. [2] Began. [3] Loftily. [4] Several. [5] Make. [6] Buds.
[7] Covering. [8] Bereaved. [9] Men. [10] Before. [11] Dark.

For thai na nedill had, na stane;
Bot rowyt alwayis in till ane,
Sterand aft tyme apon the fyr,
That thai saw brynnand lycht and schyr.[1]
It wes bot auentur[2] thaim led:
And thai in schort tyme sa thaim sped,
That at the fyr arywyt thai;
And went to land bot mar delay.
And Cuthbert, that has sene the fyr,
Was full off angyr, and off ire:
For he durst nocht do it away;
And wes alsua dowtand ay
That his lord suld pass to se.
Tharfor thair cummyn waytit he;
And met thaim at thair arywing.
He wes wele sone broucht to the King,
That speryt at him how he had done.
And he with sar hart tauld him sone,
How that he fand nane weill luffand;
Bot all war fayis, that he fand:
And that the lord the Persy,
With ner thre hundre in cumpany,
Was in the castell thar besid,
Fullfillyt off dispyt and prid.
Bot ma than twa partis off his rowt
War herberyt in the toune without;
'And dyspytyt yow mar, Schir King,
Than men may dispyt ony thing.'
Than said the King, in full gret ire;
'Tratour, quhy maid thow than the fyr?'
'A! Schyr,' said he, 'sa God me se!
The fyr wes newyr maid for me.
Na, or the nycht, I wyst it nocht;
Bot fra I wyst it, weill I thocht
That ye, and haly your menye,
In hy[3] suld put yow to the se.
For thi I cum to mete yow her,
To tell perellys that may aper.'
The King wes off his spek angry,
And askyt his prywé men, in hy,
Quhat at thaim thoucht wes best to do.
Schyr Edward fryst answert thar to,
Hys brodyr that wes swa hardy,
And said; 'I say yow sekyrly
Thar sall na perell, that may be,
Dryve me eftsonys[4] to the se.
Myne auentur her tak will I,
Quhethir it be esfull or angry.'
'Brothyr,' he said, 'sen thou will sua,
It is gud that we samyn ta
Dissese or ese, or payne or play,
Eftyr as God will ws purway.[5]

[1] Clear. [2] Adventure. [3] Haste.
[4] Soon after. [5] Prepare.

And sen men sayis that the Persy
Myn heretage will occupy;
And his menye sa ner ws lyis,
That ws dispytis mony wyss;
Ga we and wenge [1] sum off the dispyte
And that may we haiff done alss tite;[2]
For thai ly traistly,[3] but dreding
Off ws, or off our her cummyng.
And thoucht we slepand slew thaim all,
Repruff tharof na man sall.
For werrayour na forss suld ma,
Quhethir he mycht ourcom his fa
Throw strenth, or throw sutelté;
Bot that gud faith ay haldyn be.'

Barbour's *Bruce*, book IV, v. 1.

NOTE 119, p. 367

The following are the words of an ingenious correspondent, to whom I am obliged for much information respecting Turnberry and its neighbourhood. 'The only tradition now remembered of the landing of Robert the Bruce in Carrick, relates to the fire seen by him from the Isle of Arran. It is still generally reported, and religiously believed by many, that this fire was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said, that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year, on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick castle; and some go so far as to say, that if the exact time were known, it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient, is evident from the place where the fire is said to have appeared, being called the Bogles' Brae, beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown; that a spunkie (Jack o' lanthorn) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Forth of Clyde, between Ayrshire and Arran; and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery.' (Letter from Mr. Joseph Train, of Newton Stuart, author of an ingenious Collection of Poems, illustrative of many ancient Traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire, Edinburgh, 1814.)

[1] Avenge. [2] Quickly. [3] Confidently.

Note 120, p. 369

The Castle of Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, was the property of Robert Bruce, in right of his mother. Lord Hailes mentions the following remarkable circumstance concerning the mode in which he became proprietor of it: 'Martha, Countess of Carrick in her own right, the wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, bare him a son, afterwards Robert I (11th July, 1274). The circumstances of her marriage were singular: happening to meet Robert Bruce in her domains, she became enamoured of him, and with some violence led him to her castle of Turnberry. A few days after she married him, without the knowledge of the relations of either party, and without the requisite consent of the king. The king instantly seized her castle and whole estates: She afterwards atoned by a fine for her feudal delinquency. Little did Alexander foresee, that, from this union, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy was to arise.' (*Annals of Scotland*, II, 180.) The same obliging correspondent, whom I have quoted in the preceding note, gives me the following account of the present state of the ruins of Turnberry: 'Turnberry Point is a rock projecting into the sea; the top of it is about eighteen feet above highwater mark. Upon this rock was built the castle. There is about twenty-five feet high of the wall next to the sea yet standing. Upon the land-side the wall is only about four feet high; the length has been sixty feet, and the breadth forty-five: It was surrounded by a ditch, but that is now nearly filled up. The top of the ruin, rising between forty and fifty feet above the water, has a majestic appearance from the sea. There is not much local tradition in the vicinity connected with Bruce or his history. In front, however, of the rock, upon which stands Culzean Castle, is the mouth of a romantic cavern, called the Cove of Colean, in which it is said Bruce and his followers concealed themselves immediately after landing, till they arranged matters for their farther enterprises. Burns mentions it in the poem of Hallowe'en. The only place to the south of Turnberry worth mentioning, with reference to Bruce's

history, is the Weary Nuik, a little romantic green hill, where he and his party are said to have rested, after assaulting the castle.'

Around the Castle of Turnberry was a level plain of about two miles in extent, forming the castle park. There could be nothing, I am informed, more beautiful than the copsewood and verdure of this extensive meadow, before it was invaded by the ploughshare.

NOTE 121, p. 381

I have followed the flattering and pleasing tradition, that the Bruce, after his descent upon the coast of Ayrshire, actually gained possession of his maternal castle. But the tradition is not accurate. The fact is, that he was only strong enough to alarm and drive in the outposts of the English garrison, then commanded, not by Clifford, as assumed in the text, but by Percy. Neither was Clifford slain upon this occasion, though he had several skirmishes with Bruce. He fell afterwards in the battle of Bannockburn. Bruce, after alarming the castle of Turnberry, and surprising some part of the garrison, who were quartered without the walls of the fortress, retreated into the mountainous part of Carrick, and there made himself so strong, that the English were obliged to evacuate Turnberry, and at length the Castle of Ayr. Many of his benefactions and royal gifts attest his attachment to the hereditary followers of his house, in this part of the country.

It is generally known, that Bruce, in consequence of his distresses after the battle of Methven, was affected by a scorbutic disorder, which was then called a leprosy. It is said he experienced benefit from the use of a medicinal spring, about a mile north of the town of Ayr, called from that circumstance King's Case. The following is the tradition of the country, collected by Mr. Train: 'After Robert ascended the throne, he founded the priory of Dominican monks, every one of whom was under the obligation of putting up to Heaven a prayer once every week-day, and twice in holydays, for the recovery of the king; and, after his death, these masses were continued for the saving

of his soul. The ruins of this old monastery are now nearly level with the ground. Robert likewise caused houses to be built round the well of King's Case, for eight lepers, and allowed eight bolls of oatmeal, and 28*l*. Scotch money, per annum, to each person. These donations were laid upon the lands of Fullarton, and are now payable by the Duke of Portland. The farm of Shiels, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, has to give, if required, a certain quantity of straw for the lepers' beds, and so much to thatch their houses annually. Each leprous person had a drinking-horn provided him by the king, which continued to be hereditary in the house to which it was first granted. One of those identical horns, of very curious workmanship, was in the possession of the late Colonel Fullarton of that Ilk.'

My correspondent proceeds to mention some curious remnants of antiquity respecting this foundation. 'In compliment to Sir William Wallace, the great deliverer of his country, King Robert Bruce invested the descendants of that hero with the right of placing all the lepers upon the establishment of King's Case. This patronage continued in the family of Craigie, till it was sold along with the lands of the late Sir Thomas Wallace. The burgh of Ayr then purchased the right of applying the donations of King's Case to the support of the poor-house of Ayr. The lepers' charter-stone was a basaltic block, exactly the shape of a sheep's kidney, and weighing an Ayrshire boll of meal. The surface of this stone being as smooth as glass, there was not any other way of lifting it than by turning the hollow to the ground, there extending the arms along each side of the stone, and clasping the hands in the cavity. Young lads were always considered as deserving to be ranked among men, when they could lift the blue stone of King's Case. It always lay beside the well, till a few years ago, when some English dragoons encamped at that place wantonly broke it, since which the fragments have been kept by the freemen of Prestwick in a place of security. There is one of these charter-stones at the village of Old Daily, in Carrick, which has become more celebrated by the following event, which happened only a very few years ago: The village

of New Daily being now larger than the old place of the same name, the inhabitants insisted that the charter-stone should be removed from the old town to the new, but the people of Old Daily were unwilling to part with their ancient right. Demands and remonstrances were made on each side without effect, till at last man, woman, and child, of both villages, marched out, and by one desperate engagement put an end to a war, the commencement of which no person then living remembered. Justice and victory, in this instance, being of the same party, the villagers of the old town of Daily now enjoy the pleasure of keeping the *blue-stane* unmolested. Ideal privileges are often attached to some of these stones. In Girvan, if a man can set his back against one of the above description, he is supposed not liable to be arrested for debt, nor can cattle, it is imagined, be poinded as long as they are fastened to the same stone. That stones were often used as symbols to denote the right of possessing land, before the use of written documents became general in Scotland, is, I think, exceedingly probable. The charter-stone of Inverness is still kept with great care, set in a frame, and hooped with iron, at the market-place of that town. It is called by the inhabitants of that district Clack na Couddin. I think it is very likely that Carey has mentioned this stone in his poem of Craig Phaderick. This is only a conjecture, as I have never seen that work. While the famous marble chair was allowed to remain at Scoon, it was considered as the charter-stone of the kingdom of Scotland.'

NOTE 122, p. 382

These mazers were large drinking-cups, or goblets. Mention of them occurs in a curious inventory of the treasure and jewels of James III, which will be published, with other curious documents of antiquity, by my friend, Mr. Thomas Thomson, D. Register of Scotland, under the title of 'A Collection of Inventories, and other Records of the Royal Wardrobe, Jewel-House,' etc. I copy the passage, in which mention is made of the mazers,

and also of a habiliment, called 'King Robert Bruce's serk,' i.e. *shirt*, meaning, perhaps, his shirt of mail; although no other arms are mentioned in the inventory. It might have been a relic of more sanctified description, a penance shirt perhaps.

Extract from 'Inventare of ane Parte of the Gold and Silver conyeit and unconyeit, Jowellis, and uther Stuff perteining to Umquhile oure Soverane Lords Fader, that he had in Depois the Tyme of his Deceis, and that come to the Handis of oure Soverane Lord that now is, M.CCCC.LXXXVIII.'

'Memorandum fundin in a bandit kist like a gardeviant,[1] in the fyrst the grete chenye [2] of gold, contenand sevin score sex linkis.
Item, thre platis of silver.
Item, tuelf salfatis.[3]
Item, fyftene discheis [4] ouregilt.
Item, a grete gilt plate.
Item, twa grete bassingis [5] ouregilt.
Item, FOUR MASARIS, CALLED KING ROBERT THE BROCIS, with a cover.
Item, a grete cok maid of silver.
Item, the hede of silver of ane of the coveris of masar.
Item, a fare dialle.[6]
Item, twa kasis of knyffis.[7]
Item, a pare of auld kniffis.
Item, takin be the smyth that opinnit the lokkis, in gold fourty demyis.
Item, in Inglys grotis [8] . . . xxiiii li. and the said silver given again to the takaris of hym.
Item, ressavit in the cloissat of Davidis tour, ane haly water-fat of silver, twa boxis, a cageat tume, a glas with rois-water, a dosoune of torchis, King ROBERT BRUCIS SERK.'

The real use of the antiquarian's studies is to bring the minute information which he collects to bear upon points of history. For

[1] Garde-vin, or wine-cooler. [2] Chain.
[3] Salt-cellars, anciently the object of much curious workmanship.
[4] Dishes. [5] Basins. [6] Dial. [7] Cases of knives. [8] English groats.

example, in the inventory I have just quoted, there is given the contents of the *black kist*, or chest, belonging to James III, which was his strong box, and contained a quantity of treasure, in money and jewels, surpassing what might have been at the period expected of 'poor Scotland's gear.' This illustrates and authenticates a striking passage in the history of the house of Douglas, by Hume of Godscroft. The last Earl of Douglas (of the elder branch) had been reduced to monastic seclusion in the Abbey of Lindores, by James II. James III, in his distresses, would willingly have recalled him to public life, and made him his lieutenant. 'But he,' says Godscroft, 'laden with years and old age, and weary of troubles, refused, saying, Sir, you have keept mee, and your *black coffer* in Sterling, too long, neither of us can doe you any good: I, because my friends have forsaken me, and my followers and dependers are fallen from me, betaking themselves to other masters; and your black trunk is too farre from you, and your enemies are between you and it: or (as others say) because there was in it a sort of black coyne, that the king had caused to be coyned by the advice of his courtiers; which moneyes (saith he) sir, if you had put out at the first, the people would have taken it; and if you had employed mee in due time I might have done you service. But now there is none that will take notice of me, nor meddle with your money.' (Hume's *History of the House of Douglas*, fol. Edinburgh, 1644, p. 206.)

NOTE 123, p. 383

As soon as it was known in Kyle, says ancient tradition, that Robert Bruce had landed in Carrick, with the intention of recovering the crown of Scotland, the Laird of Craigie, and forty-eight men in his immediate neighbourhood, declared in favour of their legitimate prince. Bruce granted them a tract of land, still retained by the freemen of Newton to this day. The original charter was lost when the pestilence was raging at Ayr; but it was renewed by one of the Jameses, and is dated at Faulkland. The freemen of Newton were formerly officers by rotation. The

Provost of Ayr at one time was a freeman of Newton, and it happened to be his turn, while provost in Ayr, to be officer in Newton, both of which offices he discharged at the same time.

Note 124, p. 383

The forest of Selkirk, or Ettrick, at this period, occupied all the district which retains that denomination, and embraced the neighbouring dales of Tweeddale, and at least the Upper Ward of Clydesdale. All that tract was probably as waste as it is mountainous, and covered with the remains of the ancient Caledonian Forest, which is supposed to have stretched from Cheviot Hills as far as Hamilton, and to have comprehended even a part of Ayrshire. At the fatal battle of Falkirk, Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, brother to the Steward of Scotland, commanded the archers of Selkirk Forest, who fell around the dead body of their leader. The English historians have commemorated the tall and stately persons, as well as the unswerving faith, of these foresters. Nor has their interesting fall escaped the notice of an elegant modern poetess, whose subject led her to treat of that calamitous engagement.

> The glance of the morn had sparkled bright
> On their plumage green and their actons light;
> The bugle was strung at each hunter's side,
> As they had been bound to the chase to ride;
> But the bugle is mute, and the shafts are spent,
> The arm unnerved and the bow unbent,
> And the tired forester is laid
> Far, far from the clustering greenwood shade!
> Sore have they toil'd — they are fallen asleep,
> And their slumber is heavy, and dull, and deep!
> When over their bones the grass shall wave,
> When the wild winds over their tombs shall rave,
> Memory shall lean on their graves, and tell
> How Selkirk's hunters bold around old Stewart fell!

Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk [by Miss Holford], London, 4to, 1809, pp. 170, 171.

Note 125, p. 385

The first important advantage gained by Bruce, after landing at Turnberry, was over Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke,

the same by whom he had been defeated near Methven. They met, as has been said, by appointment, at Loudonhill, in the west of Scotland. Pembroke sustained a defeat; and from that time Bruce was at the head of a considerable flying army. Yet he was subsequently obliged to retreat into Aberdeenshire, and was there assailed by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, desirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Comyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Moubray. Bruce was ill at the time of a scrofulous disorder, but took horse to meet his enemies, although obliged to be supported on either side. He was victorious, and it is said that the agitation of his spirits restored his health.

Note 126, p. 385

The 'good Lord James of Douglas,' during these commotions, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again arise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the store of provisions, which the English had laid up in his castle, to be heaped together, bursting the wine and beer-casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the top of the whole cutting the throats of the English prisoners. This pleasantry of the 'good Lord James' is commemorated under the name of the 'Douglas's Larder.' A more pleasing tale of chivalry is recorded by Godscroft. 'By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of great jeopardie to keep this castle, which began to be called the "adventurous" (or hazardous) "Castle of Douglas"; whereupon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be

a suitor to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thruswall, but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, having first dressed an ambuscado near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way to Lanark, the chief market town in that county: so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both. Neither was this expectation frustrated, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this victual (as he supposed.) But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him; and these disguised carriers, seeing the captain following after them, did quickly cast off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, being so much the more amazed, as it was unlooked for: wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired to his castle, but there he also met with his enemies; between which two companies he and his whole followers were slain, so that none escaped: the captain afterwards being searched, they found (as it is reported) his mistress's letter about him.' (Hume's *History of the House of Douglas*, fol. pp. 29, 30.)

Note 127, p. 385

'John de St. John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavoured to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timeously received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valour would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry, and the meaner sort of his army, to intrench themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick mist, sur-

prised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them.' (Dalrymple's *Annals of Scotland*, quarto, Edinburgh, 1779, p. 25.)

NOTE 128, p. 385

Thomas Randolph, Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part of his life not more remarkable for consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph accordingly not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce, appeared in arms against him, and in the skirmish where he was so closely pursued by the bloodhound, it is said his nephew took his standard with his own hand. But Randolph was afterwards made prisoner by Douglas in Tweeddale, and brought before King Robert. Some harsh language was exchanged between the uncle and nephew, and the latter was committed for a time to close custody. Afterwards, however, they were reconciled, and Randolph was created Earl of Moray about 1312. After this period he eminently distinguished himself, first by the surprise of Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards by many similar enterprises, conducted with equal courage and ability.

NOTE 129, p. 387

When a long train of success, actively improved by Robert Bruce, had made him master of almost all Scotland, Stirling Castle continued to hold out. The care of the blockade was committed by the King to his brother Edward, who concluded a treaty with Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, that he should surrender the fortress, if it were not succoured by the King of England before St. John the Baptist's day. The King severely blamed his brother for the impolicy of a treaty, which gave time to the King of England to advance to the relief of the castle with all his assembled forces, and obliged himself either to meet them in battle with an inferior force, or to retreat with dis-

honour. 'Let all England come,' answered the reckless Edward; 'we will fight them were they more.' The consequence was, of course, that each kingdom mustered its strength for the expected battle; and as the space agreed upon reached from Lent to Midsummer, full time was allowed for that purpose.

Note 130, p. 387

There is printed in Rymer's *Fœdera* the summons issued upon this occasion to the sheriff of York; and he mentions eighteen other persons to whom similar ordinances were issued. It seems to respect the infantry alone, for it is entitled, *De peditibus ad recussum Castri de Stryvelin a Scotis obsessi, properare faciendis.* This circumstance is also clear from the reasoning of the writ, which states: 'We have understood that our Scottish enemies and rebels are endeavouring to collect as strong a force as possible of infantry, in strong and marshy grounds, where the approach of cavalry would be difficult, between us and the castle of Stirling.' It then sets forth Mowbray's agreement to surrender the castle, if not relieved before St. John the Baptist's day, and the King's determination, with divine grace, to raise the siege. 'Therefore,' the summons further bears, 'to remove our said enemies and rebels from such places as above mentioned, it is necessary for us to have a strong force of infantry fit for arms.' And accordingly the sheriff of York is commanded to equip and send forth a body of four thousand infantry, to be assembled at Werk, upon the tenth day of June first, under pain of the royal displeasure, etc.

Note 131, p. 388

Edward I, with the usual policy of a conqueror, employed the Welsh, whom he had subdued, to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits, as mountaineers, particularly fitted them. But this policy was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk, the Welsh quarrelled with the English men-at-arms, and after bloodshed on both parts, separated

themselves from his army, and the feud between them, at so dangerous and critical a juncture, was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success. They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanty dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked in the eyes even of the Scottish peasantry; and after the rout of Bannockburn, were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country. They were under command of Sir Maurice de Berkeley.

Note 132, p. 388

There is in the *Fœdera* an invitation to Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connaught, setting forth that the king was about to move against his Scottish rebels, and therefore requesting the attendance of all the force he could muster, either commanded by himself in person, or by some nobleman of his race. These auxiliaries were to be commanded by Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster. Similar mandates were issued to the following Irish chiefs, whose names may astonish the unlearned, and amuse the antiquary.

Eth O Donnuld, Duci Hibernicorum de Tyconil;
Demod O Kahan, Duci Hibernicorum de Fernetrew;
Doneval O Neel, Duci Hibernicorum de Tryowyn;
Neel Macbreen, Duci Hibernicorum de Kynallewan;
Eth. Offyn, Duci Hibernicorum de Turtery;
Admely Mac Anegus, Duci Hibernicorum de Onehagh;
Neel O Hanlan, Duci Hibernicorum de Erthere;
Bien Mac Mahun, Duci Hibernicorum de Uriel;
Lauercagh Mac Wyr, Duci Hibernicorum de Lougherin;
Gillys O Railly, Duci Hibernicorum de Bresfeny;
Geffrey O Fergy, Duci Hibernicorum de Montiragwil;
Felyn O Honughur, Duci Hibernicorum de Connach;

Donethuth O Bien, Duci Hibernicorum de Tothmund;
Dermod Mac Arthy, Duci Hibernicorum de Dessemound;
Denenol Carbragh;
Maur. Kenenagh Mac Murgh;
Murghugh O Bryn;
David O Tothvill;
Dermod O Tonoghur, Doffaly;
Fyn O Dymsy;
Souethuth Mac Gillephatrick;
Leyssagh O Morth;
Gilbertus Ekelly, Duci Hibernicorum de Omany;
Mac Ethelau;
Omalan Helyn, Duci Hibernicorum Midie.'

Rymer's *Fœdera*, III, 476, 477.

NOTE 133, p. 393

Fitz-Louis, or Mac-Louis, otherwise called Fullarton, is a family of ancient descent in the Isle of Arran. They are said to be of French origin, as the name intimates. They attached themselves to Bruce upon his first landing; and Fergus Mac-Louis, or Fullarton, received from the grateful monarch a charter, dated 26th November, in the second year of his reign (1307), for the lands of Kilmichel, and others, which still remain in this very ancient and respectable family.

NOTE 134, p. 393

The arrangements adopted by King Robert for the decisive battle of Bannockburn are given very distinctly by Barbour, and form an edifying lesson to tacticians. Yet, till commented upon by Lord Hailes, this important passage of history has been generally and strangely misunderstood by historians. I will here endeavour to detail it fully.

Two days before the battle, Bruce selected the field of action, and took post there with his army, consisting of about 30,000

disciplined men, and about half the number of disorderly attendants upon the camp. The ground was called the New Park of Stirling; it was partly open, and partly broken by copses of wood and marshy ground. He divided his regular forces into four divisions. Three of these occupied a front line, separated from each other, yet sufficiently near for the purposes of communication. The fourth division formed a reserve. The line extended in a north-easterly direction from the brook of Bannock, which was so rugged and broken as to cover the right flank effectually, to the village of Saint Ninian's, probably in the line of the present road from Stirling to Kilsyth. Edward Bruce commanded the right wing, which was strengthened by a strong body of cavalry under Keith, the Mareschal of Scotland, to whom was committed the important charge of attacking the English archers; Douglas, and the young Steward of Scotland, led the central wing; and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, the left wing. The King himself commanded the fourth division, which lay in reserve behind the others. The royal standard was pitched, according to tradition, in a stone, having a round hole for its reception, and thence called the Bore-stone. It is still shown on the top of a small eminence, called Brock's-brae, to the south-west of St. Ninian's. His main body thus disposed, King Robert sent the followers of the camp, fifteen thousand and upwards in number, to the eminence in rear of his army, called from that circumstance the Gillies' (i.e., the servants') Hill.

The military advantages of this position were obvious. The Scottish left flank, protected by the brook of Bannock, could not be turned; or, if that attempt were made, a movement by the reserve might have covered it. Again, the English could not pass the Scottish army, and move towards Stirling, without exposing their flank to be attacked while in march.

If, on the other hand, the Scottish line had been drawn up east and west, and facing to the southward, as affirmed by Buchanan, and adopted by Mr. Nimmo, the author of the History of Stirlingshire, there appears nothing to have prevented

the English approaching upon the carse, or level ground, from Falkirk, either from turning the Scottish left flank, or from passing their position, if they preferred it, without coming to an action, and moving on to the relief of Stirling. And the Gillies' Hill, if this less probable hypothesis be adopted, would be situated, not in the rear, as allowed by all the historians, but upon the left flank of Bruce's army. The only objection to the hypothesis above laid down, is, that the left flank of Bruce's army was thereby exposed to a sally from the garrison of Stirling. But, first, the garrison were bound to neutrality by terms of Mowbray's treaty; and Barbour even seems to censure, as a breach of faith, some secret assistance which they rendered their countrymen upon the eve of battle, in placing temporary bridges of doors and spars over the pools of water in the carse, to enable them to advance to the charge.[1] Secondly, Had this not been the case, the strength of the garrison was probably not sufficient to excite apprehension. Thirdly, The adverse hypothesis leaves the rear of the Scottish army as much exposed to the Stirling garrison, as the left flank would be in the case supposed.

It only remains to notice the nature of the ground in front of Bruce's line of battle. Being part of a park, or chase, it was considerably interrupted with trees; and an extensive marsh, still visible, in some places rendered it inaccessible, and in all of difficult approach. More to the northward, where the natural impediments were fewer, Bruce fortified his position against cavalry, by digging a number of pits so close together, says Barbour, as to resemble the cells in a honey-comb. They were a foot in breadth, and between two and three feet deep, many rows of them being placed one behind the other. They were slightly covered with brushwood and green sods, so as not to be obvious to an impetuous enemy.

All the Scottish army were on foot, excepting a select body of cavalry stationed with Edward Bruce on the right wing, under

[1] An assistance which (by the way) could not have been rendered, had not the English approached from the south-east; since, had their march been due north, the whole Scottish army must have been between them and the garrison.

the immediate command of Sir Robert Keith, the Marshal of Scotland, who were destined for the important service of charging and dispersing the English archers.

Thus judiciously posted, in a situation fortified both by art and nature, Bruce awaited the attack of the English.

Note 135, p. 393

Upon the 23d June, 1314, the alarm reached the Scottish army of the approach of the enemy. Douglas and the Marshal were sent to reconnoitre with a body of cavalry;

> And soon the great host have they seen,
> Where shields shining were so sheen,
> And basinets burnished bright,
> That gave against the sun great light.
> They saw so fele [1] brawdyne [2] baners,
> Standards and pennons and spears,
> And so fele knights upon steeds,
> All flaming in their weeds.
> And so fele batailles, and so broad,
> And too so great room as they rode,
> That the maist host, and the stoutest
> Of Christendom, and the greatest,
> Should be abaysit for to see
> Their foes into such quantity.
>
> *The Bruce*, vol. II, p. 111.

The two Scottish commanders were cautious in the account which they brought back to their camp. To the King in private they told the formidable state of the enemy; but in public reported that the English were indeed a numerous host, but ill commanded and worse disciplined.

Note 136, p. 394

The men of Argyle, the islanders, and the Highlanders in general, were ranked in the rear. They must have been numerous, for Bruce had reconciled himself with almost all their chieftains, excepting the obnoxious MacDougals of Lorn. The following deed, containing the submission of the potent Earl of Ross to

[1] Many. [2] Displayed.

the King, was never before published. It is dated in the third year of Robert's reign, that is, 1309.

'Obligacio Comitis Rossensis per Homagium Fidelitatem et Scriptum

'Universis christi fidelibus ad quorum noticiam presentes litere peruenerint Willielmus Comes de Ross salutem in domino sempiternam. Quia magnificus princeps Dominus Robertus dei gracia Rex Scottorum Dominus meus ex innata sibi bonitate, inspirataque clemencia, et gracia speciali remisit michi pure rancorem animi sui, et ralaxauit ac condonauit michi omnimodas transgressiones seu offensas contra ipsum et suos per me et meos vsque ad confeccionem literarum presencium perpetratas: Et terras meas et tenementa mea omnia graciose concessit. Et me nichilominus de terra de Dingwal et ferncroskry infra comitatum de Suthyrland de benigna liberalitate sua heriditarie infeodare curauit. Ego tantam principis beneuolenciam efficaciter attendens, et pro tot graciis michi factis, vicem sibi gratitudinis meis pro viribus de cetero digne . . . vite cupiens exhibere, subicio et obligo me et heredes meos et homines meos vniuersos dicto Domino meo Regi per omnia . . . erga suam regiam dignitatem, quod erimus de cetero fideles sibi et heredibus suis et fidele sibi seruicium auxilium et concilium . . . contra omnes homines et feminas qui vivere poterint aut mori, et super h . . . Ego Willielmus pro me . . . hominibus meis vniuersis dicto domino meo Regi . . . manibus homagium sponte feci et super dei ewangelia sacramentum prestiti. . . . In quorum omnium testimonium sigillum meum, et sigilla Hugonis filii et heredis et Johannis filii mei vna cum sigillis venerabilium patrum Dominorum Dauid et Thome Moraviensis et Rossensis dei gracia episcoporum presentibus literis sunt appensa. Acta scriptà et data apud Aldern in Morauia vltimo die mensis Octobris, Anno Regni dicti domini nostri Regis Roberti Tertio. Testibus venerabilibus patribus supradictis, Domino Bernardo Cancellario Regis, Dominis Willielmo de Haya, Johanne de Striuelyn, Willielmo Wysman, Johanne de

Ffenton, Dauid de Berkeley, et Waltero de Berkeley militibus, magistro Waltero Heroc, Decano ecclesie Morauie, magistro Willielmo de Creswel eiusdem ecclesie precentore et multis aliis nobilibus clericis et laicis dictis die et loco congregatis.'

The copy of this curious document was supplied by my friend, Mr. Thomson, Deputy Register of Scotland, whose researches into our ancient records are daily throwing new and important light upon the history of the country.

Note 137, p. 396

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish army upon the evening of the 23d of June. Bruce was then riding upon a little palfrey, in front of his foremost line, putting his host in order. It was then that the personal encounter took place betwixt him and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits of both armies. It is thus recorded by Barbour: —

And quhen Glosyster and Herfurd war
With thair bataill, approchand ner,
Befor thaim all thar come rydand,
With helm on heid, and sper in hand
Schyr Henry the Boune, the worthi,
That wes a wycht knycht, and a hardy;
And to the Erle off Herfurd cusyne:
Armyt in armys gud and fyne;
Come on a sted, a bow schote ner,
Befor all othyr that thar wer:
And knew the King, for that he saw
Him swa rang his men on raw;
And by the croune, that wes set
Alsua apon his bassynet.
And towart him he went in hy.
And [quhen] the King sua apertly
Saw him cum, forouth all his feris,[1]
In hy[2] till him the hors he steris.
And quhen Schyr Henry saw the King
Cum on, for owtyn abaysing,[3]
Till him he raid in full gret hy.
He thoucht that he suld will lychtly

[1] Comrades. [2] Haste. [3] Without shrinking.

Wyn him, and haf him at his will,
Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill.
Sprent[1] thai samyn in till a ling.[2]
Schyr Henry myssit the noble king.
And he, that in his sterapys stud,
With the ax that wes hard and gud,
With sa gret mayne[3] raucht him a dynt,
That nothyr hat, na helm, mycht stynt
The hewy[4] dusche[5] that he him gave.
That ner the heid till the harnys clave.
The hand ax shaft fruschit[6] in twa;
And he doune to the erd gan ga
All flatlynys,[7] for him faillyt mycht.
This wes the fryst strak off the fycht.

Barbour's *Bruce*, book VIII, v. 684.

The Scottish leaders remonstrated with the King upon his temerity. He only answered, 'I have broken my good battle-axe.' The English vanguard retreated after witnessing this single combat. Probably their generals did not think it advisable to hazard an attack, while its unfavourable issue remained upon their minds.

NOTE 138, p. 402

While the van of the English army advanced, a detached body attempted to relieve Stirling. Lord Hailes gives the following account of this manœuvre and the result, which is accompanied by circumstances highly characteristic of the chivalrous manners of the age, and displays that generosity which reconciles us even to their ferocity upon other occasions.

Bruce had enjoined Randolph, who commanded the left wing of his army, to be vigilant in preventing any advanced parties of the English from throwing succours into the castle of Stirling.

'Eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Sir Robert Clifford, were detached from the English army; they made a circuit by the low grounds to the east, and approached the castle. The King perceived their motions, and coming up to Randolph, angrily exclaimed, "Thoughtless man! you have suffered the enemy to pass." Randolph hasted to repair his fault, or perish. As he advanced, the English cavalry wheeled to attack him.

[1] Spurred. [2] Line. [3] Strength, or force.
[4] Heavy. [5] Clash. [6] Broke. [7] Flat.

Randolph drew up his troops in a circular form, with their spears resting on the ground, and protended on every side. At the first onset, Sir William Daynecourt, an English commander of distinguished note, was slain. The enemy, far superior in numbers to Randolph, environed him, and pressed hard on his little band. Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the king's permission to go and succour him. "You shall not move from your ground," cried the King; "let Randolph extricate himself as he best may. I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position." "In truth," replied Douglas, "I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish; and, therefore, with your leave, I must aid him." The King unwillingly consented, and Douglas flew to the assistance of his friend. While approaching, he perceived that the English were falling into disorder, and that the perseverance of Randolph had prevailed over their impetuous courage. "Halt," cried Douglas, "those brave men have repulsed the enemy; let us not diminish their glory by sharing it."' (Dalrymple's *Annals of Scotland*, 4to, Edinburgh, 1779, pp. 44, 45.)

Two large stones erected at the north end of the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, ascertain the place of this memorable skirmish. The circumstance tends, were confirmation necessary, to support the opinion of Lord Hailes, that the Scottish line had Stirling on its left flank. It will be remembered, that Randolph commanded infantry, Daynecourt cavalry. Supposing, therefore, according to the vulgar hypothesis, that the Scottish line was drawn up, facing to the south, in the line of the brook of Bannock, and consequently that Randolph was stationed with his left flank resting upon Milntown bog, it is morally impossible that his infantry, moving from that position, with whatever celerity, could cut off from Stirling a body of cavalry who had already passed St. Ninian's,[1] or, in other words, were already between them and the town. Whereas, supposing Randolph's

[1] Barbour says expressly, they avoided the New Park, (where Bruce's army lay,) and held 'well neath the Kirk,' which can only mean St. Ninian's.

left to have approached Saint Ninian's, the short movement to Newhouse could easily be executed, so as to intercept the English in the manner described.

Note 139, p. 405

There is an old tradition, that the well-known Scottish tune of 'Hey, tutti taitti,' was Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. The late Mr. Ritson, no granter of propositions, doubts whether the Scots had any martial music, quotes Froissart's account of each soldier in the host bearing a little horn, on which, at the onset, they would make such a horrible noise, as if all the devils of hell had been among them. He observes, that these horns are the only music mentioned by Barbour, and concludes, that it must remain a moot point whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound even of a solitary bagpipe. (*Historical Essay prefixed to Ritson's Scottish Songs.*) It may be observed in passing, that the Scottish of this period certainly observed some musical cadence, even in winding their horns, since Bruce was at once recognised by his followers from his mode of blowing. See Note 111. But the tradition, true or false, has been the means of securing to Scotland one of the finest lyrics in the language, the celebrated war-song of Burns, — 'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'

Note 140, p. 405

Upon the 24th of June, the English army advanced to the attack. The narrowness of the Scottish front, and the nature of the ground, did not permit them to have the full advantage of their numbers, nor is it very easy to find out what was their proposed order of battle. The vanguard, however, appeared a distinct body, consisting of archers and spearmen on foot, and commanded, as already said, by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford. Barbour, in one place, mentions that they formed nine BATTLES, or divisions; but from the following passage, it

appears that there was no room or space for them to extend themselves, so that, except the vanguard, the whole army appeared to form one solid and compact body: —

> The English men, on either party,
> That as angels shone brightly,
> Were not arrayed on such manner:
> For all their battles samyn[1] were
> In a schiltrum.[2] But whether it was
> Through the great straitness of the place
> That they were in, to bide fighting;
> Or that it was for abaysing; [3]
> I wete not. But in a schiltrum
> It seemed they were all and some;
> Out ta'en the vaward anerly,[4]
> That right with a great company,
> Be them selwyn, arrayed were.
> Who had been by, might have seen there
> That folk ourtake amekill feild
> On breadth, where many a shining shield,
> And many a burnished bright armour,
> And many a man of great valour,
> Might in that great schiltrum be seen:
> And many a bright banner and sheen.'
>
> Barbour's *Bruce*, vol. II, p. 137.

Note 141, p. 406

'Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front, barefooted, and bearing a crucifix in his hands, and exhorting the Scots in few and forcible words, to combat for their rights and their liberty. The Scots kneeled down. "They yield," cried Edward; "see, they implore mercy." "They

[1] Together.

[2] *Schiltrum.* — This word has been variously limited or extended in its signification. In general, it seems to imply a large body of men drawn up very closely together. But it has been limited to imply a round or circular body of men so drawn up. I cannot understand it with this limitation in the present case. The schiltrum of the Scottish army at Falkirk was undoubtedly of a circular form, in order to resist the attacks of the English cavalry, on whatever quarter they might be charged. But it does not appear how, or why, the English, advancing to the attack at Bannockburn, should have arrayed themselves in a circular form. It seems more probable, that, by *Schiltrum* in the present case, Barbour means to express an irregular mass into which the English army was compressed by the unwieldiness of its numbers, and the carelessness or ignorance of its leaders.

[3] Frightening.

[4] Alone.

do," answered Ingelram de Umfraville, "but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die."' (*Annals of Scotland*, ii, 47.)

NOTE 142, p. 408

The English archers commenced the attack with their usual bravery and dexterity. But against a force, whose importance he had learned by fatal experience, Bruce was provided. A small but select body of cavalry were detached from the right, under command of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I conceive, the marsh called Milntown bog, and, keeping the firm ground, charged the left flank and rear of the English archers. As the bowmen had no spears, nor long weapons, fit to defend themselves against horse, they were instantly thrown into disorder, and spread through the whole English army a confusion, from which they never fairly recovered.

The Inglis archeris schot sa fast,
That mycht thair schot haff ony last,
It had bene hard to Scottis men.
Bot King Robert, that wele gan ken[1]
That thair archeris war peralouss,
And thair schot rycht hard and grewouss,
Ordanyt, forouth[2] the assemblé,
Hys marschell with a gret menye,
Fyve hundre armyt in to stele,
That on lycht horss war horsyt welle,
For to pryk[3] amang the archeris;
And swa assaile thaim with thair speris,
That thai na layser haiff to schute.
This marschell that Ik of mute,[4]
That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld,
As Ik befor her has yow tauld,
Quhen he saw the bataillis sua
Assembill, and to gidder ga,
And saw the archeris schoyt stoutly;
With all thaim off his cumpany,
In hy apon thaim gan he rid;
And our tuk thaim at a sid;[5]
And ruschyt amang thaim sa rudly,
Stekand thaim sa dispitously,
And in sic fusoun[6] berand doun,
And slayand thaim, for owtyn ransoun;[7]
That thai thaim scalyt[8] euirilkane.[9]

[1] Know.
[2] Disjoined from the main body.
[3] Spur.
[4] That I speak of.
[5] Set upon their flank.
[6] Numbers.
[7] Ransom.
[8] Dispersed.
[9] Every one.

And fra that tyme furth thar wes nane
That assemblyt schot to ma.[1]
Quhen Scottis archeris saw that thai sua
War rebutyt,[2] thai woux hardy,
And with all thair mycht schot egrely
Amang the horss men, that thar raid;
And woundis wid to thaim thai maid;
And slew of thaim a full gret dele.
Barbour's *Bruce*, book IX, v. 228

Although the success of this manœuvre was evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish generals do not appear to have profited by the lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which they lost against England, was decided by the archers, to whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed and unresisting mark. The bloody battle of Halidoun Hill, fought scarce twenty years afterwards, was so completely gained by the archers, that the English are said to have lost only one knight, one esquire, and a few foot-soldiers. At the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, where David II was defeated and made prisoner, John de Graham, observing the loss which the Scots sustained from the English bowmen, offered to charge and disperse them, if a hundred men-at-arms were put under his command. '*But*, to confess the truth,' says Fordun, 'he could not procure a single horseman for the service proposed.' Of such little use is experience in war, where its results are opposed by habit or prejudice.

NOTE 143, p. 409

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, 'whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, "that every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scottes." Indeed Toxophilus says before, and truly of the Scottish nation, "The Scottes surely be good men of warre in theyre owne feates as can be; but as for shootinge, they can neither use it to any profite, nor yet challenge it for any praise."' (*Works of Ascham*, edited by Bennet, 4to, p. 110.)

[1] Make. [2] Driven back.

It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the 'good Lord James of Douglas' dreaded the superiority of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the forefinger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislaid the reference to this singular passage.

Note 144, p. 410

It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare which Bruce had prepared for them. Barbour does not mention the circumstance. According to his account, Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced courageously against the main body of the English, and entered into close combat with them. Douglas and Stuart, who commanded the Scottish centre, led their division also to the charge, and the battle becoming general along the whole line, was obstinately maintained on both sides for a long space of time; the Scottish archers doing great execution among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dispersed.

Note 145, p. 410

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note; and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt, that, in moments of sudden or intolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords, upon a bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact, in language which I will not mutilate by attempting to repeat it. It was my fortune, upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream, which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard.

Note 146, p. 414

When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted some time, Bruce made a decisive movement, by bringing up the Scottish reserve. It is traditionally said, that at this crisis, he addressed the Lord of the Isles in a phrase used as a motto by some of his descendants, 'My trust is constant in thee.' Barbour intimates, that the reserve 'assembled on one field,' that is, on the same line with the Scottish forces already engaged; which leads Lord Hailes to conjecture that the Scottish ranks must have been much thinned by slaughter, since, in that circumscribed ground, there was room for the reserve to fall into the line. But the advance of the Scottish cavalry must have contributed a good deal to form the vacancy occupied by the reserve.

Note 147, p. 416

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gillies' Hill in the rear, the impression produced upon the English army by the bringing up of the Scottish reserve, and, prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment, or the desire of plunder, assumed, in a tumultuary manner, such arms as they found nearest, fastened sheets to tent-poles and lances, and showed themselves like a new army advancing to battle.

Yomen, and swanys,[1] and pitaill,[2]
That in the Park yemyt wictaill,[3]
War left; quhen thai wyst but lesing,[4]
That thair lordis, with fell fechtyng,
On thair fayis assemblyt wer;
Ane off thaim selwyn[5] that war thar
Capitane of thaim all thai maid.
And schetis, that war sumedele[6] brad,
Thai festnyt in steid off baneris,
Apon lang treys and speris:
And said that thai wald se the fycht;
And help thair lordis at thair mycht.
Quhen her till all assentyt wer,
In a rout assemblit er;[7]
Fyftene thowsand thai war, or ma.
And than in gret hy gan thai ga,

[1] Swains. [2] Rabble. [3] Kept the provisions.
[4] Lying. [5] Selves. [6] Somewhat. [7] Are.

With thair baneris, all in a rout,
As thai had men bene styth[1] and stout.
Thai come, with all that assemblé,
Rycht quhill thai mycht the bataill se;
Than all at anys thai gave a cry,
'Sla! Sla! Apon thaim hastily!'

Barbour's *Bruce*, Book IX, v. 410.

The unexpected apparition, of what seemed a new army, completed the confusion which already prevailed among the English, who fled in every direction, and were pursued with immense slaughter. The brook of Bannock, according to Barbour, was so choked with the bodies of men and horses, that it might have been passed dry-shod. The followers of the Scottish camp fell upon the disheartened fugitives, and added to the confusion and slaughter. Many were driven into the Forth, and perished there, which, by the way, could hardly have happened, had the armies been drawn up east and west, since, in that case, to get at the river, the English fugitives must have fled through the victorious army. About a short mile from the field of battle is a place called the Bloody Folds. Here the Earl of Gloucester is said to have made a stand, and died gallantly at the head of his own military tenants and vassals. He was much regretted by both sides; and it is said the Scottish would gladly have saved his life, but, neglecting to wear his surcoat with armorial bearings over his armour, he fell unknown, after his horse had been stabbed with spears.

Sir Marmaduke Twenge, an English knight, contrived to conceal himself during the fury of the pursuit, and when it was somewhat slackened, approached King Robert. 'Whose prisoner are you, Sir Marmaduke?' said Bruce, to whom he was personally known. 'Yours, sir,' answered the knight. 'I receive you,' answered the King, and, treating him with the utmost courtesy, loaded him with gifts, and dismissed him without ransom. The other prisoners were all well treated. There might be policy in this, as Bruce would naturally wish to acquire the good opinion of the English barons, who were at this time at great variance with their king. But it also well accords with his high chivalrous character.

[1] Stiff.

Note 148, p. 416

Edward II, according to the best authorities, showed, in the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry not unworthy of his great sire and greater son. He remained on the field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was lost. He then rode to the Castle of Stirling, and demanded admittance; but the governor, remonstrating upon the imprudence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred men-at-arms, and, avoiding the field of battle and the victorious army, fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with about sixty horse. They were augmented by Sir Lawrence Abernethy with twenty more, whom Douglas met in the Torwood upon their way to join the English army, and whom he easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. They hung upon Edward's flight as far as Dunbar, too few in number to assail him with effect, but enough to harass his retreat so constantly, that whoever fell an instant behind, was instantly slain, or made prisoner. Edward's ignominious flight terminated at Dunbar, where the Earl of March, who still professed allegiance to him, 'received him full gently.' From thence, the monarch of so great an empire, and the late commander of so gallant and numerous an army, escaped to Bamborough in a fishing vessel.

Bruce, as will appear from the following document, lost no time in directing the thunders of parliamentary censure against such part of his subjects as did not return to their natural allegiance after the battle of Bannockburn.

Apud Monasterium de Cambuskenneth,

vi die novembris, m,ccc,xiv.

Judicium Reditum apud Kambuskinet contra omnes illos qui tunc fuerunt contra fidem et pacem Domini Regis.

Anno gracie millesimo tricentisimo quarto decimo sexto die Novembris tenente parliamentum suum Excellentissimo prin-

cipe Domino Roberto Dei gracia Rege Scottorum Illustri in monasterio de Cambuskyneth concordatum fuit finaliter Judicatum [ac super] hoc statutum de Concilio et Assensu Episcoporum et ceterorum Prelatorum Comitum Baronum et aliorum nobilium regni Scocie nec non et tocius communitatis regni predicti quod omnes qui contra fidem et pacem dicti domini regis in bello seu alibi mortui sunt [vel qui dic] to die ad pacem ejus et fidem non venerant licet sepius vocati et legitime expectati fuissent de terris et tenementis et omni alio statu infra regnum Scocie perpetuo sint exheredati et habeantur de cetero tanquam inimici Regis et Regni ab omni vendicacione juris hereditarii vel juris alterius cujuscunque in posterum pro se et heredibus suis in perpetuum privati Ad perpetuam igitur rei memoriam et evidentem probacionem hujus Judicii et Statuti sigilla Episcoporum et aliorum Prelatorum nec non et comitum Baronum ac ceterorum nobilium dicti Regni presenti ordinacioni Judicio et statuto sunt appensa.

Sigillum Domini Regis
Sigillum Willelmi Episcopi Sancti Andree
Sigillum Roberti Episcopi Glascuensis
Sigillum Willelmi Episcopi Dunkeldensis
. . . Episcopi . . . . . .
. . . Episcopi . . . . . .
. . . Episcopi . . . . . .
Sigillum Alani Episcopi Sodorensis
Sigillum Johannis Episcopi Brechynensis
Sigillum Andree Episcopi Ergadiensis
Sigillum Frechardi Episcopi Cathanensis
Sigillum Abbatis de Scona
Sigillum Abbatis de Calco
Sigillum Abbatis de Abirbrothok
Sigillum Abbatis de Sancta Cruce
Sigillum Abbatis de Londoris
Sigillum Abbatis de Newbotill
Sigillum Abbatis de Cupro
Sigillum Abbatis de Paslet

Sigillum Abbatis de Dunfermelyn
Sigillum Abbatis de Lincluden
Sigillum Abbatis de Insula Missarum
Sigillum Abbatis de Sancto Columba
Sigillum Abbatis de Deer
Sigillum Abbatis de Dulce Corde
Sigillum Prioris de Coldinghame
Sigillum Prioris de Rostynot
Sigillum Prioris Sancte Andree
Sigillum Prioris de Pettinwem
Sigillum Prioris de Insula de Lochlevin
Sigillum Senescalli Scocie
Sigillum Willelmi Comitis de Ros

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Sigillum Gilberti de la Haya Constabularii Scocie
Sigillum Roberti de Keth Mariscalli Scocie
Sigillum Hugonis de Ros
Sigillum Jacobi de Duglas
Sigillum Johannis de Sancto Claro
Sigillum Thome de Ros
Sigillum Alexandri de Settone
Sigillum Walteri Haliburtone
Sigillum Davidis de Balfour
Sigillum Duncani de Wallays
Sigillum Thome de Dischingtone
Sigillum Andree de Moravia
Sigillum Archibaldi de Betun
Sigillum Ranulphi de Lyill
Sigilium Malcomi de Balfour
Sigillum Normanni de Lesley
Sigillum Nigelli de Campo bello
Sigillum Morni de Musco Campo

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Note 149, p. 420

The remarkable circumstances attending the death of De Argentine have been already noticed (Note 77). Besides this renowned warrior, there fell many representatives of the noblest houses in England, which never sustained a more bloody and disastrous defeat. Barbour says that two hundred pairs of gilded spurs were taken from the field of battle; and that some were left the author can bear witness, who has in his possession a curious antique spur, dug up in the morass, not long since.

It wes forsuth a gret ferly,
To se samyn[1] sa fele dede lie.
Twa hundre payr of spuris reid,[2]
War tane of knichtis that war deid.

I am now to take my leave of Barbour, not without a sincere wish that the public may encourage the undertaking of my friend Dr. Jamieson, who has issued proposals for publishing an accurate edition of his poem, and of Blind Harry's *Wallace*. The only good edition of *The Bruce* was published by Mr. Pinkerton, in 3 vols., in 1790; and, the learned editor having had no personal access to consult the manuscript, it is not without errors; and it has besides become scarce. Of *Wallace* there is no tolerable edition; yet these two poems do no small honour to the early state of Scottish poetry, and *The Bruce* is justly regarded as containing authentic historical facts.

The following list of the slain at Bannockburn, extracted from the continuator of Trivet's *Annals*, will show the extent of the national calamity.

List of the Slain

Barons and Knights Bannerets

Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester,
Robert de Clifford,
Payan Tybetot,
William Le Mareschal,
John Comyn,
William de Vescey,
John de Montfort,
Nicolas de Hasteleigh,
William Dayncourt,
Ægidius de Argenteyne,
Edmond Comyn,
John Lovel (the rich),

[1] Together.

[2] Red, or gilded.

Edmund de Hastynge,
Milo de Stapleton,
Simon Ward,
Robert de Felton,
Michael Poyning,
Edmund Maulley.

Knights

Henry de Boun,
Thomas de Ufford,
John de Elsingfelde,
John de Harcourt,
Walter de Hakelut,
Philip de Courtenay,
Hugo de Scales,
Radulph de Beauchamp,
John de Penbrigge,
With thirty-three others of the same rank, not named.

PRISONERS

Barons and Baronets

Henry de Boun, Earl of Hereford,
Lord John Giffard,
William de Latimer,
Maurice de Berkley,
Ingelram de Umfraville,
Marmaduke de Twenge,
John de Wyletone,
Robert de Maulee,
Henry Fitz-Hugh,
Thomas de Gray,
Walter de Beauchamp,
Richard de Charon,
John de Wevelmton,
Robert de Nevil,
John de Segrave,
Gilbert Peeche,
John de Clavering,
Antony de Lucy,
Radulph de Camys,
John de Evere,
Andrew de Abremhyn.

Knights

Thomas de Berkeley,
The son of Roger Tyrrel,
Anselm de Mareschal,
Giles de Beauchamp,
John de Cyfrewast,
John Bluwet,
Roger Corbet,
Gilbert de Boun,
Bartholomew de Enefeld,
Thomas de Ferrers,
Radulph and Thomas Bottetort,
John and Nicholas de Kingstone (brothers),
William Lovel,
Henry de Wileton,
Baldwin de Fevrill,
John de Clivedon,[1]
Adomar la Zouche,
John de Merewode,
John Maufe,[2]
Thomas and Odo Lele Ercedekene,
Robert Beaupel (the son),
John Mautravers (the son),
William and William Giffard, and thirty-four other knights, not named by the historian.

And in sum there were there slain, along with the Earl of Gloucester, forty-two barons and bannerets. The number of earls, barons, and bannerets made captive, was twenty-two, and sixty-eight knights. Many clerks and esquires were also there slain or taken. Roger de Northburge, keeper of the King's

[1] Supposed Clinton.
[2] Maule.

signet (*Custos Targiæ Domini Regis*), was made prisoner with his two clerks, Roger de Wakenfelde and Thomas de Switon, upon which the King caused a seal to be made, and entitled it his 'privy seal,' to distinguish the same from the signet so lost. The Earl of Hereford was exchanged against Bruce's queen, who had been detained in captivity ever since the year 1306. The *Targia*, or signet, was restored to England, through the intercession of Ralph de Monthermer, ancestor of Lord Moira, who is said to have found favour in the eyes of the Scottish king. (Continuation of Trivet's *Annals*, Hall's edit. Oxford, 1712, II, p. 14.)

Such were the immediate consequences of the field of Bannockburn. Its more remote effects, in completely establishing the national independence of Scotland, afford a boundless field for speculation.

GLOSSARY

abbaye, an abbey.
aboon, above.
abye, atone for.
acton, a buckram vest worn under armour.
ain, own.
air, a sand-bank.
airn, iron.
almagest, an astronomical or astrological treatise.
Almayn, German.
amice, an ecclesiastical vestment.
amrie, ambry, a cupboard, a locker.
an, if.
ance, once.
ane, one.
anerly, alone.
aneugh, enough.
angel, an old English gold coin.
arquebus, a hagbut, or heavy musket.
assagay, a slender spear or lance.
atabal, a kind of kettle-drum.
auld, old; **auld Reekie**, Edinburgh.
aventayle, the movable front of a helmet.
avoid thee, begone.

bairn, a child.
baith, both.
baldric, a belt.
bale, a beacon-fire.
ballium, a fortified court.
bandelier, a belt for carrying ammunition.
ban-dog, a watch-dog.
bandrol, a kind of banner or ensign.
banes, bones.
bang, strike violently, beat, surpass.
barbican, the fortification at a castle-gate.
barded, armoured (said of horses).
barding, horse-armour.
barret-cap, a cloth cap.
bartizan, a small overhanging turret.
basnet, basinet, a light helmet.
bassened, having a white stripe down the face.
battalia, a battalion, an army (*not* a plural).
battle, an army.
beadsman, one hired to offer prayers for another.
beamed, having a horn of the fourth year.
beaver, the movable front of a helmet.
Beltane, the first of May (a Celtic festival).
bend, bind.
bend (noun), a heraldic term.
bent, a slope; also, aimed.
beshrew, may evil befall, confound.
bicker, a cup, a wooden vessel.
bickering, quivering, flashing.
bill, a kind of battle-axe or halberd.
billmen, troops armed with the bill.
black-jack, a leather jug or pitcher.
blaze, blazon, proclaim.
blink, a glimpse.
bluidy, bloody.
bonail, i. e., **bonallez**, a god-speed, parting with a friend.
bonnet-pieces, gold coins with the king's cap (bonnet) on them.
boot and bale, help and hurt.
boune, bowne, prepare, make ready.
boune, ready, prepared.
bountith, a gratuity.
bourd, a jest.
bow o' kye, a herd of cattle.
bower, a chamber, a lodging-place, a lady's apartments.
bra', braw, brave.
brach, a bitch-hound.
bracken, fern.
brae, a hillside.
braid, broad.
branking, prancing.
brast, burst.

bratchet, a slowhound.
brigantine, a kind of body armour.
brigg, a bridge.
brock, a badger.
broke, quartered (the cutting up of a deer).
brose, broth.
brotikins, buskins.
buff, a thick cloth.
burn, burnie, a brook.
busk, dress, prepare.
buxom, lively.
by times, betimes, early.

caird, a tinker.
cairn, a heap of stones, a rocky point.
canna, cotton-grass.
cantle, the crown.
canty, cheerful, lively.
cap of maintenance, a cap worn by the king-at-arms or chief herald.
carle, a fellow.
carline, a woman, a witch.
carp, talk.
cast, a pair (of hawks).
causey, a causeway.
chanters, the pipes of the bagpipe.
check at, meditate attack (in falconry).
cheer, face, countenance.
claymore, a large sword.
clerk, a scholar.
clip, clasp, embrace.
clout, mend.
cogie, a small wooden bowl.
combust, an astrological term.
corbel, a bracket.
coronach, a dirge.
correi, a hollow in a hillside, a resort of game.
crabs, crab-apples.
craig, the head.
crenell, an aperture for shooting arrows through.
cresset, a hanging lamp or chandelier.
crouse, bold.
cuish, a thigh-piece of armour.
culver, a small cannon.
cumber, trouble.
cummer, a gossip, an intimate friend.
curch, a matron's coif, or head-dress.
cushat-dove, a wood-pigeon.
cutty, short.

daggled, bespattered.
darkling, in the dark.
daunder, saunter, wander.
daunton, subdue, tame.
deas, a dais, a platform.
deft, skilful.
demi-volt, a movement in horsemanship.
dern, hid.
dight, decked, dressed, prepared.
dingle, a closely wooded hollow.
dinna, do not.
dinnle, tinkle, thrill.
dint, strike, knock.
dirdum, an uproar.
donjon, the main tower or keep of a castle.
doom, judgment, arbitration.
double tressure, a kind of border in heraldry.
dought, was able, could.
down, a hill.
downa, do not.
dramock, meal and water.
drie, suffer, endure.
drouth, thirst.
duddies, rags, tatters.
dwam, a swoon, a fainting fit.

earn, erne, an eagle.
eburnine, made of ivory.
een, eyes.
embossed, exhausted by running, foaming at the mouth (hunter's term).
emprise, enterprise.
ensenzie, an ensign, a war-cry.
even, spotless, pure.

failzie, failure.
falcon, a kind of small cannon.
fand, found.
fang, to catch.
far yaud, the signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance.

Fastern's night, Shrove Tuesday.
fauld, a sheepfold.
fay, faith.
ferlie, a marvel.
fieldfare, a species of thrush.
fleech, flatter, cajole.
flemens-firth, an asylum for outlaws.
foray, a predatory inroad.
force, a waterfall.
fosse, a ditch, a moat.
fou, full, tipsy.
frae, from.
fretted, adorned with raised work.
fro, from.
frounced, flounced, plaited.

gae, go; **gaed**, went.
gaitling, a young child.
galliard, a lively dance.
gallowglasses, heavy-armed soldiers (Celtic).
gane, gone.
gang, go.
gar, make.
gazehound, a hound that pursues by sight rather than scent.
gear, goods, possessions.
gent, high-born, vahant and courteous.
gest, a deed, an exploit.
ghast, ghastly.
gie, give.
gin, if.
gipon, a doublet or jacket worn under armour.
glaive, a broadsword.
glamour, a magical illusion.
glee-maiden, a dancing-girl.
gleg, quick, sharp, lively.
glidders, slippery stones.
glozing, flattering.
gonfalone, a banner or ensign.
gorged, having the throat cut.
gorget, armour for the throat.
graith, armour.
gramarye, magic.
gramercy, great thanks (French, *grand merci*).
gree, **grie**, prize.
greese, fat; **hart of greese**, a fat hart.
greet and grane, weep and groan.
gripple, grasping, miserly.
grisly, horrible, grim.
guarded, edged, trimmed.
gude, good.
gules, red (heraldic).
gylte, a young sow.

hackbuteer, a soldier armed with hackbut or hagbut, a musketeer.
hae't, **haet**, an atom.
haffets, cheeks.
hag, broken ground in a bog.
hagbut (**hackbut**, **haquebut**, **arquebus**, **harquebuss**, etc.), a heavy musket.
halberd, **halbert**, a combined spear and battle-axe.
hale, haul, drag.
hame, home.
handsel, a gift, earnest money.
hanger, a short broadsword.
harried, plundered, sacked.
haud, hold.
hearse, a canopy over a tomb, or the tomb itself.
heeze, **heise**, hoist, raise.
hent, seize.
heriot, tribute due to a lord from a vassal.
heron-shew, a young heron.
hight, called, named, promised.
holt, wood, woodland.
hosen, hose (old plural).
howf, **howff**, a haunt, a resort.

idlesse, idleness.
ilka, each, every.
imp, a child.
inch, an island.

jack, a leather jacket, a kind of armour for the body.
jennet, a small Spanish horse.
jerkin, a kind of short coat.
jerrid, a wooden javelin about five feet long.
jowing, ringing or tolling.

kale, broth.
kebbuck, cheese.

keek, peep.
ken, know.
kern, a light-armed soldier (Celtic).
kill, a cell.
kipper, salmon or sea trout.
kirk, a church.
kirn, the Scottish harvest-home.
kirtle, a skirt, a gown.
kist, a chest.
kittle, ticklish, delicate.
knosp, a knob (architectural).
knowe, a knoll, a hillock.
kye, cows.

lair, learning.
lair, to stick in the mud.
largesse, largess, liberality, gift.
lauds, psalms.
launcegay, a kind of spear.
laverock, a lark.
leading-staff, a staff carried by a commanding officer.
leaguer, a camp.
leal-fast, loyal, faithful.
leash, a thong for leading a greyhound; also the hounds so led.
leister, to spear.
leven, a lawn, an open space between or among woods.
leveret, a young hare.
levin, lightning, thunderbolt.
libbard, a leopard.
Lincoln green, a cloth worn by huntsmen.
linn, a waterfall, a pool below a fall, a precipice.
linstock, lintstock, a handle for the lint or match used in firing cannon.
lists, the enclosure for a tournament.
litherlie, mischievous, vicious.
loon, a rogue, a strumpet.
loot, let.
lorn, lost.
loup, leap.
lourd, rather.
lout, bend, stoop.
lurch, rob.
lurcher, a dog that **lurches** (lurks), or lies in wait for game.
lurdane, a blockhead.
lyke-wake, the watching of a corpse before burial.
lyme-dog, a bloodhound.

mair, more.
make, do.
malison, a malediction, a curse.
Malvoisie, Malmsey wine.
march, a border, a frontier.
march-treason, offences committed on the Border.
massy, massive.
maukin, a hare.
maun, must.
mavis, the thrush.
mazers, large drinking cups or goblets.
meikle, much, great.
mell, melle, meddle.
merk, a Scottish coin worth about $13\frac{1}{3}d.$
merle, the blackbird.
merlin, a species of falcon.
mewed, shut up, confined.
mickle, much, great.
minion, favourite.
miniver, a kind of fur.
mirk, dark.
mony, many.
moonlight, smuggled spirits.
morion, a steel cap, a helmet.
morrice-pike, a long heavy spear.
morris, a kind of dance.
morsing-horns, powder-flasks.
moss, a morass, a bog.
mot, mote, must, might.
muckle, much, large.
muir, a moor, a heath.
mullet, a figure of a star, usually with five straight points.

nae, no.
need-fire, a beacon-fire.
neist, next.
nese, a nose.

oe, an island.
O hone, alas!
Omrahs, nobles (Turkish).
or, gold (heraldic).
orra, odd, occasional.

owches, jewels.
ower, over, too.

pall, fine or rich cloth.
pallioun, a pavilion.
palmer, a pilgrim to the Holy Land.
pardoner, a seller of priestly indulgences.
partisan, a halberd, a combination of spear and battle-axe.
peel, a Border tower.
pensils, small pennons or streamers.
pentacle, a magic diagram.
pibroch, a Highland air on the bagpipe.
pied, variegated.
pike, pick.
pinnet, a pinnacle.
pirn, a spool, a reel.
placket, a stomacher, a petticoat, a slit in a petticoat, etc.
plate-jack, coat-armour.
plump, a body of cavalry, a group, a company.
poke, a sack, a pocket.
port, a lively tune, a catch.
post and pair, an old game at cards.
pow, a head.
pranked, dressed up, adorned.
presence, the royal presence-chamber.
pricked, spurred.
pricker, a horseman, a mounted soldier.
propine, a present.
prore, the prow.
pryse, the note blown at the death of the game.
puir, poor.
pursuivant, an attendant on a herald.

quaigh, a wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together.
quarry, game (hunter's term).
quatre-feuille, quatrefoil (Gothic ornament).
quit, requite.

rack, a floating cloud.
racking, flying, like a breaking cloud.
rade, rode.
rais, the master of a vessel.
reads, counsels.
reave, tear away.
rebeck, an ancient musical instrument, an early form of the fiddle.
rede, a story, counsel, advice.
reiver, a plunderer, a robber.
reliquaire, a repository for relics.
retrograde, an astrological term.
rie, a prince or chief; **O hone a rie**, alas for the chief!
rin, run.
risp, creak.
rive, tear.
rochet, a bishop's short surplice.
rokelay, a short cloak.
rood, a cross (as in **Holy-Rood**).
room, a piece of land.
rowan, the mountain-ash.
runnel, a small stream of water.
ruth, pity, compassion.

sack, Sherry or Canary wine.
sackless, innocent.
sae, so.
saga, a Scandinavian epic.
sained, blessed.
sair, sore, very.
sall, shall.
saltier, in heraldry an ordinary in the form of a St. Andrew's cross.
salvo-shot, a salute of artillery.
sark, a shirt.
saye, say, assertion.
scalds, Scandinavian minstrels.
scallop, a pilgrim's cockle-shell worn as an emblem.
scapular, an ecclesiastical scarf or short cloak.
scathe, harm, injury.
scaur, a cliff, a precipitous bank of earth.
scaur'd, scared.
scrae, a bank of loose stones.
scrogg, a stunted tree, underwood.
sea-dog, a seal.
seguidille, a Spanish dance.
selcouth, strange, uncouth.
selle, a saddle.
seneschal, the steward of a castle.

sewer, an officer who serves up a feast.
shalm, a shawm, a musical instrument.
sheeling, a shepherd's hut.
sheen, bright, shining.
shent, shamed.
shirra, a sheriff.
shrieve, shrive, absolve.
shroud, a garment, a plaid.
sic, such.
siller, silver.
skirl, scream, sound shrilly.
sleights, tricks, stratagems.
slogan, the war-cry or gathering word of a Border clan.
snood, a maiden's hair-band or fillet.
soland, solan-goose, gannet.
sooth, true, truth.
sped, despatched, 'done for.'
speer, speir, ask.
speerings, tidings.
spell, make out, study out.
sperthe, a battle-axe.
splent, a splinter.
springlet, a small spring.
spule, a shoulder.
spurn, kick.
stag of ten, one having ten branches on his antlers.
stamock, the stomach.
stance, a station.
stane, stone.
stark, stout, stalwart.
stern, a star.
sterte, started.
stirrup-cup, a parting cup.
stole, an ecclesiastical scarf (sometimes a robe).
stoled, wearing the **stole**.
store, stored up.
stoun, stown, stolen.
stour, severe.
stowre, battle, tumult.
strain, stock, race.
strath, a broad river-valley.
strathspey, a Highland dance.
streight, strait.
strook, struck, stricken.
stumah, faithful.
swith, haste, quickly.
syde, long.
syne, since; **lang syne**, long ago.

tabard, a herald's coat.
tait, a tuft.
targe, a shield.
tarn, a mountain lake.
tartan, the full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.
tett, a plait or plaited knot.
throstle, a thrush.
tide, time.
tine, lose; **tint**, lost.
tire, a head-dress.
toom, empty.
tottered, tattered, ragged.
toun, a town.
train, allure, entice.
trental, a service of thirty masses for a deceased person.
tressure, a border (heraldic).
trews, Highland trousers.
trine, threefold, an astrological term.
trow, believe, trust.
trowls, passes round.
truncheon, a staff, the shaft of a spear.
twa, two.
tyke, a dog.
tyne, lose.

uncouth, strange, unknown.
uneath, not easily, with difficulty.
unsparred, unbarred.
upsees, a Bacchanalian cry or interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.
urchin, an elf.

vail, avail.
vail, lower, let fall.
vair, a kind of fur, probably of the squirrel.
vantage-coign, an advantageous position.
vaunt-brace, or **warn-brace**, armour for the forearm.
vaward, van, front.
vilde, vile.

wad, would.
wan, won.

GLOSSARY

Warden-raid, a raid commanded by a Border Warden in person.
ware, beware of.
warlock, a wizard.
warped, frozen.
warre, worse.
warrison, a note of assault.
warstle, wrestle.
wassail, spiced ale, a drinking-bout.
wauk, wake.
waur, worse.
weapon-schaw, a military array of a county, a muster.
weed, a garment.
weird, fate, doom.
whenas, when.
whilere, while-ere, erewhile, a while ago.
whiles, sometimes.
whilom, whilome, formerly.
whin, gorse, furze.
whingers, knives, poniards.
whinyard, a hunter's knife.
wight, active, gallant, war-like.
wildering, bewildering.
wimple, a veil.
woe-worth, woe be to.
woned, dwelt.
wraith, an apparition, a spectre.
wreak, avenge.
wud, would.
wuddie, the gallows.

yare, ready.
yate, a gate.
yaud, see **far yaud**.
yerk, jerk.
yode, went.

POEMS

V

CONTENTS

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN; OR, THE VALE OF ST. JOHN

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION 3
INTRODUCTION 9
CANTO FIRST 16
CANTO SECOND 34
CANTO THIRD 66
CONCLUSION 110

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE DYING BARD 115
THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE 117
THE MAID OF TORO 119
THE PALMER 121
THE MAID OF NEIDPATH 123
WANDERING WILLIE 125
HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE 128
HUNTING SONG 132
SONG: 'O SAY NOT, MY LOVE' 134
THE RESOLVE 135
EPITAPH DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF MISS SEWARD 138

CONTENTS

PROLOGUE TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY OF 'THE FAMILY LEGEND' 139

THE POACHER 141

THE BOLD DRAGOON; OR, THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS 148

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE 151

SONG FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND 154

LINES ADDRESSED TO RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ., OF STAFFA 156

PHAROS LOQUITUR 157

LETTER IN VERSE ON THE VOYAGE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN LIGHTS TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH . . 158

POSTSCRIPTUM 162

SONGS AND VERSES FROM WAVERLEY

I. 'AND DID YE NOT HEAR OF A MIRTH BEFELL' 165

II. 'LATE, WHEN THE AUTUMN EVENING FELL' 166

III. 'THE KNIGHT 'S TO THE MOUNTAIN' . 168

IV. 'IT 'S UP GLENBARCHAN'S BRAES I GAED' 169

V. 'HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY' 169

VI. ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR 170

VII. 'YOUNG MEN WILL LOVE THEE MORE FAIR AND MORE FAST' 172

CONTENTS

VIII. FLORA MAC-IVOR'S SONG 173
IX. TO AN OAK TREE 176
X. 'WE ARE BOUND TO DRIVE THE BULLOCKS' 178
XI. 'BUT FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME' 178
FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT 179
FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE, HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL 181
IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING SONG 183
WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN, HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN 185
SAINT CLOUD 187
THE DANCE OF DEATH 189
ROMANCE OF DUNOIS 196
THE TROUBADOUR 198
'IT CHANCED THAT CUPID ON A SEASON' . . 200
SONG ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH ON CARTER HAUGH 201
SONGS FROM GUY MANNERING
I. 'CANNY MOMENT, LUCKY FIT' 203
II. 'TWIST YE, TWINE YE! EVEN SO' . . 204
III. 'WASTED, WEARY, WHEREFORE STAY' . 205
IV. 'DARK SHALL BE LIGHT' 206
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF 207
THE RETURN TO ULSTER 208
JOCK OF HAZELDEAN 210

CONTENTS

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU 212

NORA'S VOW 215

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING 217

VERSES SUNG AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO THE GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA AND HIS SUITE, 19TH DECEMBER, 1816 219

VERSES FROM THE ANTIQUARY

I. 'HE CAME, BUT VALOUR SO HAD FIRED HIS EYE' 221

II. 'WHY SIT'ST THOU BY THAT RUINED HALL' 221

III. EPITAPH 222

IV. 'THE HERRING LOVES THE MERRY MOONLIGHT' 223

VERSES FROM OLD MORTALITY

I. 'AND WHAT THOUGH WINTER WILL PINCH SEVERE' 226

II. VERSES FOUND, WITH A LOCK OF HAIR, IN BOTHWELL'S POCKET-BOOK 226

III. EPITAPH ON BALFOUR OF BURLEY . . 228

THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS 229

LINES WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH 245

MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE 247

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL 250

SONG FROM ROB ROY, TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE 252

CONTENTS

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH 254

EPILOGUE TO 'THE APPEAL' 256

MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT 258

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN 260

MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS 263

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH 267

THE NOBLE MORINGER 275

EPITAPH ON MRS. ERSKINE 289

SONGS FROM THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

I. 'LOOK NOT THOU ON BEAUTY'S CHARMING' 290

II. 'THE MONK MUST ARISE WHEN THE MATINS RING' 290

III. 'WHEN THE LAST LAIRD OF RAVENSWOOD TO RAVENSWOOD SHALL RIDE' . 291

SONGS FROM THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE

I. ANCIENT GAELIC MELODY 292

II. THE ORPHAN MAID 293

VERSES FROM IVANHOE

I. THE CRUSADER'S RETURN 296

II. THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR 298

III. 'NORMAN SAW ON ENGLISH OAK' . . 299

IV. WAR-SONG 300

V. REBECCA'S HYMN 302

VI. THE BLACK KNIGHT AND WAMBA . . . 304

VII. ANOTHER CAROL BY THE SAME . . . 305

VIII. FUNERAL HYMN 306

CONTENTS

VERSES FROM THE MONASTERY

I. ANSWER TO INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE . 308
II. BORDER SONG 308
III. SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL 309
IV. TO THE SUB-PRIOR 311
V. HALBERT'S INCANTATION 313
VI. TO HALBERT 313
VII. TO THE SAME 318
VIII. TO THE SAME 322
IX. TO MARY AVENEL 323
X. TO EDWARD GLENDINNING 323
XI. THE WHITE LADY'S FAREWELL . . . 324
GOLDTHRED'S SONG FROM KENILWORTH . . . 326
VERSES FROM THE PIRATE
I. THE SONG OF THE TEMPEST 327
II. HALCRO'S SONG 330
III. SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER . . . 331
IV. SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND MERMEN 333
V. NORNA'S VERSES 335
VI. HALCRO AND NORNA 338
VII. THE FISHERMEN'S SONG 343
VIII. CLEVELAND'S SONGS 344
IX. HALCRO'S VERSES 345
X. NORNA'S INCANTATIONS 347
XI. THE SAME, AT THE MEETING WITH MINNA 349
XII. BRYCE SNAILSFOOT'S ADVERTISEMENT 353

CONTENTS

'ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS DUN' . . 354
THE MAID OF ISLA 356
FAREWELL TO THE MUSE 358
NIGEL'S INITIATION AT WHITEFRIARS 360
'CARLE, NOW THE KING 'S COME' 363
THE BANNATYNE CLUB 372
COUNTY GUY 375
EPILOGUE TO THE DRAMA FOUNDED ON 'SAINT RONAN'S WELL' 376
EPILOGUE 380
VERSES FROM REDGAUNTLET
I. A CATCH OF COWLEY'S ALTERED . . . 382
II. 'AS LORDS THEIR LABOURERS' HIRE DELAY' 383
LINES ADDRESSED TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE, THE CELEBRATED VENTRILOQUIST 384
TO J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ., ON THE COMPOSITION OF MAIDA'S EPITAPH 385
SONGS FROM THE BETROTHED
I. 'SOLDIER, WAKE!' 387
II. WOMAN'S FAITH 388
III. 'I ASKED OF MY HARP' 389
IV. 'WIDOWED WIFE AND WEDDED MAID' . 391
VERSES FROM THE TALISMAN
I. 'DARK AHRIMAN, WHOM IRAK STILL' . 392
II. 'WHAT BRAVE CHIEF SHALL HEAD THE FORCES' 394
III. THE BLOODY VEST 395

CONTENTS

VERSES FROM WOODSTOCK

I. 'BY PATHLESS MARCH, BY GREENWOOD TREE' 400

II. GLEE FOR KING CHARLES 400

III. 'AN HOUR WITH THEE' 402

IV. 'SON OF A WITCH' 403

LINES TO SIR CUTHBERT SHARP 404

VERSES FROM CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE

I. OLD SONG 405

II. THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE 405

III. DEATH CHANT 407

IV. SONG OF THE GLEE-MAIDEN 408

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR 410

THE SECRET TRIBUNAL 414

THE FORAY 416

INSCRIPTION FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT 418

SONGS FROM THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL

I. 'THE SUN UPON THE LAKE' 419

II. 'WE LOVE THE SHRILL TRUMPET' . . 420

III. 'ADMIRE NOT THAT I GAINED THE PRIZE' 421

IV. 'WHEN THE TEMPEST' 421

V. BONNY DUNDEE 422

VI. 'WHEN FRIENDS ARE MET' 425

'HITHER WE COME' 427

THE DEATH OF DON PEDRO 428

LINES ON FORTUNE 430

CONTENTS

NOTES 433
GLOSSARY 445
INDEX OF FIRST LINES 455
INDEX OF TITLES 462

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN

OR

THE VALE OF ST. JOHN

A LOVER'S TALE

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN

OR

THE VALE OF ST. JOHN

A LOVER'S TALE

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

In the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for the year 1809, Three Fragments were inserted, written in imitation of Living Poets. It must have been apparent that by these prolusions nothing burlesque or disrespectful to the authors was intended, but that they were offered to the public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition by which each of the writers is supposed to be distinguished. As these exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been induced to complete one of them and present it as a separate publication.

It is not in this place that an examination of the works of the master whom he has here adopted as his model, can, with propriety, be introduced; since his general acquiescence in the favourable suffrage of the public must necessarily be inferred from the attempt he has now made. He is induced, by the nature of his subject, to offer a few remarks on what has been called *romantic poetry;* the popularity of which has been revived in the present day, under the auspices, and by the unparalleled success, of one individual.

The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his song do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are

the first historians of all nations. Their intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative, or more easily committed to memory. But as the poetical historian improves in the art of conveying information, the authenticity of his narrative unavoidably declines. He is tempted to dilate and dwell upon the events that are interesting to his imagination, and, conscious how indifferent his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance.

It is in this situation that those epics are found, which have been generally regarded the standards of poetry; and it has happened somewhat strangely that the moderns have pointed out as the characteristics and peculiar excellencies of narrative poetry, the very circumstances which the authors themselves adopted, only because their art involved the duties of the historian as well as the poet. It cannot be believed, for example, that Homer selected the siege of Troy as the most appropriate subject for poetry; his purpose was to write the early history of his country; the event he has chosen, though not very fruitful in varied incident, nor perfectly well adapted for poetry, was nevertheless combined with traditionary and genealogical anecdotes extremely interesting to those who were to listen to him; and this he has adorned by the exertions of a genius which, if it has been equalled, has certainly been never surpassed. It was not till comparatively a late period that the general accuracy of his narrative, or his purpose in composing it, was brought into question. Δοκεῖ πρῶτος [ὁ Ἀναξαγόρας] (καθά φησι Φαβορῖνος ἐν παντοδαπῇ Ἱστορία) τὴν Ὁμήρου ποίησιν ἀποφήνασθαι εἶναι περὶ ἀρετῆς καὶ δικαιοσύνης.[1] But whatever theories might be framed by speculative men, his work was of an historical, not of an allegorical nature. Ἐναντίλλετο μετὰ τοῦ Μέντεω καὶ ὅπου ἑκάστοτε ἀφίκοιτο, πάντα τὰ ἐπιχώρια διερωτᾶτο, καὶ ἱστορέων ἐπυνθάνετο· εἰκὸς δέ μιν ἦν καὶ μνημόσυνα πάντων γράφεσθαι.[2]

[1] Diogenes Laertius, lib. II. Anaxag. Segm. II.
[2] Homeri Vita, in Herod. *Henr. Steph.* 1570, p. 356.

Instead of recommending the choice of a subject similar to that of Homer, it was to be expected that critics should have exhorted the poets of these latter days to adopt or invent a narrative in itself more susceptible of poetical ornament, and to avail themselves of that advantage in order to compensate, in some degree, the inferiority of genius. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the *Epopœia;* with what success, the fate of Homer's numerous imitators may best show. The *ultimum supplicium* of criticism was inflicted on the author if he did not choose a subject which at once deprived him of all claim to originality, and placed him, if not in actual contest, at least in fatal comparison, with those giants in the land whom it was most his interest to avoid. The celebrated receipt for writing an epic poem, which appeared in *The Guardian*,[1] was the first instance in which common sense was applied to this department of poetry; and, indeed, if the question be considered on its own merits, we must be satisfied that narrative poetry, if strictly confined to the great occurrences of history, would be deprived of the individual interest which it is so well calculated to excite.

Modern poets may therefore be pardoned in seeking simpler subjects of verse, more interesting in proportion to their simplicity. Two or three figures, well grouped, suit the artist better than a crowd, for whatever purpose assembled. For the same reason, a scene immediately presented to the imagination, and directly brought home to the feelings, though involving the fate of but one or two persons, is more favourable for poetry than the political struggles and convulsions which influence the fate of kingdoms. The former are within the reach and comprehension of all, and, if depicted with vigour, seldom fail to fix attention: The other if more sublime, are more vague and distant, less capable of being distinctly understood, and infinitely less capable of exciting those sentiments which it is the very purpose of poetry to inspire. To generalize is always to destroy effect. We would, for example, be more interested in the fate of an individual

[1] *The Guardian*, No. 78. POPE.

soldier in combat, than in the grand event of a general action; with the happiness of two lovers raised from misery and anxiety to peace and union, than with the successful exertions of a whole nation. From what causes this may originate, is a separate and obviously an immaterial consideration. Before ascribing this peculiarity to causes decidedly and odiously selfish, it is proper to recollect that while men see only a limited space, and while their affections and conduct are regulated, not by aspiring to an universal good, but by exerting their power of making themselves and others happy within the limited scale allotted to each individual, so long will individual history and individual virtue be the readier and more accessible road to general interest and attention; and, perhaps, we may add, that it is the more useful, as well as the more accessible, inasmuch as it affords an example capable of being easily imitated.

According to the author's idea of Romantic Poetry, as distinguished from Epic, the former comprehends a fictitious narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer; beginning and ending as he may judge best; which neither exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery; which is free from the technical rules of the *Epée;* and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and everything is permitted to him, excepting to be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition; and before joining the outcry against the vitiated taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges and battles and great military evolutions, in our poetry, is complained of, let us reflect that the campaigns and heroes of our days are perpetuated in a record that neither requires nor admits of the aid of fiction; and if the complaint refers to the inferiority of our

bards, let us pay a just tribute to their modesty, limiting them, as it does, to subjects which, however indifferently treated, have still the interest and charm of novelty, and which thus prevents them from adding insipidity to their other more insuperable defects.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN

OR

THE VALE OF SAINT JOHN

A LOVER'S TALE

INTRODUCTION

I

Come, Lucy! while 't is morning hour
  The woodland brook we needs must pass;
So ere the sun assume his power
We shelter in our poplar bower,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
  Though vanished from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a sylvan bridge;
  For here compelled to disunite,
    Round petty isles the runnels glide,
And chafing off their puny spite,
The shallow murmurers waste their might,
  Yielding to footstep free and light
    A dry-shod pass from side to side.

II

Nay, why this hesitating pause?
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,
Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim?
Titania's foot without a slip,
Like thine, though timid, light, and slim,
From stone to stone might safely trip,
Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip
That binds her slipper's silken rim.
Or trust thy lover's strength; nor fear
That this same stalwart arm of mine,
Which could yon oak's prone trunk uprear,
Shall shrink beneath the burden dear
Of form so slender, light, and fine. —
So — now, the danger dared at last,
Look back and smile at perils past!

III

And now we reach the favourite glade,
Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone,
Where never harsher sounds invade
To break affection's whispering tone
Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.
Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
Mossed is the stone, the turf is green,

A place where lovers best may meet
  Who would not that their love be seen.
The boughs that dim the summer sky
Shall hide us from each lurking spy
  That fain would spread the invidious tale,
How Lucy of the lofty eye,
Noble in birth, in fortunes high,
She for whom lords and barons sigh,
  Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

IV

How deep that blush! — how deep that sigh!
And why does Lucy shun mine eye?
Is it because that crimson draws
Its colour from some secret cause,
Some hidden movement of the breast,
She would not that her Arthur guessed?
O, quicker far is lovers' ken
Than the dull glance of common men,
And by strange sympathy can spell
The thoughts the loved one will not tell!
And mine in Lucy's blush saw met
The hue of pleasure and regret;
  Pride mingled in the sigh her voice,
    And shared with Love the crimson glow,
  Well pleased that thou art Arthur's choice,
    Yet shamed thine own is placed so low:

Thou turn'st thy self-confessing cheek,
As if to meet the breezes cooling;
Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak,
For Love, too, has his hours of schooling.

V

Too oft my anxious eye has spied
That secret grief thou fain wouldst hide,
The passing pang of humbled pride;
Too oft when through the splendid hall,
The loadstar of each heart and eye,
My fair one leads the glittering ball,
Will her stolen glance on Arthur fall
With such a blush and such a sigh!
Thou wouldst not yield for wealth or rank
The heart thy worth and beauty won,
Nor leave me on this mossy bank
To meet a rival on a throne:
Why then should vain repinings rise,
That to thy lover fate denies
A nobler name, a wide domain,
A baron's birth, a menial train,
Since Heaven assigned him for his part
A lyre, a falchion, and a heart?

VI

My sword — its master must be dumb,
But when a soldier names my name,
Approach, my Lucy! fearless come,
Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.
My heart — mid all yon courtly crew
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honour true,
That boasts a pulse so warm as mine?
They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare —
Matched with thine eyes, I thought it faded;
They praised the pearls that bound thy hair —
I only saw the locks they braided;
They talked of wealthy dower and land,
And titles of high birth the token —
I thought of Lucy's heart and hand,
Nor knew the sense of what was spoken.
And yet, if ranked in Fortune's roll,
I might have learned their choice unwise
Who rate the dower above the soul
And Lucy's diamonds o'er her eyes.

VII

My lyre — it is an idle toy
That borrows accents not its own,
Like warbler of Colombian sky

That sings but in a mimic tone.[1]
Ne'er did it sound o'er sainted well,
Nor boasts it aught of Border spell;
Its strings no feudal slogan pour,
Its heroes draw no broad claymore;
No shouting clans applauses raise
Because it sung their fathers' praise;
On Scottish moor, or English down,
It ne'er was graced with fair renown;
Nor won — best meed to minstrel true —
One favouring smile from fair BUCCLEUCH!
By one poor streamlet sounds its tone,
And heard by one dear maid alone.

VIII

But, if thou bid'st, these tones shall tell
Of errant knight, and damoselle;
Of the dread knot a wizard tied
In punishment of maiden's pride,
In notes of marvel and of fear
That best may charm romantic ear.

For Lucy loves — like COLLINS,[2] ill-starred name!
Whose lay's requital was that tardy Fame,
Who bound no laurel round his living head,
Should hang it o'er his monument when dead, —

[1] The mockingbird. [2] See Note 1.

For Lucy loves to tread enchanted strand,
And thread like him the maze of Fairyland;
Of golden battlements to view the gleam,
And slumber soft by some Elysian stream;
Such lays she loves — and, such my Lucy's choice,
What other song can claim her Poet's voice?

CANTO FIRST

I

WHERE is the maiden of mortal strain
That may match with the Baron of Triermain?[1]
She must be lovely and constant and kind,
Holy and pure and humble of mind,
Blithe of cheer and gentle of mood,
Courteous and generous and noble of blood —
Lovely as the sun's first ray
When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
Constant and true as the widowed dove,
Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave
Where never sunbeam kissed the wave;
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
Holy as hermit's vesper strain;
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its sighs;
Courteous as monarch the morn he is crowned,
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;
Noble her blood as the currents that met
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet —
Such must her form be, her mood, and her strain,
That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain.

[1] See Note 2.

II

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him to sleep,
His blood it was fevered, his breathing was deep.
He had been pricking against the Scot,
The foray was long and the skirmish hot;
His dinted helm and his buckler's plight
Bore token of a stubborn fight.
  All in the castle must hold them still,
Harpers must lull him to his rest
With the slow soft tunes he loves the best
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
  Like the dew on a summer hill.

III

It was the dawn of an autumn day;
The sun was struggling with frost-fog grey
That like a silvery crape was spread
Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head,
And faintly gleamed each painted pane
Of the lordly halls of Triermain,
  When that baron bold awoke.
Starting he woke and loudly did call,
Rousing his menials in bower and hall
  While hastily he spoke.

IV

'Hearken, my minstrels! Which of ye all
Touched his harp with that dying fall,
So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seemed an angel's whispered call
To an expiring saint?
And hearken, my merry-men! What time or where
Did she pass, that maid with her heavenly brow,
With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step and her angel air,
And the eagle plume in her dark-brown hair,
That passed from my bower e'en now!'

V

Answered him Richard de Bretville; he
Was chief of the baron's minstrelsy, —
'Silent, noble chieftain, we
Have sat since midnight close,
When such lulling sounds as the brooklet sings
Murmured from our melting strings,
And hushed you to repose.
Had a harp-note sounded here,
It had caught my watchful ear,
Although it fell as faint and shy
As bashful maiden's half-formed sigh
When she thinks her lover near.'

Answered Philip of Fasthwaite tall;
He kept guard in the outer-hall, —
'Since at eve our watch took post,
Not a foot has thy portal crossed;
Else had I heard the steps, though low
And light they fell as when earth receives
In morn of frost the withered leaves
That drop when no winds blow.'

VI

'Then come thou hither, Henry, my page,
Whom I saved from the sack of Hermitage,
When that dark castle, tower, and spire,
Rose to the skies a pile of fire,
And reddened all the Nine-stane Hill,
And the shrieks of death, that wildly broke
Through devouring flame and smothering smoke,
Made the warrior's heart-blood chill.
The trustiest thou of all my train,
My fleetest courser thou must rein,
And ride to Lyulph's tower,
And from the Baron of Triermain
Greet well that sage of power.
He is sprung from Druid sires
And British bards that tuned their lyres
To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,

And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.[1]
Gifted like his gifted race,
He the characters can trace
Graven deep in elder time
Upon Hellvellyn's cliffs sublime;
Sign and sigil well doth he know,
And can bode of weal and woe,
Of kingdoms' fall and fate of wars,
From mystic dreams and course of stars.
He shall tell if middle earth
To that enchanting shape gave birth,
Or if 't was but an airy thing
Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
Framed from the rainbow's varying dyes
Or fading tints of western skies.
For, by the blessed rood I swear,
If that fair form breathe vital air,
No other maiden by my side
Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride!'

VII

The faithful page he mounts his steed,
And soon he crossed green Irthing's mead,
Dashed o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
And Eden barred his course in vain.
He passed red Penrith's Table Round,[2]

[1] See Note 3. [2] See Note 4.

For feats of chivalry renowned,
Left Mayburgh's mound [1] and stones of power,
By Druids raised in magic hour,
And traced the Eamont's winding way
Till Ulfo's lake beneath him lay.

VIII

Onward he rode, the pathway still
Winding betwixt the lake and hill;
Till, on the fragment of a rock
Struck from its base by lightning shock,
He saw the hoary sage:
The silver moss and lichen twined,
With fern and deer-hair checked and lined,
A cushion fit for age;
And o'er him shook the aspen-tree,
A restless rustling canopy.
Then sprung young Henry from his selle
And greeted Lyulph grave,
And then his master's tale did tell,
And then for counsel crave.
The man of years mused long and deep,
Of time's lost treasures taking keep,
And then, as rousing from a sleep,
His solemn answer gave.

[1] See Note 5.

IX

'That maid is born of middle earth
And may of man be won,
Though there have glided since her birth
Five hundred years and one.
But where's the knight in all the north
That dare the adventure follow forth,
So perilous to knightly worth,
In the valley of Saint John?
Listen, youth, to what I tell,
And bind it on thy memory well;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant mid the wrecks of time.
The mystic tale by bard and sage
Is handed down from Merlin's age.'

X

LYULPH'S TALE

'King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle
When Pentecost was o'er:
He journeyed like errant-knight the while
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara's ridgy back,
Amid whose yawning gulfs the sun
Cast umbered radiance red and dun,

Though never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn,[1]
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars while noontide lights the sky.
The gallant king he skirted still
The margin of that mighty hill;
Rock upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents, down the gullies flung,
Joined the rude river that brawled on,
Recoiling now from crag and stone,
Now diving deep from human ken,
And raving down its darksome glen.
The monarch judged this desert wild,
With such romantic ruin piled,
Was theatre by Nature's hand
For feat of high achievement planned.

XI

'O, rather he chose, that monarch bold,
On venturous quest to ride
In plate and mail by wood and wold
Than, with ermine trapped and cloth of gold,
In princely bower to bide;
The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
As it shivered against his mail,
Was merrier music to his ear

[1] See Note 6.

Than courtier's whispered tale:
And the clash of Caliburn more dear,
When on the hostile casque it rung,
Than all the lays
To the monarch's praise
That the harpers of Reged sung.
He loved better to rest by wood or river
Than in bower of his bride, Dame Guenever,
For he left that lady so lovely of cheer
To follow adventures of danger and fear;
And the frank-hearted monarch full little did wot
That she smiled in his absence on brave Lancelot.

XII

'He rode till over down and dell
The shade more broad and deeper fell;
And though around the mountain's head
Flowed streams of purple and gold and red,
Dark at the base, unblest by beam,
Frowned the black rocks and roared the stream.
With toil the king his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of Saint John,
Down sloping to the western sky
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.
Right glad to feel those beams again,

The king drew up his charger's rein;
With gauntlet raised he screened his sight,
As dazzled with the level light,
And from beneath his glove of mail
Scanned at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
Gleamed ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII

'Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But midmost of the vale a mound
Arose with airy turrets crowned,
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower;
Seemed some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had planned,
A ponderous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the moated entrance slung,
The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
As jealous of a foe;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clenched, and barred,
And pronged portcullis, joined to guard

The gloomy pass below.
But the grey walls no banners crowned,
Upon the watchtower's airy round
No warder stood his horn to sound,
No guard beside the bridge was found,
And where the Gothic gateway frowned
Glanced neither bill nor bow.

XIV

'Beneath the castle's gloomy pride,
In ample round did Arthur ride
Three times; nor living thing he spied,
Nor heard a living sound,
Save that, awakening from her dream,
The owlet now began to scream
In concert with the rushing stream
That washed the battled mound.
He lighted from his goodly steed,
And he left him to graze on bank and mead;
And slowly he climbed the narrow way
That reached the entrance grim and grey,
And he stood the outward arch below,
And his bugle-horn prepared to blow
In summons blithe and bold,
Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
The guardian of this dismal keep,
Which well he guessed the hold

Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
Or pagan of gigantic limb,
The tyrant of the wold.

XV

'The ivory bugle's golden tip
Twice touched the monarch's manly lip,
And twice his hand withdrew. —
Think not but Arthur's heart was good!
His shield was crossed by the blessed rood:
Had a pagan host before him stood,
He had charged them through and through;
Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
Ere yet his horn he blew.
But, instant as its larum rung,
The castle gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harshly up its groove of stone;
The balance-beams obeyed the blast,
And down the trembling drawbridge cast;
The vaulted arch before him lay
With nought to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur paced with hand
On Caliburn's [1] resistless brand.

[1] See Note 7.

XVI

'A hundred torches flashing bright
Dispelled at once the gloomy night
That loured along the walls,
And showed the king's astonished sight
The inmates of the halls.
Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
Nor giant huge of form and limb,
Nor heathen knight, was there;
But the cressets which odours flung aloft
Showed by their yellow light and soft
A band of damsels fair.
Onward they came, like summer wave
That dances to the shore;
An hundred voices welcome gave,
And welcome o'er and o'er!
An hundred lovely hands assail
The bucklers of the monarch's mail,
And busy laboured to unhasp
Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
One wrapped him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odours on his hair;
His short curled ringlets one smoothed down,
One wreathed them with a myrtle crown.
A bride upon her wedding-day
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

XVII

'Loud laughed they all, — the king in vain
With questions tasked the giddy train;
Let him entreat or crave or call,
'T was one reply — loud laughed they all.
Then o'er him mimic chains they fling
Framed of the fairest flowers of spring;
While some their gentle force unite
Onward to drag the wondering knight,
Some bolder urge his pace with blows,
Dealt with the lily or the rose.
Behind him were in triumph borne
The warlike arms he late had worn.
Four of the train combined to rear
The terrors of Tintagel's spear;[1]
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragged Caliburn in cumbrous length;
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brows the helmet's pride;
Then screamed 'twixt laughter and surprise
To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
With revel-shout and triumph-song
Thus gayly marched the giddy throng.

[1] See Note 8.

XVIII

'Through many a gallery and hall
They led, I ween, their royal thrall;
At length, beneath a fair arcade
Their march and song at once they staid.
The eldest maiden of the band —
The lovely maid was scarce eighteen —
Raised with imposing air her hand,
And reverent silence did command
On entrance of their Queen,
And they were mute. — But as a glance
They steal on Arthur's countenance
Bewildered with surprise,
Their smothered mirth again 'gan speak
In archly dimpled chin and cheek
And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX

'The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel-lays;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soared beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam
As lights not now a lover's dream.

Yet e'en in that romantic age
Ne'er were such charms by mortal seen
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage
With glittering train of maid and page
Advanced the castle's queen!
While up the hall she slowly passed,
Her dark eye on the king she cast
That flashed expression strong;
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced king could brook
The gaze that lasted long.
A sage who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,
Had whispered, "Prince, beware!
From the chafed tiger rend the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
But shun that lovely snare!"

XX

'At once, that inward strife suppressed,
The dame approached her warlike guest,
With greeting in that fair degree
Where female pride and courtesy
Are blended with such passing art

As awes at once and charms the heart.
A courtly welcome first she gave,
Then to his goodness 'gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
Who drew from lonely glens their birth
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
And dignity their due;
And then she prayed that he would rest
That night her castle's honoured guest.
The monarch meetly thanks expressed;
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
Apace the evening flew.

XXI

'The lady sate the monarch by,
Now in her turn abashed and shy,
And with indifference seemed to hear
The toys he whispered in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there
That showed an over-cautious care
Some inward thought to hide;
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye,
Oft checked the soft voluptuous sigh

That heaved her bosom's pride.
Slight symptoms these, but shepherds know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow
From the mist of morning sky;
And so the wily monarch guessed
That this assumed restraint expressed
More ardent passions in the breast
Than ventured to the eye.
Closer he pressed while beakers rang,
While maidens laughed and minstrels sang,
Still closer to her ear —
But why pursue the common tale?
Or wherefore show how knights prevail
When ladies dare to hear?
Or wherefore trace from what slight cause
Its source one tyrant passion draws,
Till, mastering all within,
Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide
And folly into sin!'

CANTO SECOND

LYULPH'S TALE CONTINUED

I

'ANOTHER day, another day,
And yet another, glides away!
The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
Maraud on Britain's shores again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady's bower;
The horn that foemen wont to fear
Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
And Caliburn, the British pride,
Hangs useless by a lover's side.

II

'Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away.
Heroic plans in pleasure drowned,
He thinks not of the Table Round;
In lawless love dissolved his life,
He thinks not of his beauteous wife:
Better he loves to snatch a flower
From bosom of his paramour
Than from a Saxon knight to wrest

The honours of his heathen crest;
Better to wreathe mid tresses brown
The heron's plume her hawk struck down
Than o'er the altar give to flow
The banners of a Paynim foe.
Thus week by week and day by day
His life inglorious glides away;
But she that soothes his dream with fear
Beholds his hour of waking near.

III

'Much force have mortal charms to stay
Our pace in Virtue's toilsome way;
But Guendolen's might far outshine
Each maid of merely mortal line.
Her mother was of human birth,
Her sire a Genie of the earth,
In days of old deemed to preside
O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride,
By youths and virgins worshipped long
With festive dance and choral song,
Till, when the cross to Britain came,
On heathen altars died the flame.
Now, deep in Wastdale solitude,
The downfall of his rights he rued,
And born of his resentment heir,
He trained to guile that lady fair,

To sink in slothful sin and shame
The champions of the Christian name.
Well skilled to keep vain thoughts alive,
And all to promise, nought to give,
The timid youth had hope in store,
The bold and pressing gained no more.
As wildered children leave their home
After the rainbow's arch to roam,
Her lovers bartered fair esteem,
Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.

IV

'Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame
She practised thus — till Arthur came;
Then frail humanity had part,
And all the mother claimed her heart.
Forgot each rule her father gave,
Sunk from a princess to a slave,
Too late must Guendolen deplore,
He that has all can hope no more!
Now must she see her lover strain
At every turn her feeble chain,
Watch to new-bind each knot and shrink
To view each fast-decaying link.
Art she invokes to Nature's aid,
Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;
Each varied pleasure heard her call,

The feast, the tourney, and the ball:
Her storied lore she next applies,
Taxing her mind to aid her eyes;
Now more than mortal wise and then
In female softness sunk again;
Now raptured with each wish complying,
With feigned reluctance now denying;
Each charm she varied to retain
A varying heart — and all in vain!

V

'Thus in the garden's narrow bound
Flanked by some castle's Gothic round,
Fain would the artist's skill provide
The limits of his realms to hide.
The walks in labyrinths he twines,
Shade after shade with skill combines
With many a varied flowery knot,
And copse and arbour, decks the spot,
Tempting the hasty foot to stay
And linger on the lovely way —
Vain art! vain hope! 't is fruitless all!
At length we reach the bounding wall!
And, sick of flower and trim-dressed tree,
Long for rough glades and forest free.

VI

'Three summer months had scantly flown
When Arthur in embarrassed tone
Spoke of his liegemen and his throne;
Said all too long had been his stay,
And duties which a monarch sway,
Duties unknown to humbler men,
Must tear her knight from Guendolen.
She listened silently the while,
Her mood expressed in bitter smile
Beneath her eye must Arthur quail
And oft resume the unfinished tale,
Confessing by his downcast eye
The wrong he sought to justify.
He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,
And then her looks to heaven she raised;
One palm her temples veiled to hide
The tear that sprung in spite of pride;
The other for an instant pressed
The foldings of her silken vest!

VII

'At her reproachful sign and look,
The hint the monarch's conscience took.
Eager he spoke — "No, lady, no!
Deem not of British Arthur so,

Nor think he can deserter prove
To the dear pledge of mutual love.
I swear by sceptre and by sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That if a boy shall claim my care,
That boy is born a kingdom's heir;
But, if a maiden Fate allows,
To choose that mate a fitting spouse,
A summer-day in lists shall strive
My knights — the bravest knights alive —
And he, the best and bravest tried,
Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride."
He spoke with voice resolved and high —
The lady deigned him not reply.

VIII

'At dawn of morn ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make
Or stirred his wing to brush away
A single dew-drop from the spray,
Ere yet a sunbeam through the mist
The castle-battlements had kissed,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Doffed his soft garb of Persia's loom,
And steel from spur to helmet plume,
His Lybian steed full proudly trode,

And joyful neighed beneath his load.
The monarch gave a passing sigh
To penitence and pleasures by,
When, lo! to his astonished ken
Appeared the form of Guendolen.

IX

'Beyond the outmost wall she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood:
Sandalled her feet, her ankles bare,
And eagle-plumage decked her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
"Thou goest!" she said, "and ne'er again
Must we two meet in joy or pain.
Full fain would I this hour delay,
Though weak the wish — yet wilt thou stay?
No! thou look'st forward. Still attend, —
Part we like lover and like friend."
She raised the cup — "Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we at parting in the draught
Which Genii love!" — she said and quaffed;
And strange unwonted lustres fly
From her flushed cheek and sparkling eye.

X

'The courteous monarch bent him low
And, stooping down from saddlebow,
Lifted the cup in act to drink.
A drop escaped the goblet's brink —
Intense as liquid fire from hell,
Upon the charger's neck it fell.
Screaming with agony and fright,
He bolted twenty feet upright —
The peasant still can show the dint
Where his hoofs lighted on the flint. —
From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
Scattering a shower of fiery dew [1]
That burned and blighted where it fell!
The frantic steed rushed up the dell,
As whistles from the bow the reed;
Nor bit nor rein could check his speed
Until he gained the hill;
Then breath and sinew failed apace,
And, reeling from the desperate race,
He stood exhausted, still.
The monarch, breathless and amazed,
Back on the fatal castle gazed —
Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
Darkening against the morning sky; [2]

[1] See Note 9. [2] See Note 10.

But on the spot where once they frowned
The lonely streamlet brawled around
A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
Fragments of rock and rifted stone.
Musing on this strange hap the while,
The king wends back to fair Carlisle;
And cares that cumber royal sway
Wore memory of the past away.

XI

'Full fifteen years and more were sped,
Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.
Twelve bloody fields with glory fought
The Saxons to subjection brought:[1]
Rython, the mighty giant, slain
By his good brand, relieved Bretagne:
The Pictish Gillamore in fight,
And Roman Lucius, owned his might;
And wide were through the world renowned
The glories of his Table Round.
Each knight who sought adventurous fame
To the bold court of Britain came,
And all who suffered causeless wrong,
From tyrant proud or faitour strong,
Sought Arthur's presence to complain,
Nor there for aid implored in vain.

[1] See Note 11.

XII

'For this the king with pomp and pride
Held solemn court at Whitsuntide,
And summoned prince and peer,
All who owed homage for their land,
Or who craved knighthood from his hand,
Or who had succour to demand,
To come from far and near.
At such high tide were glee and game
Mingled with feats of martial fame,
For many a stranger champion came
In lists to break a spear;
And not a knight of Arthur's host,
Save that he trode some foreign coast,
But at this feast of Pentecost
Before him must appear.
Ah, minstrels! when the Table Round
Arose with all its warriors crowned,
There was a theme for bards to sound
In triumph to their string!
Five hundred years are past and gone,
But time shall draw his dying groan
Ere he behold the British throne
Begirt with such a ring!

XIII

'The heralds named the appointed spot,
As Caerleon or Camelot,
Or Carlisle fair and free.
At Penrith now the feast was set,
And in fair Eamont's vale were met
The flower of chivalry.
There Galaad sate with manly grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face;
There Morolt of the iron mace,[1]
And love-lorn Tristrem there;
And Dinadam with lively glance,
And Lanval with the fairy lance,
And Mordred with his look askance,
Brunor and Bedivere.
Why should I tell of numbers more?
Sir Cay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
Sir Carodac the keen,
The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,
Hector de Mares and Pellinore,
And Lancelot, that evermore
Looked stolen-wise on the queen.[2]

XIV

'When wine and mirth did most abound
And harpers played their blithest round,

[1] See Note 12. [2] See Note 13.

A shrilly trumpet shook the ground
And marshals cleared the ring;
A maiden on a palfrey white,
Heading a band of damsels bright,
Paced through the circle to alight
And kneel before the king.
Arthur with strong emotion saw
Her graceful boldness checked by awe,
Her dress like huntress of the wold,
Her bow and baldric trapped with gold,
Her sandalled feet, her ankles bare,
And the eagle-plume that decked her hair.
Graceful her veil she backward flung —
The king, as from his seat he sprung,
Almost cried, "Guendolen!"
But 't was a face more frank and wild,
Betwixt the woman and the child,
Where less of magic beauty smiled
Than of the race of men;
And in the forehead's haughty grace
The lines of Britain's royal race,
Pendragon's you might ken.

XV

'Faltering, yet gracefully she said —
"Great Prince! behold an orphan maid,
In her departed mother's name,

A father's vowed protection claim!
The vow was sworn in desert lone
In the deep valley of Saint John."
At once the king the suppliant raised,
And kissed her brow, her beauty praised;
His vow, he said, should well be kept,
Ere in the sea the sun was dipped, —
Then conscious glanced upon his queen:
But she, unruffled at the scene
Of human frailty construed mild,
Looked upon Lancelot and smiled.

XVI

"'Up! up! each knight of gallant crest
Take buckler, spear, and brand!
He that to-day shall bear him best
Shall win my Gyneth's hand.
And Arthur's daughter when a bride
Shall bring a noble dower,
Both fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,
And Carlisle town and tower."
Then might you hear each valiant knight
To page and squire that cried,
"Bring my armour bright and my courser wight;
'T is not each day that a warrior's might
May win a royal bride."
Then cloaks and caps of maintenance

In haste aside they fling;
The helmets glance and gleams the lance,
And the steel-weaved hauberks ring.
Small care had they of their peaceful array,
They might gather it that wolde;
For brake and bramble glittered gay
With pearls and cloth of gold.

XVII

'Within trumpet sound of the Table Round,
Were fifty champions free,
And they all arise to fight that prize, —
They all arise but three.
Nor love's fond troth nor wedlock's oath
One gallant could withhold,
For priests will allow of a broken vow
For penance or for gold.
But sigh and glance from ladies bright
Among the troop were thrown,
To plead their right and true-love plight,
And plain of honour flown.
The knights they busied them so fast
With buckling spur and belt
That sigh and look by ladies cast
Were neither seen nor felt.
From pleading or upbraiding glance
Each gallant turns aside,

And only thought, "If speeds my lance,
A queen becomes my bride!
She has fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,
And Carlisle tower and town;
She is the loveliest maid, beside,
That ever heired a crown."
So in haste their coursers they bestride
And strike their visors down.

XVIII

'The champions, armed in martial sort,
Have thronged into the list,
And but three knights of Arthur's court
Are from the tourney missed.
And still these lovers' fame survives
For faith so constant shown, —
There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,
And one who loved his own.[1]
The first was Lancelot de Lac,
The second Tristrem bold,
The third was valiant Carodac,
Who won the cup of gold
What time, of all King Arthur's crew —
Thereof came jeer and laugh —
He, as the mate of lady true,
Alone the cup could quaff.

[1] See Note 14.

Though envy's tongue would fain surmise
That, but for very shame,
Sir Carodac to fight that prize[1]
Had given both cup and dame,
Yet, since but one of that fair court
Was true to wedlock's shrine,
Brand him who will with base report,
He shall be free from mine.

XIX

'Now caracoled the steeds in air,
Now plumes and pennons wantoned fair,
As all around the lists so wide
In panoply the champions ride.
King Arthur saw with startled eye
The flower of chivalry march by,
The bulwark of the Christian creed,
The kingdom's shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woe
Might from their civil conflict flow;
For well he knew they would not part
Till cold was many a gallant heart.
His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
And Gyneth then apart he drew;
To her his leading-staff resigned,
But added caution grave and kind.

[1] See Note 15.

XX

"'Thou see'st, my child, as promise-bound,
I bid the trump for tourney sound.
Take thou my warder as the queen
And umpire of the martial scene;
But mark thou this: — as Beauty bright
Is polar star to valiant knight,
As at her word his sword he draws,
His fairest guerdon her applause,
So gentle maid should never ask
Of knighthood vain and dangerous task;
And Beauty's eyes should ever be
Like the twin stars that soothe the sea,
And Beauty's breath should whisper peace
And bid the storm of battle cease.
I tell thee this lest all too far
These knights urge tourney into war.
Blithe at the trumpet let them go,
And fairly counter blow for blow; —
No striplings these, who succour need
For a razed helm or falling steed.
But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm
And threatens death or deadly harm,
Thy sire entreats, thy king commands,
Thou drop the warder from thy hands.
Trust thou thy father with thy fate,

Doubt not he choose thee fitting mate;
Nor be it said through Gyneth's pride
A rose of Arthur's chaplet died."

XXI

'A proud and discontented glow
O'ershadowed Gyneth's brow of snow;
She put the warder by: —
"Reserve thy boon, my liege," she said,
"Thus chaffered down and limited,
Debased and narrowed for a maid
Of less degree than I.
No petty chief but holds his heir
At a more honoured price and rare
Than Britain's King holds me!
Although the sun-burned maid for dower
Has but her father's rugged tower,
His barren hill and lee.
King Arthur swore, by crown and sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That a whole summer's day should strive
His knights, the bravest knights alive!
Recall thine oath! and to her glen
Poor Gyneth can return agen;
Not on thy daughter will the stain
That soils thy sword and crown remain.
But think not she will e'er be bride

Save to the bravest proved and tried;
Pendragon's daughter will not fear
For clashing sword or splintered spear,
  Nor shrink though blood should flow;
And all too well sad Guendolen
Hath taught the faithlessness of men
That child of hers should pity when
  Their meed they undergo."

XXII

'He frowned and sighed, the monarch bold:—
"I give — what I may not withhold;
For, not for danger, dread, or death,
Must British Arthur break his faith.
Too late I mark thy mother's art
Hath taught thee this relentless part.
I blame her not, for she had wrong,
But not to these my faults belong.
Use then the warder as thou wilt;
But trust me that, if life be spilt,
In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,
Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place."
With that he turned his head aside,
Nor brooked to gaze upon her pride,
As with the truncheon raised she sate
The arbitress of mortal fate;

Nor brooked to mark in ranks disposed
How the bold champions stood opposed,
For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell
Upon his ear like passing bell!
Then first from sight of martial fray
Did Britain's hero turn away.

XXIII

'But Gyneth heard the clangour high
As hears the hawk the partridge cry.
O, blame her not! the blood was hers
That at the trumpet's summons stirs! —
And e'en the gentlest female eye
Might the brave strife of chivalry
  Awhile untroubled view;
So well accomplished was each knight
To strike and to defend in fight,
Their meeting was a goodly sight
  While plate and mail held true.
The lists with painted plumes were strown,
Upon the wind at random thrown,
But helm and breastplate bloodless shone,
It seemed their feathered crests alone
  Should this encounter rue.
And ever, as the combat grows,
The trumpet's cheery voice arose,
Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,

Heard while the gale of April blows
The merry greenwood through.

XXIV

'But soon to earnest grew their game,
The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,
And, horse and man, to ground there came
Knights who shall rise no more!
Gone was the pride the war that graced,
Gay shields were cleft and crests defaced,
And steel coats riven and helms unbraced,
And pennons streamed with gore.
Gone too were fence and fair array,
And desperate strength made deadly way
At random through the bloody fray,
And blows were dealt with headlong sway,
Unheeding where they fell;
And now the trumpet's clamours seem
Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream
Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulfing stream,
The sinking seaman's knell!

XXV

'Seemed in this dismal hour that Fate
Would Camlan's ruin antedate,
And spare dark Mordred's crime;

Already gasping on the ground
Lie twenty of the Table Round,
  Of chivalry the prime.
Arthur in anguish tore away
From head and beard his tresses grey,
And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay
  And quaked with ruth and fear;
But still she deemed her mother's shade
Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade
The sign that had the slaughter staid,
  And chid the rising tear.
Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,
Helias the White, and Lionel,
  And many a champion more;
Rochemont and Dinadam are down,
And Ferrand of the Forest Brown
  Lies gasping in his gore.
Vanoc, by mighty Morolt pressed
Even to the confines of the list,
Young Vanoc of the beardless face —
Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race —
O'erpowered at Gyneth's footstool bled,
His heart's-blood dyed her sandals red.
But then the sky was overcast,
Then howled at once a whirlwind's blast,
  And, rent by sudden throes,
Yawned in mid lists the quaking earth,

And from the gulf — tremendous birth! —
The form of Merlin rose.

XXVI

'Sternly the Wizard Prophet eyed
The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,
And sternly raised his hand: —
"Madmen," he said, "your strife forbear!
And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear
The doom thy fates demand!
Long shall close in stony sleep
Eyes for ruth that would not weep;
Iron lethargy shall seal
Heart that pity scorned to feel.
Yet, because thy mother's art
Warped thine unsuspicious heart,
And for love of Arthur's race,
Punishment is blent with grace,
Thou shalt bear thy penance lone
In the Valley of Saint John,
And this weird shall overtake thee;
Sleep until a knight shall wake thee,
For feats of arms as far renowned
As warrior of the Table Round.
Long endurance of thy slumber
Well may teach the world to number

All their woes from Gyneth's pride,
When the Red Cross champions died."

XXVII

'As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye
Slumber's load begins to lie;
Fear and anger vainly strive
Still to keep its light alive.
Twice with effort and with pause
O'er her brow her hand she draws;
Twice her strength in vain she tries
From the fatal chair to rise;
Merlin's magic doom is spoken,
Vanoc's death must now be wroken.
Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,
Curtaining each azure ball,
Slowly as on summer eves
Violets fold their dusky leaves.
The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand,
On her shoulder droops her head;
Net of pearl and golden thread
Bursting gave her locks to flow
O'er her arm and breast of snow.
And so lovely seemed she there,
Spell-bound in her ivory chair,
That her angry sire, repenting,

Craved stern Merlin for relenting,
And the champions for her sake
Would again the contest wake;
Till in necromantic night
Gyneth vanished from their sight.

XXVIII

'Still she bears her weird alone
In the Valley of Saint John;
And her semblance oft will seem,
Mingling in a champion's dream,
Of her weary lot to plain
And crave his aid to burst her chain.
While her wondrous tale was new
Warriors to her rescue drew,
East and west, and south and north,
From the Liffy, Thames, and Forth.
Most have sought in vain the glen,
Tower nor castle could they ken;
Not at every time or tide,
Nor by every eye, descried.
Fast and vigil must be borne,
Many a night in watching worn,
Ere an eye of mortal powers
Can discern those magic towers.
Of the persevering few
Some from hopeless task withdrew

When they read the dismal threat
Graved upon the gloomy gate.
Few have braved the yawning door,
And those few returned no more.
In the lapse of time forgot,
Well nigh lost is Gyneth's lot;
Sound her sleep as in the tomb
Till wakened by the trump of doom.'

END OF LYULPH'S TALE

I

HERE pause, my tale; for all too soon,
My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.
Already from thy lofty dome
Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,
And each, to kill the goodly day
That God has granted them, his way
  Of lazy sauntering has sought;
    Lordlings and witlings not a few,
  Incapable of doing aught,
    Yet ill at ease with nought to do.
Here is no longer place for me;
For, Lucy, thou wouldst blush to see
  Some phantom fashionably thin,
  With limb of lath and kerchiefed chin,
  And lounging gape or sneering grin,
Steal sudden on our privacy.

And how should I, so humbly born,
Endure the graceful spectre's scorn?
Faith! ill, I fear, while conjuring wand
Of English oak is hard at hand.

II

Or grant the hour be all too soon
For Hessian boot and pantaloon,
And grant the lounger seldom strays
Beyond the smooth and gravelled maze,
Laud we the gods that Fashion's train
Holds hearts of more adventurous strain.
Artists are hers who scorn to trace
Their rules from Nature's boundless grace,
But their right paramount assert
To limit her by pedant art,
Damning whate'er of vast and fair
Exceeds a canvas three feet square.
This thicket, for their *gumption* fit,
May furnish such a happy *bit.*
Bards too are hers, wont to recite
Their own sweet lays by waxen light,
Half in the salver's tingle drowned,
While the *chasse-café* glides around;
And such may hither secret stray
To labor an extempore:
Or sportsman with his boisterous hollo

May here his wiser spaniel follow,
Or stage-struck Juliet may presume
To choose this bower for tiring-room;
And we alike must shun regard
From painter, player, sportsman, bard.
Insects that skim in Fashion's sky,
Wasp, blue-bottle, or butterfly,
Lucy, have all alarms for us,
For all can hum and all can buzz.

III

But O, my Lucy, say how long
We still must dread this trifling throng,
And stoop to hide with coward art
The genuine feelings of the heart!
No parents thine whose just command
Should rule their child's obedient hand;
Thy guardians with contending voice
Press each his individual choice.
And which is Lucy's? — Can it be
That puny fop, trimmed cap-a-pee,
Who loves in the saloon to show
The arms that never knew a foe;
Whose sabre trails along the ground,
Whose legs in shapeless boots are drowned;
A new Achilles, sure — the steel
Fled from his breast to fence his heel;

One, for the simple manly grace
That wont to deck our martial race,
  Who comes in foreign trashery
    Of tinkling chain and spur,
  A walking haberdashery
    Of feathers, lace, and fur:
In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
Horse-milliner of modern days?

IV

  Or is it he, the wordy youth,
    So early trained for statesman's part,
  Who talks of honour, faith and truth,
    As themes that he has got by heart;
Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
Whose logic is from Single-speech;
Who scorns the meanest thought to vent
Save in the phrase of Parliament;
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls 'order,' and 'divides the house,'
Who 'craves permission to reply,'
Whose 'noble friend is in his eye';
Whose loving tender some have reckoned
A *motion* you should gladly *second?*

V

What, neither? Can there be a third,
To such resistless swains preferred? —
O why, my Lucy, turn aside
With that quick glance of injured pride?
Forgive me, love, I cannot bear
That altered and resentful air.
Were all the wealth of Russell mine
And all the rank of Howard's line,
All would I give for leave to dry
That dew-drop trembling in thine eye.
Think not I fear such fops can wile
From Lucy more than careless smile;
But yet if wealth and high degree
Give gilded counters currency,
Must I not fear when rank and birth
Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth?
Nobles there are whose martial fires
Rival the fame that raised their sires,
And patriots, skilled through storms of fate
To guide and guard the reeling state.
Such, such there are — If such should come,
Arthur must tremble and be dumb,
Self-exiled seek some distant shore,
And mourn till life and grief are o'er.

VI

What sight, what signal of alarm,
That Lucy clings to Arthur's arm?
Or is it that the rugged way
Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay?
O, no! for on the vale and brake
Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake,
And this trim sward of velvet green
Were carpet for the Fairy Queen.
That pressure slight was but to tell
That Lucy loves her Arthur well,
And fain would banish from his mind
Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

VII

But wouldst thou bid the demons fly
Like mist before the dawning sky,
There is but one resistless spell —
Say, wilt thou guess or must I tell?
'T were hard to name in minstrel phrase
A landaulet and four blood-bays,
But bards agree this wizard band
Can but be bound in Northern land.
'T is there — nay, draw not back thy hand! —
'T is there this slender finger round
Must golden amulet be bound,

Which, blessed with many a holy prayer,
Can change to rapture lovers' care,
And doubt and jealousy shall die,
And fears give place to ecstasy.

VIII

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long
Has been thy lover's tale and song.
O, why so silent, love, I pray?
Have I not spoke the livelong day?
And will not Lucy deign to say
  One word her friend to bless?
I ask but one — a simple sound,
Within three little letters bound —
  O, let the word be YES!

CANTO THIRD

INTRODUCTION

I

LONG loved, long wooed, and lately won,
My life's best hope, and now mine own!
Doth not this rude and Alpine glen
Recall our favourite haunts agen?
A wild resemblance we can trace,
Though reft of every softer grace,
As the rough warrior's brow may bear
A likeness to a sister fair.
Full well advised our Highland host
That this wild pass on foot be crossed,
While round Ben-Cruach's mighty base
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chase.
The keen old carle, with Scottish pride
He praised his glen and mountains wide;
An eye he bears for Nature's face,
Ay, and for woman's lovely grace.
Even in such mean degree we find
The subtle Scot's observing mind;
For nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,

But when old Allan would expound
Of Beal-na-paish [1] the Celtic sound,
His bonnet doffed and bow applied
His legend to my bonny bride;
While Lucy blushed beneath his eye,
Courteous and cautious, shrewd and sly.

II

Enough of him. — Now, ere we lose,
Plunged in the vale, the distant views,
Turn thee, my love! look back once more
To the blue lake's retiring shore.
On its smooth breast the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps and all the vision's air:
Even so on yonder liquid lawn,
In hues of bright reflection drawn,
Distinct the shaggy mountains lie,
Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky;
The summer-clouds so plain we note
That we might count each dappled spot:
We gaze and we admire, yet know
The scene is all delusive show.
Such dreams of bliss would Arthur draw

[1] The Vale of the Bridal.

When first his Lucy's form he saw,
Yet sighed and sickened as he drew,
Despairing they could e'er prove true!

III

But, Lucy, turn thee now to view
  Up the fair glen our destined way:
The fairy path that we pursue,
Distinguished but by greener hue,
  Winds round the purple brae,
While Alpine flowers of varied dye
For carpet serve or tapestry.
See how the little runnels leap
In threads of silver down the steep
  To swell the brooklet's moan!
Seems that the Highland Naiad grieves,
Fantastic while her crown she weaves
Of rowan, birch, and alder leaves,
  So lovely and so lone.
There's no illusion there; these flowers,
That wailing brook, these lovely bowers,
  Are, Lucy, all our own;
And, since thine Arthur called thee wife,
Such seems the prospect of his life,
A lovely path on-winding still
By gurgling brook and sloping hill.

'T is true that mortals cannot tell
What waits them in the distant dell;
But be it hap or be it harm,
We tread the pathway arm in arm.

IV

And now, my Lucy, wot'st thou why
I could thy bidding twice deny,
When twice you prayed I would again
Resume the legendary strain
Of the bold knight of Triermain?
At length yon peevish vow you swore
That you would sue to me no more,
Until the minstrel fit drew near
And made me prize a listening ear.
But, loveliest, when thou first didst pray
Continuance of the knightly lay,
Was it not on the happy day
  That made thy hand mine own?
When, dizzied with mine ecstasy,
Nought past, or present, or to be,
Could I or think on, hear, or see,
  Save, Lucy, thee alone!
A giddy draught my rapture was
As ever chemist's magic gas.

V

Again the summons I denied
In yon fair capital of Clyde:
My harp — or let me rather choose
The good old classic form — my Muse —
For harp's an over-scutchèd phrase,
Worn out by bards of modern days —
My Muse, then — seldom will she wake,
Save by dim wood and silent lake;
She is the wild and rustic maid
Whose foot unsandalled loves to tread
Where the soft greensward is inlaid
With varied moss and thyme;
And, lest the simple lily-braid,
That coronets her temples, fade,
She hides her still in greenwood shade
To meditate her rhyme.

VI

And now she comes! The murmur dear
Of the wild brook hath caught her ear,
The glade hath won her eye;
She longs to join with each blithe rill
That dances down the Highland hill
Her blither melody.

And now my Lucy's way to cheer
She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear
How closed the tale my love whilere
  Loved for its chivalry.
List how she tells in notes of flame
'Child Roland to the dark tower came!'

CANTO THIRD

I

BEWCASTLE now must keep the hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Tarras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
Of wasted fields and plundered flocks
The Borderers bootless may complain;
They lack the sword of brave De Vaux,
There comes no aid from Triermain.
That lord on high adventure bound
Hath wandered forth alone,
And day and night keeps watchful round
In the valley of Saint John.

II

When first began his vigil bold
The moon twelve summer nights was old
And shone both fair and full;

High in the vault of cloudless blue,
O'er streamlet, dale, and rock, she threw
  Her light composed and cool.
Stretched on the brown hill's heathy breast,
  Sir Roland eyed the vale;
Chief where, distinguished from the rest,
Those clustering rocks upreared their crest,
The dwelling of the fair distressed,
  As told grey Lyulph's tale.
Thus as he lay, the lamp of night
Was quivering on his armour bright
  In beams that rose and fell,
And danced upon his buckler's boss
That lay beside him on the moss
  As on a crystal well.

III

Ever he watched and oft he deemed,
While on the mound the moonlight streamed,
  It altered to his eyes;
Fain would he hope the rocks 'gan change
To buttressed walls their shapeless range,
Fain think by transmutation strange
  He saw grey turrets rise.
But scarce his heart with hope throbbed high
Before the wild illusions fly
  Which fancy had conceived,

Abetted by an anxious eye,
That longed to be deceived.
It was a fond deception all,
Such as in solitary hall
Beguiles the musing eye
When, gazing on the sinking fire,
Bulwark, and battlement, and spire
In the red gulf we spy.
For, seen by moon of middle night,
Or by the blaze of noontide bright,
Or by the dawn of morning light,
Or evening's western flame,
In every tide, at every hour,
In mist, in sunshine, and in shower,
The rocks remained the same.

IV

Oft has he traced the charmèd mound,
Oft climbed its crest or paced it round,
Yet nothing might explore,
Save that the crags so rudely piled,
At distance seen, resemblance wild
To a rough fortress bore.
Yet still his watch the warrior keeps,
Feeds hard and spare, and seldom sleeps,
And drinks but of the well;

Ever by day he walks the hill,
And when the evening gale is chill
  He seeks a rocky cell,
Like hermit poor to bid his bead,
And tell his Ave and his Creed,
Invoking every saint at need
  For aid to burst his spell.

V

And now the moon her orb has hid
And dwindled to a silver thread,
  Dim seen in middle heaven,
While o'er its curve careering fast
Before the fury of the blast
  The midnight clouds are driven.
The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swoln the rills
  And down the torrents came;
Muttered the distant thunder dread,
And frequent o'er the vale was spread
  A sheet of lightning flame.
De Vaux within his mountain cave —
No human step the storm durst brave —
To moody meditation gave
  Each faculty of soul,
Till, lulled by distant torrent sound
And the sad winds that whistled round,

Upon his thoughts in musing drowned
A broken slumber stole.

VI

'T was then was heard a heavy sound —
Sound, strange and fearful there to hear,
'Mongst desert hills where leagues around
Dwelt but the gorcock and the deer.
As, starting from his couch of fern,
Again he heard in clangour stern
That deep and solemn swell,
Twelve times in measured tone it spoke,
Like some proud minster's pealing clock
Or city's larum-bell.
What thought was Roland's first when fell
In that deep wilderness the knell
Upon his startled ear?
To slander warrior were I loath,
Yet must I hold my minstrel troth —
It was a thought of fear.

VII

But lively was the mingled thrill
That chased that momentary chill,
For Love's keen wish was there,
And eager Hope, and Valour high,

And the proud glow of Chivalry
That burned to do and dare.
Forth from the cave the warrior rushed,
Long ere the mountain-voice was hushed
That answered to the knell;
For long and far the unwonted sound,
Eddying in echoes round and round,
Was tossed from fell to fell;
And Glaramara answer flung,
And Grisdale-pike responsive rung,
And Legbert heights their echoes swung
As far as Derwent's dell.

VIII

Forth upon trackless darkness gazed
The knight, bedeafened and amazed,
Till all was hushed and still,
Save the swoln torrent's sullen roar,
And the night-blast that wildly bore
Its course along the hill.
Then on the northern sky there came
A light as of reflected flame,
And over Legbert-head,
As if by magic art controlled,
A mighty meteor slowly rolled
Its orb of fiery red;
Thou wouldst have thought some demon dire

Came mounted on that car of fire
To do his errand dread.
Far on the sloping valley's course,
On thicket, rock, and torrent hoarse,
Shingle and Scrae, and Fell and Force,
A dusky light arose:
Displayed, yet altered was the scene;
Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen,
Even the gay thicket's summer green,
In bloody tincture glows.

IX

De Vaux had marked the sunbeams set
At eve upon the coronet
Of that enchanted mound,
And seen but crags at random flung,
That, o'er the brawling torrent hung,
In desolation frowned.
What sees he by that meteor's lour? —
A bannered castle, keep, and tower
Return the lurid gleam,
With battled walls and buttress fast,
And barbican and ballium vast,
And airy flanking towers that cast
Their shadows on the stream.
'T is no deceit! distinctly clear
Crenell and parapet appear,

While o'er the pile that meteor drear
Makes momentary pause;
Then forth its solemn path it drew,
And fainter yet and fainter grew
Those gloomy towers upon the view,
As its wild light withdraws.

X

Forth from the cave did Roland rush,
O'er crag and stream, through brier and bush;
Yet far he had not sped
Ere sunk was that portentous light
Behind the hills and utter night
Was on the valley spread.
He paused perforce and blew his horn,
And, on the mountain-echoes borne,
Was heard an answering sound,
A wild and lonely trumpet note, —
In middle air it seemed to float
High o'er the battled mound;
And sounds were heard as when a guard
Of some proud castle, holding ward,
Pace forth their nightly round.
The valiant Knight of Triermain
Rung forth his challenge-blast again,
But answer came there none;
And mid the mingled wind and rain

Darkling he sought the vale in vain,
Until the dawning shone;
And when it dawned that wondrous sight
Distinctly seen by meteor light,
It all had passed away!
And that enchanted mount once more
A pile of granite fragments bore
As at the close of day.

XI

Steeled for the deed, De Vaux's heart
Scorned from his vent'rous quest to part
He walks the vale once more;
But only sees by night or day
That shattered pile of rocks so grey,
Hears but the torrent's roar:
Till when, through hills of azure borne,
The moon renewed her silver horn,
Just at the time her waning ray
Had faded in the dawning day,
A summer mist arose;
Adown the vale the vapours float,
And cloudy undulations moat
That tufted mound of mystic note,
As round its base they close.
And higher now the fleecy tide
Ascends its stern and shaggy side,

Until the airy billows hide
The rock's majestic isle;
It seemed a veil of filmy lawn,
By some fantastic fairy drawn
Around enchanted pile.

XII

The breeze came softly down the brook,
And, sighing as it blew,
The veil of silver mist it shook
And to De Vaux's eager look
Renewed that wondrous view.
For, though the loitering vapour braved
The gentle breeze, yet oft it waved
Its mantle's dewy fold;
And still when shook that filmy screen
Were towers and bastions dimly seen,
And Gothic battlements between
Their gloomy length unrolled.
Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine eye
Once more the fleeting vision die! —
The gallant knight 'gan speed
As prompt and light as, when the hound
Is opening and the horn is wound,
Careers the hunter's steed.
Down the steep dell his course amain
Hath rivalled archer's shaft;

But ere the mound he could attain
The rocks their shapeless form regain,
And, mocking loud his labor vain,
The mountain spirits laughed.
Far up the echoing dell was borne
Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

XIII

Wroth waxed the warrior. — 'Am I then
Fooled by the enemies of men,
Like a poor hind whose homeward way
Is haunted by malicious fay?
Is Triermain become your taunt,
De Vaux your scorn? False fiends, avaunt!'
A weighty curtal-axe he bare;
The baleful blade so bright and square,
And the tough shaft of heben wood,
Were oft in Scottish gore imbrued.
Backward his stately form he drew,
And at the rocks the weapon threw
Just where one crag's projected crest
Hung proudly balanced o'er the rest.
Hurled with main force the weapon's shock
Rent a huge fragment of the rock.
If by mere strength, 't were hard to tell,
Or if the blow dissolved some spell,
But down the headlong ruin came

With cloud of dust and flash of flame.
Down bank, o'er bush, its course was borne,
Crushed lay the copse, the earth was torn,
Till staid at length the ruin dread
Cumbered the torrent's rocky bed,
And bade the waters' high-swoln tide
Seek other passage for its pride.

XIV

When ceased that thunder Triermain
Surveyed the mound's rude front again;
And lo! the ruin had laid bare,
Hewn in the stone, a winding stair
Whose mossed and fractured steps might lend
The means the summit to ascend;
And by whose aid the brave De Vaux
Began to scale these magic rocks,
  And soon a platform won
Where, the wild witchery to close,
Within three lances' length arose
  The Castle of Saint John!
No misty phantom of the air,
No meteor-blazoned show was there;
In morning splendour full and fair
  The massive fortress shone.

XV

Embattled high and proudly towered,
Shaded by ponderous flankers, lowered
The portal's gloomy way.
Though for six hundred years and more
Its strength had brooked the tempest's roar,
The scutcheoned emblems which it bore
Had suffered no decay:
But from the eastern battlement
A turret had made sheer descent,
And, down in recent ruin rent,
In the mid torrent lay.
Else, o'er the castle's brow sublime,
Insults of violence or of time
Unfelt had passed away.
In shapeless characters of yore,
The gate this stern inscription bore:

XVI

INSCRIPTION

'Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumbered way.
Warrior, who hast waited long,
Firm of soul, of sinew strong,
It is given to thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days.

Never mortal builder's hand
This enduring fabric planned;
Sign and sigil, word of power,
From the earth raised keep and tower.
View it o'er and pace it round,
Rampart, turret, battled mound.
Dare no more! To cross the gate
Were to tamper with thy fate;
Strength and fortitude were vain,
View it o'er — and turn again.'

XVII

'That would I,' said the warrior bold,
'If that my frame were bent and old,
And my thin blood dropped slow and cold
As icicle in thaw;
But while my heart can feel it dance
Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,
And this good arm wields sword or lance,
I mock these words of awe!'
He said; the wicket felt the sway
Of his strong hand and straight gave way,
And with rude crash and jarring bray
The rusty bolts withdraw;
But o'er the threshold as he strode
And forward took the vaulted road,
An unseen arm with force amain

The ponderous gate flung close again,
And rusted bolt and bar
Spontaneous took their place once more
While the deep arch with sullen roar
Returned their surly jar.
'Now closed is the gin and the prey within,
By the Rood of Lanercost!
But he that would win the war-wolf's skin
May rue him of his boast.'
Thus muttering on the warrior went
By dubious light down steep descent.

XVIII

Unbarred, unlocked, unwatched, a port
Led to the castle's outer court:
There the main fortress, broad and tall,
Spread its long range of bower and hall
And towers of varied size,
Wrought with each ornament extreme
That Gothic art in wildest dream
Of fancy could devise;
But full between the warrior's way
And the main portal arch there lay
An inner moat;
Nor bridge nor boat
Affords De Vaux the means to cross
The clear, profound, and silent fosse.

His arms aside in haste he flings,
Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,
And down falls helm and down the shield,
Rough with the dints of many a field.
Fair was his manly form and fair
His keen dark eye and close curled hair,
When all unarmed save that the brand
Of well-proved metal graced his hand,
With nought to fence his dauntless breast
But the close gipon's under-vest,
Whose sullied buff the sable stains
Of hauberk and of mail retains, —
Roland de Vaux upon the brim
Of the broad moat stood prompt to swim.

XIX

Accoutred thus he dared the tide,
And soon he reached the farther side
And entered soon the hold,
And paced a hall whose walls so wide
Were blazoned all with feats of pride
By warriors done of old.
In middle lists they countered here
While trumpets seemed to blow;
And there in den or desert drear
They quelled gigantic foe,

Braved the fierce griffon in his ire,
Or faced the dragon's breath of fire.
Strange in their arms and strange in face,
Heroes they seemed of ancient race,
Whose deeds of arms and race and name,
Forgotten long by later fame,
  Were here depicted to appall
Those of an age degenerate
Whose bold intrusion braved their fate
  In this enchanted hall.
For some short space the venturous knight
With these high marvels fed his sight,
Then sought the chamber's upper end
Where three broad easy steps ascend
  To an arched portal door,
In whose broad folding leaves of state
Was framed a wicket window-grate;
  And ere he ventured more,
The gallant knight took earnest view
The grated wicket-window through.

XX

O, for his arms! Of martial weed
Had never mortal knight such need! —
He spied a stately gallery; all
Of snow-white marble was the wall,
  The vaulting, and the floor;

And, contrast strange! on either hand
There stood arrayed in sable band
  Four maids whom Afric bore;
And each a Lybian tiger led,
Held by as bright and frail a thread
  As Lucy's golden hair,
For the leash that bound these monsters dread
  Was but of gossamer.
Each maiden's short barbaric vest
Left all unclosed the knee and breast
  And limbs of shapely jet;
White was their vest and turban's fold,
On arms and ankles rings of gold
  In savage pomp were set;
A quiver on their shoulders lay,
And in their hand an assagay.
Such and so silent stood they there
  That Roland wellnigh hoped
He saw a band of statues rare,
Stationed the gazer's soul to scare;
  But when the wicket oped
Each grisly beast 'gan upward draw,
Rolled his grim eye, and spread his claw,
Scented the air, and licked his jaw;
While these weird maids in Moorish tongue
A wild and dismal warning sung.

XXI

'Rash adventurer, bear thee back!
Dread the spell of Dahomay!
Fear the race of Zaharak;
Daughters of the burning day!

'When the whirlwind's gusts are wheeling,
Ours it is the dance to braid;
Zarah's sands in pillars reeling
Join the measure that we tread,
When the Moon has donned her cloak
And the stars are red to see,
Shrill when pipes the sad Siroc,
Music meet for such as we.

'Where the shattered columns lie,
Showing Carthage once had been,
If the wandering Santon's eye
Our mysterious rites hath seen, —
Oft he cons the prayer of death,
To the nations preaches doom,
"Azrael's brand hath left the sheath,
Moslems, think upon the tomb!"

'Ours the scorpion, ours the snake,
Ours the hydra of the fen,

Ours the tiger of the brake,
  All that plague the sons of men.
Ours the tempest's midnight wrack,
  Pestilence that wastes by day —
Dread the race of Zaharak!
  Fear the spell of Dahomay!'

XXII

Uncouth and strange the accents shrill
  Rung those vaulted roofs among,
Long it was ere faint and still
  Died the far-resounding song.
While yet the distant echoes roll,
The warrior communed with his soul.
  'When first I took this venturous quest,
    I swore upon the rood
  Neither to stop nor turn nor rest,
    For evil or for good.
My forward path too well I ween
Lies yonder fearful ranks between;
For man unarmed 't is bootless hope
With tigers and with fiends to cope —
Yet, if I turn, what waits me there
Save famine dire and fell despair? —
Other conclusion let me try,
Since, choose howe'er I list, I die.

Forward lies faith and knightly fame;
Behind are perjury and shame.
In life or death I hold my word!'
With that he drew his trusty sword,
Caught down a banner from the wall,
And entered thus the fearful hall.

XXIII

On high each wayward maiden threw
Her swarthy arm with wild halloo!
On either side a tiger sprung —
Against the leftward foe he flung
The ready banner to engage
With tangling folds the brutal rage;
The right-hand monster in mid air
He struck so fiercely and so fair
Through gullet and through spinal bone
The trenchant blade hath sheerly gone.
His grisly brethren ramped and yelled,
But the slight leash their rage withheld,
Whilst 'twixt their ranks the dangerous road
Firmly though swift the champion strode.
Safe to the gallery's bound he drew,
Safe passed an open portal through;
And when against pursuit he flung
The gate, judge if the echoes rung!

Onward his daring course he bore,
While, mixed with dying growl and roar,
Wild jubilee and loud hurra
Pursued him on his venturous way.

XXIV

'Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done!
We hail once more the tropic sun.
Pallid beams of northern day,
Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!

'Five hundred years o'er this cold glen
Hath the pale sun come round agen;
Foot of man till now hath ne'er
Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

'Warrior! thou whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part,
Be as strong in future trial
Where resistance is denial.

'Now for Afric's glowing sky,
Zwenga wide and Atlas high,
Zaharak and Dahomay! —
Mount the winds! Hurra, Hurra!'

XXV

The wizard song at distance died,
As if in ether borne astray,
While through waste halls and chambers wide
The knight pursued his steady way
Till to a lofty dome he came
That flashed with such a brilliant flame
As if the wealth of all the world
Were there in rich confusion hurled.
For here the gold in sandy heaps
With duller earth incorporate sleeps;
Was there in ingots piled, and there
Coined badge of empery it bare;
Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,
Dimmed by the diamond's neighbouring ray,
Like the pale moon in morning day;
And in the midst four maidens stand,
The daughters of some distant land.
Their hue was of the dark-red dye
That fringes oft a thunder sky;
Their hands palmetto baskets bare,
And cotton fillets bound their hair;
Slim was their form, their mien was shy,
To earth they bent the humbled eye,
Folded their arms, and suppliant kneeled,
And thus their proffered gifts revealed.

XXVI

CHORUS

'See the treasures Merlin piled,
Portion meet for Arthur's child.
Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream,
Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream!'

FIRST MAIDEN

'See these clots of virgin gold!
Severed from the sparry mould,
Nature's mystic alchemy
In the mine thus bade them lie;
And their orient smile can win
Kings to stoop and saints to sin.'

SECOND MAIDEN

'See these pearls that long have slept;
These were tears by Naiads wept
For the loss of Marinel.
Tritons in the silver shell
Treasured them till hard and white
As the teeth of Amphitrite.'

THIRD MAIDEN

'Does a livelier hue delight?
Here are rubies blazing bright,

Here the emerald's fairy green,
And the topaz glows between;
Here their varied hues unite
In the changeful chrysolite.'

FOURTH MAIDEN

'Leave these gems of poorer shine,
Leave them all and look on mine!
While their glories I expand
Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand.
Mid-day sun and diamond's blaze
Blind the rash beholder's gaze.'

CHORUS

'Warrior, seize the splendid store;
Would 't were all our mountains bore!
We should ne'er in future story
Read, Peru, thy perished glory!'

XXVII

Calmly and unconcerned the knight
Waved aside the treasures bright —
'Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray!
Bar not thus my destined way.
Let these boasted brilliant toys
Braid the hair of girls and boys!

Bid your streams of gold expand
O'er proud London's thirsty land.
De Vaux of wealth saw never need
Save to purvey him arms and steed,
And all the ore he deigned to hoard
Inlays his helm and hilts his sword.'
Thus gently parting from their hold,
He left unmoved the dome of gold.

XXVIII

And now the morning sun was high,
De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry;
When, lo! a plashing sound he hears,
A gladsome signal that he nears
  Some frolic water-run:
And soon he reached a courtyard square
Where, dancing in the sultry air,
Tossed high aloft a fountain fair
  Was sparkling in the sun.
On right and left a fair arcade
In long perspective view displayed
Alleys and bowers for sun or shade:
  But full in front a door,
Low-browed and dark, seemed as it led
To the lone dwelling of the dead
  Whose memory was no more.

XXIX

Here stopped De Vaux an instant's space
To bathe his parchèd lips and face,
And marked with well-pleased eye,
Refracted on the fountain stream,
In rainbow hues the dazzling beam
Of that gay summer sky.
His senses felt a mild control,
Like that which lulls the weary soul,
From contemplation high
Relaxing, when the ear receives
The music that the greenwood leaves
Make to the breezes' sigh.

XXX

And oft in such a dreamy mood
The half-shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wood,
As if the Nymphs of field and flood
In gay procession came.
Are these of such fantastic mould,
Seen distant down the fair arcade,
These maids enlinked in sister-fold,
Who, late at bashful distance staid,
Now tripping from the greenwood shade,

Nearer the musing champion draw,
And in a pause of seeming awe
  Again stand doubtful now? —
Ah, that sly pause of witching powers!
That seems to say, 'To please be ours,
  Be yours to tell us how.'
Their hue was of the golden glow
That sons of Candahar bestow,
O'er which in slight suffusion flows
A frequent tinge of paly rose;
Their limbs were fashioned fair and free
In nature's justest symmetry;
And, wreathed with flowers, with odors graced,
Their raven ringlets reached the waist:
In eastern pomp its gilding pale
The henna lent each shapely nail,
And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more lustrous dye.
The spotless veil of misty lawn,
In studied disarrangement drawn
  The form and bosom o'er,
To win the eye or tempt the touch,
For modesty showed all too much —
  Too much — yet promised more.

XXXI

'Gentle knight, awhile delay,'
Thus they sung, 'thy toilsome way,
While we pay the duty due
To our Master and to you.
Over Avarice, over Fear,
Love triumphant led thee here;
Warrior, list to us, for we
Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee.
Though no treasured gems have we
To proffer on the bended knee,
Though we boast nor arm nor heart
For the assagay or dart,
Swains allow each simple girl
Ruby lip and teeth of pearl;
Or, if dangers more you prize,
Flatterers find them in our eyes.

'Stay, then, gentle warrior, stay,
Rest till evening steal on day;
Stay, O, stay! — in yonder bowers
We will braid thy locks with flowers,
Spread the feast and fill the wine,
Charm thy ear with sounds divine,
Weave our dances till delight
Yield to languor, day to night.

Then shall she you most approve
Sing the lays that best you love,
Soft thy mossy couch shall spread,
Watch thy pillow, prop thy head,
Till the weary night be o'er —
Gentle warrior, wouldst thou more?
Wouldst thou more, fair warrior, — she
Is slave to Love and slave to thee.'

XXXII

O, do not hold it for a crime
In the bold hero of my rhyme,
For Stoic look
And meet rebuke
He lacked the heart or time;
As round the band of sirens trip,
He kissed one damsel's laughing lip,
And pressed another's proffered hand,
Spoke to them all in accents bland,
But broke their magic circle through;
'Kind maids,' he said, 'adieu, adieu!
My fate, my fortune, forward lies.'
He said and vanished from their eyes;
But, as he dared that darksome way,
Still heard behind their lovely lay:
'Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart!
Go where the feelings of the heart

With the warm pulse in concord move;
Go where Virtue sanctions Love!'

XXXIII

Downward De Vaux through darksome ways
And ruined vaults has gone,
Till issue from their wildered maze
Or safe retreat seemed none,
And e'en the dismal path he strays
Grew worse as he went on.
For cheerful sun, for living air,
Foul vapours rise and mine-fires glare,
Whose fearful light the dangers showed
That dogged him on that dreadful road.
Deep pits and lakes of waters dun
They showed, but showed not how to shun.
These scenes of desolate despair,
These smothering clouds of poisoned air,
How gladly had De Vaux exchanged,
Though 't were to face yon tigers ranged!
Nay, soothful bards have said,
So perilous his state seemed now
He wished him under arbour bough
With Asia's willing maid.
When, joyful sound! at distance near
A trumpet flourished loud and clear,

And as it ceased a lofty lay
Seemed thus to chide his lagging way.

XXXIV

'Son of Honour, theme of story,
Think on the reward before ye!
Danger, darkness, toil despise;
'T is Ambition bids thee rise.

'He that would her heights ascend,
Many a weary step must wend;
Hand and foot and knee he tries;
Thus Ambition's minions rise.

'Lag not now, though rough the way,
Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,
Monarch's power and Conqueror's glory!'

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,
A steep ascent the wanderer found,
And then a turret stair:
Nor climbed he far its steepy round
Till fresher blew the air,
And next a welcome glimpse was given
That cheered him with the light of heaven.
At length his toil had won

A lofty hall with trophies dressed,
Where as to greet imperial guest
Four maidens stood whose crimson vest
Was bound with golden zone.

XXXV

Of Europe seemed the damsels all;
The first a nymph of lively Gaul
Whose easy step and laughing eye
Her borrowed air of awe belie;
The next a maid of Spain,
Dark-eyed, dark-haired, sedate yet bold;
White ivory skin and tress of gold
Her shy and bashful comrade told
For daughter of Almaine.
These maidens bore a royal robe,
With crown, with sceptre, and with globe,
Emblems of empery;
The fourth a space behind them stood,
And leant upon a harp in mood
Of minstrel ecstasy.
Of merry England she, in dress
Like ancient British Druidess,
Her hair an azure fillet bound,
Her graceful vesture swept the ground,
And in her hand displayed
A crown did that fourth maiden hold,

But unadorned with gems and gold,
Of glossy laurel made.

XXXVI

At once to brave De Vaux knelt down
These foremost maidens three,
And proffered sceptre, robe, and crown,
Liegedom and seignorie
O'er many a region wide and fair,
Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir;
But homage would he none: —
'Rather,' he said, 'De Vaux would ride,
A warden of the Border-side
In plate and mail than, robed in pride,
A monarch's empire own;
Rather, far rather, would he be
A free-born knight of England free
Than sit on despot's throne.'
So passed he on, when that fourth maid,
As starting from a trance,
Upon the harp her finger laid;
Her magic touch the chords obeyed,
Their soul awaked at once!

SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN

'Quake to your foundations deep,
Stately towers, and bannered keep,

Bid your vaulted echoes moan,
As the dreaded step they own.

'Fiends that wait on Merlin's spell,
Hear the foot-fall! mark it well!
Spread your dusky wings abroad,
Boune ye for your homeward road!

'It is His, the first who e'er
Dared the dismal Hall of Fear;
His, who hath the snares defied
Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and Pride.

'Quake to your foundations deep,
Bastion huge, and turret steep!
Tremble, keep! and totter, tower!
This is Gyneth's waking hour.'

XXXVII

Thus while she sung the venturous knight
Has reached a bower where milder light
Through crimson curtains fell;
Such softened shade the hill receives,
Her purple veil when twilight leaves
Upon its western swell.
That bower, the gazer to bewitch,

Had wondrous store of rare and rich
  As e'er was seen with eye;
For there by magic skill, iwis,
Form of each thing that living is
  Was limned in proper dye.
All seemed to sleep — the timid hare
On form, the stag upon his lair,
The eagle in her eyrie fair
  Between the earth and sky.
But what of pictured rich and rare
Could win De Vaux's eye-glance, where,
Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,
  He saw King Arthur's child!
Doubt and anger and dismay
From her brow had passed away,
Forgot was that fell tourney-day,
  For as she slept she smiled:
It seemed that the repentant Seer
Her sleep of many a hundred year
  With gentle dreams beguiled.

XXXVIII

That form of maiden loveliness,
  'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth,
That ivory chair, that sylvan dress,
The arms and ankles bare, express
  Of Lyulph's tale the truth.

Still upon her garment's hem
Vanoc's blood made purple gem,
And the warder of command
Cumbered still her sleeping hand;
Still her dark locks dishevelled flow
From net of pearl o'er breast of snow;
And so fair the slumberer seems
That De Vaux impeached his dreams,
Vapid all and void of might,
Hiding half her charms from sight.
Motionless awhile he stands,
Folds his arms and clasps his hands,
Trembling in his fitful joy,
Doubtful how he should destroy
  Long-enduring spell;
Doubtful too, when slowly rise
Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,
  What these eyes shall tell. —
'Saint George! Saint Mary! can it be
That they will kindly look on me!'

XXXIX

Gently, lo! the warrior kneels,
Soft that lovely hand he steals,
Soft to kiss and soft to clasp —
But the warder leaves her grasp;
  Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!

Gyneth startles from her sleep,
Totters tower, and trembles keep,
  Burst the castle-walls asunder!
Fierce and frequent were the shocks, —
  Melt the magic halls away; —
But beneath their mystic rocks,
In the arms of bold De Vaux
  Safe the princess lay;
Safe and free from magic power,
Blushing like the rose's flower
  Opening to the day;
And round the champion's brows were bound
The crown that Druidess had wound
  Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remained of all
The wealth of each enchanted hall,
  The Garland and the Dame:
But where should warrior seek the meed
Due to high worth for daring deed
  Except from LOVE and FAME!

CONCLUSION

I

My Lucy, when the maid is won
The minstrel's task, thou know'st, is done;
And to require of bard
That to his dregs the tale should run
Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,
When tale or play is o'er;
Lived long and blest, loved fond and true,
And saw a numerous race renew
The honours that they bore.
Know too that when a pilgrim strays
In morning mist or evening maze
Along the mountain lone,
That fairy fortress often mocks
His gaze upon the castled rocks
Of the Valley of Saint John;
But never man since brave De Vaux
The charmèd portal won.
'T is now a vain illusive show
That melts whene'er the sunbeams glow,
Or the fresh breeze hath blown.

II

But see, my love, where far below
Our lingering wheels are moving slow,
  The whiles, up-gazing still,
Our menials eye our steepy way,
Marvelling perchance what whim can stay
Our steps when eve is sinking gray
  On this gigantic hill.
So think the vulgar — Life and time
Ring all their joys in one dull chime
  Of luxury and ease;
And O, beside these simple knaves,
How many better born are slaves
  To such coarse joys as these,
Dead to the nobler sense that glows
When nature's grander scenes unclose!
But, Lucy, we will love them yet,
The mountain's misty coronet,
  The greenwood and the wold;
And love the more that of their maze
Adventure high of other days
  By ancient bards is told,
Bringing perchance, like my poor tale,
Some moral truth in fiction's veil:
Nor love them less that o'er the hill

The evening breeze as now comes chill;—
My love shall wrap her warm,
And, fearless of the slippery way
While safe she trips the heathy brae,
Shall hang on Arthur's arm.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE DYING BARD

AIR — *Daffydz Gangwen*

1806

The Welsh tradition bears that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die:
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue
That viewed them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And O, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And safe Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriors and matchless thy maids!
And thou whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved harp! my last treasure, farewell!

THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE

1806

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of Neville, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan; Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers with iron toil
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

From Chepstow's towers ere dawn of morn
Was heard afar the bugle-horn,
And forth in banded pomp and pride
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore their banners broad should gleam
In crimson light on Rymny's stream;
They vowed Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore — the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Rolled down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vowed — the trampled green
Showed where hot Neville's charge had been:
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil
That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armèd steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there in early spring
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

THE MAID OF TORO

1806

O, Low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewildered in sorrow,
Sorely sighed to the breezes and wept to the flood.
'O saints, from the mansions of bliss lowly bending!
Sweet Virgin, who hearest the suppliant's cry!
Now grant my petition in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore or let Eleanor die!'

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout and the groan and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour, came loading the gale.
Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide marked his footsteps so weary.
Cleft was his helmet and woe was his mien.

'O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying!
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!

Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe.'
Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumbed with despair:
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,
Forever he set to the Brave and the Fair.

THE PALMER

1806

'O OPEN the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

'No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the king's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

'A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O, open, for Our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!

'I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And reliques from o'er the sea, —
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.

'The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;

THE PALMER

An agèd man amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

'You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
Unless you pity me.

'The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner's heart is closer barred,
Who hears me thus complain.

'Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want
That's now denied to me.'

The ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft amid December's storm
He'll hear that voice again:

For lo! when through the vapours dank
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer weltered there.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

1806

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock; and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's *Fleur d'Épine.*

O, LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love in life's extremity
Can lend an hour of cheering,
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,
Till through her wasted hand at night
You saw the taper shining;

By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenned,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came — he passed — an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing —
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

WANDERING WILLIE

1806

All joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climbed the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
O weary betide it! I wandered beside it,
And banned it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou followed thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wished that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure and every brave scar;
And trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten,
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And O, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers,
When there's naething to speak to the heart thro' the ee!
How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfullest ebbs like the sea!

Till, at times — could I help it? — I pined and I pondered
If love could change notes like the bird on the tree —
Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wandered;
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,
Hardships and danger despising for fame,

Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and Spain;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE

AIR — *'Carrickfergus'*

1806

SINCE here we are set in array round the table,
Five hundred good fellows well met in a hall,
Come listen, brave boys, and I 'll sing as I 'm able,
How innocence triumphed and pride got a fall.
But push round the claret —
Come, stewards, don't spare it —
With rapture you 'll drink to the toast that I give;
Here, boys,
Off with it merrily —
Melville forever, and long may he live!

What were the Whigs doing, when boldly pursuing,
Pitt banished Rebellion, gave Treason a string;
Why, they swore on their honour, for Arthur O'Connor,
And fought hard for Despard 'gainst country and king.
Well then, we knew, boys,
Pitt and Melville were true boys,
And the tempest was raised by the friends of Reform.
Ah! woe!
Weep to his memory;
Low lies the pilot that weathered the storm!

And pray, don't you mind when the Blues first were raising,
And we scarcely could think the house safe o'er our heads?
When villains and coxcombs, French politics praising,
Drove peace from our tables and sleep from our beds?
Our hearts they grew bolder
When, musket on shoulder,
Stepped forth our old Statesmen example to give.
Come boys, never fear,
Drink the Blue grenadier —
Here's to old Harry, and long may he live!

They would turn us adrift, though rely, sir, upon it,
Our own faithful chronicles warrant us that
The free mountaineer and his bonny blue bonnet
Have oft gone as far as the regular's hat.
We laugh at their taunting,
For all we are wanting
Is licence our life for our country to give.
Off with it merrily —
Horse, foot, and artillery,
Each loyal Volunteer, long may he live!

'T is not us alone, boys — the Army and Navy
Have each got a slap 'mid their politic pranks;

Cornwallis cashiered, that watched winters to save ye,
And the Cape called a bauble unworthy of thanks.
But vain is their taunt,
No soldier shall want
The thanks that his country to valour can give:
Come, boys,
Drink it off merrily —
Sir David and Popham, and long may they live!

And then our revenue — Lord knows how they viewed it,
While each petty statesman talked lofty and big;
But the beer-tax was weak, as if Whitbread had brewed it,
And the pig-iron duty a shame to a pig.
In vain is their vaunting,
Too surely there's wanting
What judgment, experience, and steadiness give:
Come, boys,
Drink about merrily —
Health to sage Melville, and long may he live!

Our King, too — our Princess — I dare not say more, sir, —
May Providence watch them with mercy and might!
While there's one Scottish hand that can wag a claymore, sir,
They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up for their right.

HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE

Be damned he that dare not, —
For my part, I'll spare not
To beauty afflicted a tribute to give.
Fill it up steadily,
Drink it off readily —
Here's to the Princess, and long may she live!

And since we must not set Auld Reekie in glory,
And make her brown visage as light as her heart;
Till each man illumine his own upper story,
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part.
In Grenville and Spencer,
And some few good men, sir,
High talents we honour, slight difference forgive;
But the Brewer we'll hoax,
Tallyho to the Fox,
And drink Melville forever, as long as we live!

HUNTING SONG

1808

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;

HUNTING SONG

We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SONG

1808

O, SAY not, my love, with that mortified air,
  That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair
  For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreathe with the vine,
  Its tendrils in infancy curled,
'T is the ardour of August matures us the wine
  Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form that was fashioned as light as a fay's
  Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance that was bright as a falcon's at gaze
  Looks soberly now on the ground, —

Enough, after absence to meet me again
  Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
  For me the kind language of love.

THE RESOLVE

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM, 1809

My wayward fate I needs must plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile,
By flattering word or feignèd tear,
By gesture, look, or smile:
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot —
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambushed Cupid I'll defy
In cheek or chin or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow:

THE RESOLVE

I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides;
Such gem I fondly deemed was mine,
And glowed a diamond stone,
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dreams shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net so slightly wrought
Shall tangle me again:
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own,
Nor shall wild passion trouble it, —
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest, —
'Thy loving labour 's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost:

The widowed turtles mateless die,
The phœnix is but one;
They seek no loves — no more will I —
I'll rather dwell alone.'

EPITAPH

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF MISS SEWARD

1809

AMID these aisles where once his precepts showed
The heavenward pathway which in life he trode,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
And those he loved in life in death are near;
For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities.
Still wouldst thou know why o'er the marble spread
In female grace the willow droops her head;
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;
What poet's voice is smothered here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just, —
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honoured, beloved, and mourned, here SEWARD lies!
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say, —
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

PROLOGUE

TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY OF 'THE FAMILY LEGEND'

1810

'T is sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,
Through forests tinged with russet, wail and die;
'T is sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music, dying on the ear;
But far more sadly sweet on foreign strand
We list the legends of our native land,
Linked as they come with every tender tie,
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief thy wild tales, romantic Caledon,
Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son.
Whether on India's burning coasts he toil
Or till Acadia's winter-fettered soil,
He hears with throbbing heart and moistened eyes,
And, as he hears, what dear illusions rise!
It opens on his soul his native dell,
The woods wild waving and the water's swell;
Tradition's theme, the tower that threats the plain,
The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain;
The cot beneath whose simple porch were told
By grey-haired patriarch the tales of old,

The infant group that hushed their sports the while,
And the dear maid who listened with a smile.
The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain,
Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined,
And sleep they in the poet's gifted mind?
O no! For she, within whose mighty page
Each tyrant Passion shows his woe and rage,
Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,
And to your own traditions tuned her lyre.
Yourselves shall judge — whoe'er has raised the sail
By Mull's dark coast has heard this evening's tale.
The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar
Of whitening waves, and tells whate'er to-night
Our humble stage shall offer to your sight;
Proudly preferred that first our efforts give
Scenes glowing from her pen to breathe and live;
More proudly yet, should Caledon approve
The filial token of a daughter's love.

THE POACHER

1809

WELCOME, grave stranger, to our green retreats
Where health with exercise and freedom meets!
Thrice welcome, sage, whose philosophic plan
By nature's limits metes the rights of man;
Generous as he who now for freedom bawls,
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls:
O'er court, o'er custom-house, his shoe who flings,
Now bilks excisemen and now bullies kings.
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind:
Thine eye applausive each sly vermin sees,
That balks the snare yet battens on the cheese;
Thine ear has heard with scorn instead of awe
Our buckskinned justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,
And for the netted partridge noose the swain;
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,
To give the denizens of wood and wild,
Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.
Hence hast thou marked with grief fair London's race,
Mocked with the boon of one poor Easter chase,

And longed to send them forth as free as when
Poured o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,
When musket, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,
And scarce the field-pieces were left behind!
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismayed,
On every covey fired a bold brigade;
La Douce Humanité approved the sport,
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt;
Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,
And Seine re-echoed *Vive la Liberté!*
But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,
With some few added links resumes his chain.
Then, since such scenes to France no more are known,
Come, view with me a hero of thine own,
One whose free actions vindicate the cause
Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades where the proud oak o'ertops
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land
Where stunted heath is patched with ruddy sand,
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little worn and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce-marked path descends yon dingle deep:
Follow — but heedful, cautious of a trip —
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.

Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,
We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of hovel formed for poorest of the poor;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles and the covering leaves;
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day —
Though placed where still the Conqueror's hests o'erawe,
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law —
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wigwam wild that shrouds the native frore
On the bleak coast of frost-barred Labrador.[1]

Approach and through the unlatticed window peep —
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sunk mid yon sordid blankets till the sun
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed and prompt for desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand;
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.

[1] See Note 16.

His pilfered powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the filched lead the church's roof affords —
Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That while his sermon's dry his walls are wet.
The fish-spear barbed, the sweeping net are there,
Doe-hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils and wiring for the snare.
Bartered for game from chase or warren won,
Yon cask holds moonlight, run when moon was none;
And late-snatched spoils lie stowed in hutch apart
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul and mark his rest:
What scenes perturbed are acting in his breast!
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain;
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,
And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.
Beyond the loose and sable neckcloth stretched,
His sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitched,
While the tongue falters, as to utterance loath,
Sounds of dire import — watchword, threat, and oath.
Though, stupefied by toil and drugged with gin,
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismayed. —

'Was that wild start of terror and despair,
Those bursting eyeballs and that wildered air,
Signs of compunction for a murdered hare?
Do the locks bristle and the eyebrows arch
For grouse or partridge massacred in March?'

No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law!
He that would e'er so lightly set ajar
That awful portal must undo each bar:
Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach and force the barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned,
Was Edward Mansell once; — the lightest heart
That ever played on holiday his part!
The leader he in every Christmas game,
The harvest-feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance
When Edward named the tune and led the dance.
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
''T was but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had done the same some thirty years before.'

But he whose humours spurn law's awful yoke
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke;
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown who robs the warren or excise
With sterner felons trained to act more dread,
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then, as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,
Guilt leagues with guilt while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Till the revenue balked or pilfered game
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villany and direr deeds.

Wild howled the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renewed her dismal song;
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walked his midnight round.
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook!
The waning moon with storm-presaging gleam
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam;
The old Oak stooped his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky.

THE POACHER

'T was then that, couched amid the brushwood sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watched the deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot —
The watchful keeper heard and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife;
O'erpowered at length the Outlaw drew his knife.
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell —
The rest his waking agony may tell!

THE BOLD DRAGOON

OR, THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS

1812

'T WAS a Maréchal of France, and he fain would honour gain,
And he longed to take a passing glance at Portugal from Spain;
With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted corps d'armée —
O, he feared not our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,
Just a fricassee to pick while his soldiers sacked the town,
When, 't was peste! morbleu! mon Général,
Hear the English bugle-call!
And behold the light dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,
And, as the devil leaves a house, they tumbled through the wall;[1]

[1] See Note 17.

They took no time to seek the door,
But, best foot set before —
O, they ran from our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely fled a mile,
When on their flank there soused at once the British rank and file;
For Long, De Grey, and Otway then
Ne'er minded one to ten,
But came on like light dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English oak, their swords of Sheffield steel,
Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
And Beresford them led;
So huzza for brave dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to
Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song:
The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the bold dragoons with their long
swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

1814

'O, TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?'

'No, not to these, for they have rest, —
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the rene her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep nor mountain gray,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treacherous cruelty.

'Their flag was furled and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.

His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside
To tend her kindly housewifery.

'The hand that mingled in the meal
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warmed that hand
At midnight armed it with the brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

'Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southern clemency.

'Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-haired master's misery.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
"Revenge for blood and treachery!"'

SONG

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND

1814

O, DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughtered in vain,
And beholding broad Europe bowed down by her foemen,
PITT closed in his anguish the map of her reign!
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit
To take for his country the safety of shame;
O, then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head while he traces the furrow
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labour and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sowed it in vain;
He may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his claim;
And their jubilee-shout shall be softened with sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

SONG

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,
To light the long darkness of doubt and despair;
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
In her glory's rich harvest shall Britain remember,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget HIS gray head who, all dark in affliction,
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
The shout of his people applauding his SON;
By his firmness unmoved in success and disaster,
By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim!
With our tribute to PITT join the praise of his Master,
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup and change the sad measure,
The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright treasure,
The wisdom that planned, and the zeal that obeyed!
Fill WELLINGTON'S cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave DALHOUSIE and GRÆME;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ., OF STAFFA

1814

STAFFA, sprung from high Macdonald,
Worthy branch of old Clan-Ranald!
Staffa! king of all kind fellows!
Well befall thy hills and valleys,
Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows —
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,
Echoing the Atlantic thunder;
Mountains which the gray mist covers,
Where the Chieftain spirit hovers,
Pausing while his pinions quiver,
Stretched to quit our land forever!
Each kind influence reign above thee!
Warmer heart 'twixt this and Staffa
Beats not than in heart of Staffa!

PHAROS LOQUITUR

1814

FAR in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night,
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

LETTER IN VERSE

ON THE VOYAGE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN LIGHTS

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

LIGHTHOUSE YACHT IN THE SOUND OF LERWICK,
ZETLAND, 8TH AUGUST, 1814.

HEALTH to the chieftain from his clansman true!
From her true minstrel, health to fair Buccleuch!
Health from the isles where dewy Morning weaves
Her chaplet with the tints that Twilight leaves;
Where late the sun scarce vanished from the sight,
And his bright pathway graced the short-lived night,
Though darker now as autumn's shades extend
The north winds whistle and the mists ascend!
Health from the land where eddying whirlwinds toss
The storm-rocked cradle of the Cape of Noss;
On outstretched cords the giddy engine slides,
His own strong arm the bold adventurer guides,
And he that lists such desperate feat to try
May, like the sea-mew, skim 'twixt surf and sky,
And feel the mid-air gales around him blow,
And see the billows rage five hundred feet below.

Here, by each stormy peak and desert shore,
The hardy islesman tugs the daring oar,

Practised alike his venturous course to keep
Through the white breakers or the pathless deep,
By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain
A wretched pittance from the niggard main.
And when the worn-out drudge old ocean leaves,
What comfort greets him and what hut receives?
Lady! the worst your presence ere has cheered —
When want and sorrow fled as you appeared —
Were to a Zetlander as the high dome
Of proud Drumlanrig to my humble home.
Here rise no groves and here no gardens blow,
Here even the hardy heath scarce dares to grow;
But rocks on rocks, in mist and storm arrayed,
Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade,
With many a cavern seamed, the dreary haunt
Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant.
Wild round their rifted brows, with frequent cry
As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly,
And from their sable base with sullen sound
In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound.

Yet even these coasts a touch of envy gain
From those whose land has known oppression's claim;
For here the industrious Dutchman comes, once more
To moor his fishing craft by Bressay's shore,
Greets every former mate and brother tar,
Marvels how Lerwick 'scaped the rage of war,

Tells many a tale of Gallic outrage done,
And ends by blessing God and Wellington.
Here too the Greenland tar, a fiercer guest,
Claims a brief hour of riot, not of rest;
Proves each wild frolic that in wine has birth,
And wakes the land with brawls and boisterous mirth.
A sadder sight on yon poor vessel's prow
The captive Norseman sits in silent woe,
And eyes the flags of Britain as they flow.
Hard fate of war, which bade her terrors sway
His destined course and seize so mean a prey,
A bark with planks so warped and seams so riven
She scarce might face the gentlest airs of heaven:
Pensive he sits, and questions oft if none
Can list his speech and understand his moan:
In vain — no Islesman now can use the tongue
Of the bold Norse from whom their lineage sprung.
Not thus of old the Norsemen hither came,
Won by the love of danger or of fame;
On every storm-beat cape a shapeless tower
Tells of their wars, their conquests, and their power;
For ne'er for Grecia's vales nor Latian land
Was fiercer strife than for this barren strand;
A race severe, the isle and ocean lords
Loved for its own delight the strife of swords;
With scornful laugh the mortal pang defied,
And blest their gods that they in battle died.

Such were the sires of Zetland's simple race,
And still the eye may faint resemblance trace
In the blue eye, tall form, proportion fair,
The limbs athletic, and the long light hair, —
Such was the mien, as Scald and Minstrel sings,
Of fair-haired Harold, first of Norway's Kings; —
But their high deeds to scale these crags confined,
Their only welfare is with waves and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's castle coast?
Why of the horrors of the Sunburgh Rost?
May not these bald disjointed lines suffice,
Penned while my comrades whirl the rattling dice —
While down the cabin skylight lessening shine
The rays, and eve is chased with mirth and wine?
Imagined, while down Mousa's desert bay
Our well-trimmed vessel urged her nimble way,
While to the freshening breeze she leaned her side,
And bade her bowsprit kiss the foamy tide?

Such are the lays that Zetland's Isles supply;
Drenched with the drizzly spray and dropping sky,
Weary and wet, a sea-sick minstrel I.

W. Scott.

POSTSCRIPTUM

KIRKWALL, ORKNEY, AUG. 13, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has commissioned a Kraken,
You will please be informed that they seldom are taken;
It is January two years, the Zetland folks say,
Since they saw the last Kraken in Scalloway bay;
He lay in the offing a fortnight or more,
But the devil a Zetlander put from the shore,
Though bold in the seas of the North to assail
The morse and the sea-horse, the grampus and whale.
If your Grace thinks I'm writing the thing that is not,
You may ask at a namesake of ours, Mr. Scott —
He's not from our clan, though his merits deserve it,
But springs, I'm informed, from the Scotts of Scots-
tarvet; —
He questioned the folks who beheld it with eyes,
But they differed confoundedly as to its size.
For instance, the modest and diffident swore
That it seemed like the keel of a ship and no more —
Those of eyesight more clear or of fancy more high
Said it rose like an island 'twixt ocean and sky —
But all of the hulk had a steady opinion
That 't was sure a *live* subject of Neptune's dominion —
And I think, my Lord Duke, your Grace hardly would
wish,
To cumber your house, such a kettle of fish.

Had your order related to night-caps or hose
Or mittens of worsted, there's plenty of those.
Or would you be pleased but to fancy a whale?
And direct me to send it — by sea or by mail?
The season, I'm told, is nigh over, but still
I could get you one fit for the lake at Bowhill.
Indeed, as to whales, there's no need to be thrifty,
Since one day last fortnight two hundred and fifty,
Pursued by seven Orkneymen's boats and no more,
Betwixt Truffness and Luffness were drawn on the shore!
You'll ask if I saw this same wonderful sight;
I own that I did not, but easily might —
For this mighty shoal of leviathans lay
On our lee-beam a mile, in the loop of the bay,
And the islesmen of Sanda were all at the spoil,
And *flinching* — so term it — the blubber to boil; —
Ye spirits of lavender, drown the reflection
That awakes at the thoughts of this odorous dissection. —
To see this huge marvel full fain would we go,
But Wilson, the wind, and the current said no.
We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I must stare
When I think that in verse I have once called it *fair;*
'T is a base little borough, both dirty and mean —
There is nothing to hear and there's nought to be seen,
Save a church where of old times a prelate harangued,
And a palace that's built by an earl that was hanged.

But farewell to Kirkwall — aboard we are going,
The anchor 's a-peak and the breezes are blowing;
Our commodore calls all his band to their places,
And 't is time to release you — good-night to your
Graces!

SONGS AND VERSES FROM WAVERLEY

Published in 1814.

I

'AND DID YE NOT HEAR OF A MIRTH BEFELL'

To the tune of 'I have been a Fiddler,' etc.

'The following song, which has been since borrowed by the worshipful author of the famous *History of Fryar Bacon*, has been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occasion of carrying home the bride.' (*Appendix to General Preface.*)

AND did ye not hear of a mirth befell
The morrow after a wedding day,
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?
And away to Tewin, away, away.

The quintain was set, and the garlands were made,
'T is pity old customs should ever decay;
And woe be to him that was horsed on a jade,
For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a concert of fiddle-de-dees;
We set them a-cockhorse, and made them play
The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-frees,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish
That would go to the plough that day;

But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
  And away to Tewin, away, away!

The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,
  The maidens did make the chamber full gay;
The servants did give me a fuddling cup,
  And I did carry 't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,
  That he was persuaded the ground looked blue;
And I dare boldly be sworn on a book,
  Such smiths as he there's but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
  And simpering said, they could eat no more;
Full many a maiden was laid on the lip, —
  I 'll say no more, but give o'er, give o'er.

II

'LATE, WHEN THE AUTUMN EVENING FELL'

From Chapter v. 'His tutor, or, I should say, Mr. Pembroke, for he scarce assumed the name of tutor, picked up about Edward's room some fragments of irregular verse, which he appeared to have composed under the influence of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden page being turned up to him in the book of life,'—i.e., his being appointed captain in a regiment of dragoons.

LATE, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
The lake returned, in chastened gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam:

Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donned at once his sable cloak,
As warrior, at the battle cry,
Invests him with his panoply:
Then, as the whirlwind nearer pressed,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrowed brow and blackened cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirled,
Flitted that fond ideal world;
And, to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change

As warred the wind with wave and wood.
Upon the ruined tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourned that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale —
For ever dead to fancy's eye
Be each gay form that glided by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honour and to arms!

III

'THE KNIGHT 'S TO THE MOUNTAIN'

From Chapter IX. 'The questioned party replied, and, like the witch of Thalaba, "still his speech was song."'

THE knight 's to the mountain
His bugle to wind;
The lady 's to greenwood
Her garland to bind.

The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor,
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

IV

'IT'S UP GLENBARCHAN'S BRAES I GAED'

From Chapter XI. 'Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper of Cupar; and, without wasting more time, struck up,' —

IT's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,
And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made
To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.

If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
And strap him on to my lunzie string,
Right seldom would I fail.

V

'HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY'

From Chapter XII. 'The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds,' —

HIE away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,

Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it.
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

VI

ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR

From Chapter XIII. 'The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag, which rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in *King Lear;* and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend in which they had been interwoven by some village poet, —

"Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, but left his own unsung."

'The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted.'

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be blessed;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,

Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swathed in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damped her hair:
Her cheek was pale, but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She muttered the spell of Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopped the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege
These three long years in battle and siege;
News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks;—
Is it the moody owl that shrieks?
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow;
The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form!

. . . . . .

VII

'YOUNG MEN WILL LOVE THEE MORE FAIR AND MORE FAST'

From Chapter XIV. 'The next day Edward arose betimes, and, in a morning walk around the house and its vicinity, came suddenly upon a small court in front of the dog-kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed charge. One quick glance of his eye recognised Waverley, when, instantly turning his back, as if he had not observed him, he began to sing part of an old ballad.'

YOUNG men will love thee more fair and more fast;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
Old men's love the longest will last,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man will brawl at the evening board;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

VIII

FLORA MAC-IVOR'S SONG

From Chapter XXII

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded — it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string and be hushed every tone
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown!

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray! — the exiled — the dear! —
In the blush of the dawning the *Standard* uprear!

Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O, sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'T is the bugle — but not for the chase is the call;
'T is the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

'T is the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!

IX

TO AN OAK TREE

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ——, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO MARK THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN WOGAN, KILLED IN 1649

From Chapter XXIX. 'The letter from the Chief contained Flora's lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II, who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and, no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career.'

EMBLEM of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honoured sod to bloom,
The flowerets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,

Before the winter storm decay —
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! for 'mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swelled thy dauntless heart,
And, while Despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'T was then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,
(When England's sons the strife resigned,)
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdued, though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung;
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darkened ere its noontide day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
Rome bound with oak her patriots' brows,
As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

X

'WE ARE BOUND TO DRIVE THE BULLOCKS'

From Chapter XXXVIII. 'The clan of Mac-Farlane, occupying the fastnesses of the western side of Loch Lomond, were great depredators on the Low Country; and as their excursions were made usually by night, the moon was proverbially called their lantern. Their celebrated pibroch of *Hoggil nam Bo*, which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar practices, the sense being' —

WE are bound to drive the bullocks,
All by hollows, hirsts, and hillocks,
  Through the sleet and through the rain.
When the moon is beaming low
On frozen lake and hills of snow,
Bold and heartily we go,
  And all for little gain.

XI

'BUT FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME'

From Chapter LXIII

BUT follow, follow me,
While glowworms light the lea,
I'll show ye where the dead should be —
  Each in his shroud,
  While winds pipe loud,
And the red moon peeps dim through the cloud.

Follow, follow me:
Brave should he be
That treads by night the dead man's lea.

FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE

1814

THOUGH right be aft put down by strength,
  As mony a day we saw that,
The true and leilfu' cause at length
  Shall bear the grie for a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
  Guns, guillotines, and a' that,
The Fleur-de-lis, that lost her right,
  Is queen again for a' that!

We'll twine her in a friendly knot
  With England's Rose, and a' that;
The Shamrock shall not be forgot,
  For Wellington made bra' that.
The Thistle, though her leaf be rude,
  Yet faith we'll no misca' that,
She sheltered in her solitude
  The Fleur-de-lis, for a' that.

The Austrian Vine, the Prussian Pine,
  (For Blucher's sake, hurra that,)
The Spanish Olive, too, shall join,
  And bloom in peace for a' that.

Stout Russia's Hemp, so surely twined
Around our wreath we'll draw that,
And he that would the cord unbind,
Shall have it for his gra-vat!

Or, if to choke sae puir a sot,
Your pity scorn to thraw that,
The Devil's elbo' be his lot,
Where he may sit and claw that.
In spite of slight, in spite of might,
In spite of brags and a' that,
The lads that battled for the right
Have won the day and a' that!

There's ae bit spot I had forgot,
America they ca' that!
A coward plot her rats had got
Their father's flag to gnaw that:
Now see it fly top-gallant high,
Atlantic winds shall blaw that,
And Yankee loon, beware your croun,
There's kames in hand to claw that!

For on the land, or on the sea,
Where'er the breezes blaw that,
The British Flag shall bear the grie,
And win the day for a' that!

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL

From the Gaelic

1815

The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favour of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North,
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth;
To the Chieftain this morning his course who began,
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a swan.
For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

O, swift be the galley and hardy her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,
Though the whirlwind should rise and the ocean should boil:
On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale!
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his sail;

Be prolonged as regret that his vassals must know,
Be fair as their faith and sincere as their woe:
Be so soft and so fair and so faithful, sweet gale,
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Be his pilot experienced and trusty and wise,
To measure the seas and to study the skies:
May he hoist all his canvas from streamer to deck,
But O! crowd it higher when wafting him back —
Till the cliffs of Skooroora and Conan's glad vale
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

IMITATION

OF THE PRECEDING SONG

1815

So sung the old bard in the grief of his heart
When he saw his loved lord from his people depart.
Now mute on thy mountains, O Albyn, are heard
Nor the voice of the song nor the harp of the bard;
Or its strings are but waked by the stern winter gale,
As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

From the far Southland Border a minstrel came forth,
And he waited the hour that some bard of the north,
His hand on the harp of the ancient should cast,
And bid its wild numbers mix high with the blast;
But no bard was there left in the land of the Gael
To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

'And shalt thou then sleep,' did the minstrel exclaim,
'Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame?
No, son of Fitzgerald! in accents of woe
The song thou hast loved o'er thy coffin shall flow,
And teach thy wild mountains to join in the wail
That laments for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING SONG

'In vain, the bright course of thy talents to wrong,
Fate deadened thine ear and imprisoned thy tongue;
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose;
And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail?

'Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell, —
In the spring-time of youth and of promise they fell!
Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

'And thou, gentle dame, who must bear to thy grief
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
Of thy husband and father and brethren bereft,
To thine ear of affection how sad is the hail
That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kintail!'

WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN

HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN

From the Gaelic

1815

This song appears to be imperfect, or, at least, like many of the early Gaelic poems, makes a rapid transition from one subject to another; from the situation, namely, of one of the daughters of the clan, who opens the song by lamenting the absence of her lover, to an eulogium over the military glories of the Chieftain. The translator has endeavoured to imitate the abrupt style of the original.

A WEARY month has wandered o'er
Since last we parted on the shore;
Heaven! that I saw thee, love, once more,
  Safe on that shore again! —
'T was valiant Lachlan gave the word:
Lachlan, of many a galley lord:
He called his kindred bands on board,
  And launched them on the main.

Clan-Gillian is to ocean gone;
Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known;
Rejoicing in the glory won
  In many a bloody broil:
For wide is heard the thundering fray,
The rout, the ruin, the dismay,
When from the twilight glens away
  Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN

Woe to the hills that shall rebound
Our bannered bag-pipes' maddening sound!
Clan-Gillian's onset echoing round,
  Shall shake their inmost cell.
Woe to the bark whose crew shall gaze
Where Lachlan's silken streamer plays!
The fools might face the lightning's blaze
  As wisely and as well!

SAINT CLOUD

1815

Soft spread the southern summer night
  Her veil of darksome blue;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
  The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sighed,
  Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
  And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
  The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and Hussar
  That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
  With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
  The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,
  Nor could its silence rue,

SAINT CLOUD

When waked to music of our own
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
Prolonged from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then with more delighted ear
The circle round her drew
Than ours, when gathered round to hear
Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass, —
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

THE DANCE OF DEATH

1815

NIGHT and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting;
Faint and low they crew,
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolonged the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower
Marked it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flashed the sheets of levin-light;
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Showed the dreary bivouac
Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff and drenched with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again,
Though death should come with day.

'T is at such a tide and hour
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower
Gleam on the gifted ken;

And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
Presaging death and ruin near
  Among the sons of men; —
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'T was then grey Allan sleepless lay;
Grey Allan, who for many a day
  Had followed stout and stern,
Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and edge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
  Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid mid friends' and foemen's gore —
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
  And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How upon bloody Quatre-Bras
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
  Of conquest as he fell.

Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard through darkness far aloof
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloaked patrol their course

And spurred 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have passed,
When down the destined plain,
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteor's glance,
Strange phantoms wheeled a revel dance
And doomed the future slain.
Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain;
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Choosers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristened Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheeled their ring-dance hand in hand
With gestures wild and dread:
The Seer, who watched them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray
And of the destined dead.

SONG

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave
As each wild gust blows by;
But still the corn
At dawn of morn
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.

With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
  Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing — each startled sprite
  Our choir of death shall know.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance
  And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
  To sleep without a shroud.

Burst ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours —
  See the east grows wan —
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame;
Elemental rage is tame
  To the wrath of man.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the visioned sights he saw,
  The legend heard him say;

But the Seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafened his ear and stark his limb,
  Ere closed that bloody day —
He sleeps far from his Highland heath, —
But often of the Dance of Death
  His comrades tell the tale,
On picquet-post when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
  And dawn is glimmering pale.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS

1815

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's shrine:
'And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven,' was still the soldier's prayer,
'That I may prove the bravest knight and love the fairest fair.'

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it with his sword,
And followed to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry filled the air,
'Be honoured aye the bravest knight, be loved the fairest fair.'

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege-lord said,
'The heart that has for honour beat by bliss must be repaid.
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair.'

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's
shrine
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands
combine;
And every lord and lady bright that were in chapel
there
Cried, 'Honoured be the bravest knight, beloved the
fairest fair!'

THE TROUBADOUR

1815

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
'My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true love's bower;
Gayly for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour.'

And while he marched with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As, faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sung:
'My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour.'

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hewed his way,
Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay:

THE TROUBADOUR

'My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.'

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:
'My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.'

'IT CHANCED THAT CUPID ON A SEASON'

1815

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then? — Upon my life,
'T was bad example for a deity —
He takes me Reason for a wife,
And Folly for his hours of gayety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

SONG

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH ON CARTER HAUGH

1815

From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.
Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

When the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,
For around them were marshalled the pride of the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of Buccleuch.

A stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,
No mail-glove has grasped her, no spearmen surround;
But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.

SONG

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS, and CAR:
And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.

And when it is over we'll drink a blithe measure
To each laird and each lady that witnessed our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Landward,
From the hall of the peer to the herd's ingle-nook;
And huzza! my brave hearts, for BUCCLEUCH and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan and the Duke!
Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

SONGS FROM GUY MANNERING

Published in 1815

I

'CANNY MOMENT, LUCKY FIT'

From Chapter III

Canny moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it lad, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,
Hinders witches of their will;
Weel is them, that weel may
Fast upon Saint Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Colme and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and wear.

II

'TWIST YE, TWINE YE! EVEN SO'

From Chapter IV

TWIST ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear and peace and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain,
Doubt and jealousy and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.

III

'WASTED, WEARY, WHEREFORE STAY'

From Chapter xxvii

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away; —
Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need; —
Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet or hail or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on.
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

IV

'DARK SHALL BE LIGHT'

From Chapter XLIX.

DARK shall be light,
And wrong done to right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

AIR — *'Cadul gu lo'* [1]

O, HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

[1] Sleep on till day.

THE RETURN TO ULSTER

1816

ONCE again, — but how changed since my wanderings began —
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flowed when these echoes first mixed with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse and the sweep of their lyre:
To me 't was not legend nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguished and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
And renewed the wild pomp of the chase and the hall;

And the standard of Fion flashed fierce from on high,
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.[1]
It seemed that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore. —
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?
They were days of delusion and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the maid who stood by,
And listed my lay while she turned from mine eye?
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sunbeam or melted to dew?
O, would it had been so! — O, would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,
And her voice that was moulded to melody's thrill,
Had been but a zephyr that sighed and was still!

O, would it had been so! — not then this poor heart
Had learned the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To bear unassisted its burden of care,
While I toiled for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life's summer was done
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
'Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
And restore me the dream of my springtide again.'

[1] See Note 18.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

AIR — '*A Border Melody*'

1816

The first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr. Campbell Albyn's *Anthology*.

'WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen' —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen' —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
  Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
  Shall ride our forest queen' —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
  For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
  The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
  And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
  The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border and awa'
  Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

AIR — '*Piobair of Donuil Dhuidh*'

1816

This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan MacDonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic: —

'Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piob agus bratach air faiche Inverlochi.'

'The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering-place at Inverlochy.'

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

Come every hill-plaid and
  True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
  Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
  The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
  The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
  Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when
  Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
  Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
  See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
  Blended with heather.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
  Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
  Knell for the onset!

NORA'S VOW

AIR — '*Cha teid mis a chaoidh*' [1]

1816

In the original Gaelic, the Lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake — until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind — except for the vehemence of her protestation.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,
'The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son.'

'A maiden's vows,' old Callum spoke,
'Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora ere its bloom be gone
May blithely wed the Earlie's son.'

[1] I will never go with him.

NORA'S VOW

'The swan,' she said, 'the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans when blood is high
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.'

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel
No Highland brogue has turned the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won —
She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING

AIR — *'Thain' a Grigalach'* [1]

1816

These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering-tune, used by the MacGregors. The severe treatment of this Clan, their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded to in the Ballad.

THE moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!
Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!
Landless, landless, landless, etc.

But doomed and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword!
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!
Courage, courage, courage, etc.

[1] The MacGregor is come.

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame and their flesh to the eagles!
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

While there's leaves in the forest and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!
Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach!
Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer.
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

VERSES

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION, ADAPTED TO HAYDN'S AIR 'GOD SAVE THE EMPEROR FRANCIS,' AND SUNG BY A SELECT BAND AFTER THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH TO THE GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA, AND HIS SUITE, 19TH DECEMBER, 1816.

God protect brave Alexander,
Heaven defend the noble Czar,
Mighty Russia's high Commander,
First in Europe's banded war;
For the realms he did deliver
From the tyrant overthrown,
Thou, of every good the Giver,
Grant him long to bless his own!
Bless him, mid his land's disaster
For her rights who battled brave;
Of the land of foemen master,
Bless him who their wrongs forgave.
O'er his just resentment victor,
Victor over Europe's foes,
Late and long supreme director,
Grant in peace his reign may close.
Hail! then, hail! illustrious stranger!
Welcome to our mountain strand;
Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,
Link us with thy native land.

Freemen's force or false beguiling
Shall that union ne'er divide,
Hand in hand while peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side.

VERSES FROM THE ANTIQUARY

Published in 1816

I

'HE CAME, BUT VALOUR SO HAD FIRED HIS EYE'

From Chapter VI

He came; but valour so had fired his eye,
And such a falchion glittered on his thigh,
That, by the gods, with such a load of steel,
I thought he came to murder, not to heal.

II

'WHY SIT'ST THOU BY THAT RUINED HALL'

From Chapter X

'Why sit'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?'

'Know'st thou not me?' the Deep Voice cried:
'So long enjoyed, so oft misused —
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!

'Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

'Redeem mine hours — the space is brief —
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shalt part forever!'

III

EPITAPH

From Chapter XI

HEIR lyeth John o' ye Girnell,
Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kirnell.
In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,
Ilka gud mannis herth wi' bairnis was stokit,
He deled a boll o' bear in firlottis fyve,
Four for ye halie kirke and ane for puir mennis wyvis.

IV

'THE HERRING LOVES THE MERRY MOONLIGHT'

From Chapter XL. 'As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill, tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative:' —

THE herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen, great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw. —

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely ten,

When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see:
'Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie.

'What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne, —
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

'To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wond'rous peril, —
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?' —

'Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

'If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

'My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude
As through the moorland fern, —
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.'

. . . . . .

He turned him right and round again,
Said, 'Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.'

VERSES FROM OLD MORTALITY

Published in 1816

I

'AND WHAT THOUGH WINTER WILL PINCH SEVERE'

From Chapter XIX

AND what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of grey and a cloak that's old?
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was ever wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow?

II

VERSES FOUND, WITH A LOCK OF HAIR, IN BOTHWELL'S POCKET-BOOK

From Chapter XXIII

THY hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright
As in that well-remembered night,
When first thy mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whispered love.

Since then how often hast thou pressed
The torrid zone of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin which peopled hell;
A breast whose blood 's a troubled ocean,
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion! —
Oh, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstained and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!
I had not wandered wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting-scene,
My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chase;
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down and rend my prey,
Then — from the carcase turn away!
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed!
Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

VERSES FROM OLD MORTALITY

III

EPITAPH ON BALFOUR OF BURLEY

From Chapter XLIV. 'Gentle reader, I did request of mine honest friend Peter Proudfoot, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins and cambrics as in small wares, to pro cure me, on his next peregrinations to that vicinage, a copy of the epitaphion alluded to. And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus: —

HERE lyes ane saint to prelates surly,
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley,
Who, stirrèd up to vengeance take,
For solemn League and Cov'nant's sake,
Upon the Magus-Moor, in Fife,
Did tak' James Sharpe the apostate's life;
By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,
Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot.

THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS

OR, THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN

The hint of the following tale is taken from *La Camiscia Magica*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

I

O, FOR a glance of that gay Muse's eye
That lightened on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly
When Giam Battista bade her vision hail! —
Yet fear not, ladies, the *naïve* detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian license loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be decorous.

II

In the far eastern clime, no great while since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they performed their round,
Beheld all others fixed upon the ground;
Whose ears received the same unvaried phrase,
'Sultaun! thy vassal hears and he obeys!'
All have their tastes — this may the fancy strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like;

For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys —
I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass;
In fitting time can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay —
Such monarchs best our free-born humours suit,
But despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III

This Solimaun Serendib had in sway —
And where's Serendib? may some critic say. —
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,
Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find mayhap
The isle laid down in Captain Sinbad's map —
Famed mariner, whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them shorter,
He deigned to tell them over to a porter —
The last edition see, by Long and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.

IV

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction —
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction —
A sort of stimulant which hath its uses
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
Sovereign specific for all sorts of cures
In my wife's practice and perhaps in yours —
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter,
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter —
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not — but the Sultaun never laughed,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy
That scorned all remedy profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad
Or mazed or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

V

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
As e'er scrawled jargon in a darkened room;
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed,
Peeped in his bath and God knows where beside,
And then in solemn accent spoke their doom,
'His majesty is very far from well.'
Then each to work with his specific fell:

The Hakim Ibrahim *instanter* brought
His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut,
While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munaskif al fillfily.[1]
More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail and some the rear;
Their remedies to reinforce and vary
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired monarch, though of words grown chary,
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labour,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.
There lacked, I promise you, no longer speeches
To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

VI

Then was the council called — by their advice —
They deemed the matter ticklish all and nice,
And sought to shift it off from their own shoulders —
Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament
Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders —
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroultai;* —[2]
I'm not prepared to show in this slight song

[1] For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned editor of the *Recipes of Avicenna.*
[2] See Sir John Malcolm's admirable *History of Persia.*

That to Serendib the same forms belong —
E'en let the learned go search, and tell me if I 'm wrong.

VII

The Omrahs, each with hand on scimitar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war —
'The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath
Too long has slept nor owned the work of death;
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
Bang the loud gong and raise the shout of battle!
This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day
Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round
And the armed elephant shall shake the ground.
Each noble pants to own the glorious summons —
And for the charges — Lo! your faithful Commons!'
The Riots who attended in their places —
Serendib language calls a farmer Riot —
Looked ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration auguring much disquiet,
Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;
And fearing these as Chinamen the Tartars,
Or as the whiskered vermin fear the mousers,
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trousers.

VIII

And next came forth the reverend Convocation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban green,
Imaun and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.
Their votes were various — some advised a mosque
With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens and with gay kiosque,
To recreate a band of priests selected;
Others opined that through the realms a dole
Be made to holy men, whose prayers might profit
The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul.
But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit,
More closely touched the point; — 'Thy studious mood,'
Quoth he, 'O Prince! hath thickened all thy blood,
And dulled thy brain with labour beyond measure;
Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure,
And toy with beauty or tell o'er thy treasure;
From all the cares of state, my liege, enlarge thee,
And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy.'

IX

These counsels sage availèd not a whit,
And so the patient — as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit —
Resolved to take advice of an old woman;

His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,
And still was called so by each subject duteous.
Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say —
But she professed to cure disease the sternest,
By dint of magic amulet or lay;
And, when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deemed it fitting time to use her own.

X

'*Sympathia magica* hath wonders done' —
Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son —
'It works upon the fibres and the pores,
And thus insensibly our health restores,
And it must help us here. — Thou must endure
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.
Search land and sea, and get where'er you can
The inmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his SHIRT, my son; which, taken warm
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your harm,
Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy's.'
Such was the counsel from his mother came; —
I know not if she had some under-game,
As doctors have, who bid their patients roam
And live abroad when sure to die at home,

Or if she thought that, somehow or another,
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-Mother;
But, says the Chronicle — who will go look it —
That such was her advice — the Sultaun took it.

XI

All are on board — the Sultaun and his train,
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main.
The old Rais was the first who questioned, 'Whither?'
They paused — 'Arabia,' thought the pensive prince,
'Was called The Happy many ages since —
For Mokha, Rais.' — And they came safely thither.
But not in Araby with all her balm,
Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,
Nor in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of happiness be traced.
One Copt alone professed to have seen her smile,
When Bruce his goblet filled at infant Nile:
She blessed the dauntless traveller as he quaffed,
But vanished from him with the ended draught.

XII

'Enough of turbans,' said the weary King,
'These dolimans of ours are not the thing;
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap, I
Incline to think some of them must be happy;

At least, they have as fair a cause as any can,
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.
Then northward, ho!' — The vessel cuts the sea,
And fair Italia lies upon her lee. —
But fair Italia, she who once unfurled
Her eagle-banners o'er a conquered world,
Long from her throne of domination tumbled;
Lay by her quondam vassals sorely humbled,
The pope himself looked pensive, pale, and lean,
And was not half the man he once had been.
'While these the priest and those the noble fleeces,
Our poor old boot,'[1] they said, 'is torn to pieces.
Its tops[2] the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel.[3]
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;
A tramontane, a heretic — the buck,
Poffaredio! still has all the luck;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag —
And then — a perfect walking money-bag.'
Off set our prince to seek John Bull's abode,
But first took France — it lay upon the road.

[1] The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.
[2] Florence, Venice, etc.
[3] The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo; i.e., Brother Devil.

XIII

Monsieur Baboon after much late commotion
Was agitated like a settling ocean,
Quite out of sorts and could not tell what ailed him,
Only the glory of his house had failed him;
Besides, some tumors on his noddle biding
Gave indication of a recent hiding.[1]
Our prince, though Sultauns of such things are heedless,
Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
To ask if at that moment he was happy.
And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il faut*, a
Loud voice mustered up, for '*Vive le Roi!*'
Then whispered, ''Ave you any news of Nappy?'
The Sultaun answered him with a cross question, —
'Pray, can you tell me aught of one John Bull,
That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-pool?'
The query seemed of difficult digestion,
The party shrugged and grinned and took his snuff,
And found his whole good-breeding scarce enough.

XIV

Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers —
Ere liberal Fashion damned both lace and lawn,
And bade the veil of modesty be drawn —

[1] Or drubbing; so called in the *Slang Dictionary*.

Replied the Frenchman after a brief pause,
'Jean Bool! — I vas not know him — Yes, I vas —
I vas remember dat, von year or two,
I saw him at von place called Vaterloo —
Ma foi! il s'est très joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishmen, — m'entendezvous?
But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,
Rogue I no like — dey call him Vellington.'
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solimaun took leave and crossed the strait.

XV

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.
His wars were ended and the victory won,
But then 't was reckoning-day with honest John;
And authors vouch, 't was still this worthy's way,
'Never to grumble, till he came to pay;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little and the pay too much.'[1]
Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had wellnigh wept for Bonaparte!

[1] See the *True-Born Englishman*, by Daniel DeFoe.

Such was the wight whom Solimaun salamed, —
'And who are you,' John answered, 'and be d—d?'

XVI

'A stranger, come to see the happiest man —
So, signior, all avouch — in Frangistan.'[1]
'Happy? my tenants breaking on my hand;
Unstocked my pastures and untilled my land;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broadcloths —
Happy? — Why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs.'
'In that case, signior, I may take my leave;
I came to ask a favour — but I grieve' —
'Favour?' said John, and eyed the Sultaun hard,
'It's my belief you came to break the yard! —
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner —
Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner.'
With that he chucked a guinea at his head;
But with due dignity the Sultaun said,
'Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.
Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well.'
'Kiss and be d—d,' quoth John, 'and go to hell!'

[1] Europe.

XVII

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew — but, soberer now,
She *doucely* span her flax and milked her cow.
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a month her house was partly swept,
And once a week a plenteous board she kept.
And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws
And teeth of yore on slender provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom in their years of early strife
She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour,
Who looked to the main chance, declined no labour,
Loved a long grace and spoke a northern jargon,
And was d——d close in making of a bargain.

XVIII

The Sultaun entered, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsied sister Peg —
She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guessed at once with whom she had to do.
She bade him 'Sit into the fire,' and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck from the nook;
Asked him 'about the news from Eastern parts;
And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts!
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,
And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper; —
Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park —
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen.'

XIX

Then up got Peg and round the house 'gan scuttle
In search of goods her customer to nail,
Until the Sultaun strained his princely throttle,
And holloed, 'Ma'am, that is not what I ail.
Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?'
'Happy?' said Peg; 'What for d'ye want to ken?
Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadna pay the yoking of the pleugh.'

'What say you to the present?' — 'Meal's sae dear,
To make their *brose* my bairns have scarce aneugh.'
'The devil take the shirt,' said Solimaun,
'I think my quest will end as it began. —
Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg' —
'Ye'll no be for the linen then?' said Peg.

XX

Now, for the land of verdant Erin
The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,
The Emerald Isle where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under,
Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogged unduly,
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;
His landlord, and of middle-men two brace,
Had screwed his rent up to the starving-place;
His garment was a top-coat and an old one,
His meal was a potato and a cold one;
But still for fun or frolic and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

XXI

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day:
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confessed, and Mother Church hath from her binns
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit!
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
'By Mahomet,' said Sultaun Solimaun,
'That ragged fellow is our very man!
Rush in and seize him — do not do him hurt,
But, will he nill he, let me have his *shirt*.'

XXII

Shilela their plan was wellnigh after balking —
Much less provocation will set it a-walking —
But the odds that foiled Hercules foiled Paddy Whack
They seized, and they floored, and they stripped him —
Alack!
Up-bubboo! Paddy had not — a shirt to his back!
And the king, disappointed, with sorrow and shame
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH

1817

When the lone pilgrim views afar
The shrine that is his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road
Which the loved saint of yore has trod.
As near he draws and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear;
The Gothic fane's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the tapers' glow,
Oppress his soul; while they delight
And chasten rapture with affright.
No longer dare he think his toil
Can merit aught his patron's smile;
Too light appears the distant way,
The chilly eve, the sultry day —
All these endured no favour claim,
But murmuring forth the sainted name,
He lays his little offering down,
And only deprecates a frown.

We too who ply the Thespian art
Oft feel such bodings of the heart,

And when our utmost powers are strained
Dare hardly hope your favour gained.
She who from sister climes has sought
The ancient land where Wallace fought —
Land long renowned for arms and arts,
And conquering eyes and dauntless hearts —
She, as the flutterings *here* avow,
Feels all the pilgrim's terrors *now;*
Yet sure on Caledonian plain
The stranger never sued in vain.
'T is yours the hospitable task
To give the applause she dare not ask;
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
The pilgrim's blessing be their meed.

MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE

1817

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour forever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last.
Why should we part, while still some powers remain,
That in your service strive not yet in vain?
Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,
And sense of duty fire the fading eye;
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude?
Ah, no! the taper, wearing to its close,
Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows;
But all too soon the transient gleam is past,
It cannot be renewed, and will not last;
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude can wage
But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.
Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was,
To live a pensioner on your applause,

To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy;
Till every sneering youth around enquires,
'Is this the man who once could please our sires?'
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
To warn me off from the encumbered scene.
This must not be; — and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and the grave,
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget —
O, how forget! — how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft returned with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakespeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fanned the flame!
By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,
Those hours must live — and all their charms are yours.

MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

O favoured Land! renowned for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is played, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is — Friends and Patrons, hail, and FARE YOU WELL.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL

AIR — '*Rimhin aluin 'stu mo run*'

1822

The air composed by the Editor of *Albyn's Anthology*. The words written for Mr. George Thomson's *Scottish Melodies*.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
Though evening with her richest dye
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree —
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas! the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?

The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

SONG FROM ROB ROY

Published in 1817

TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE

O FOR the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall.

Sad over earth and ocean sounding,
And England's distant cliffs astounding,
Such are the notes should say
How Britain's hope and France's fear,
Victor of Cressy and Poitier,
In Bourdeaux dying lay.

'Raise my faint head, my squires,' he said,
'And let the casement be displayed,
That I may see once more
The splendour of the setting sun
Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Garonne,
And Blaye's empurpled shore.

SONG FROM ROB ROY

'Like me, he sinks to Glory's sleep,
His fall the dews of evening steep,
As if in sorrow shed.
So soft shall fall the trickling tear,
When England's maids and matrons hear
Of their Black Edward dead.

'And though my sun of glory set,
Nor France nor England shall forget
The terror of my name;
And oft shall Britain's heroes rise,
New planets in these southern skies,
Through clouds of blood and flame.'

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH

AIR — '*Ymdaith Mionge*'

Written for Mr. George Thomson's *Welsh Melodies*, in 1817.

Ethelfrid, or Olfrid, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and Brockmael, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the neighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguered Chester rang,
Veilèd nun and friar grey
Marched from Bangor's fair Abbaye;
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly band
Doomed to feel unhallowed hand?
Such was the Divine decree,
O miserere, Domine!

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughtered down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, O miserere, Domine!

Bangor! o'er the murder wail!
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shattered towers and broken arch
Long recalled the woful march:
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere, Domine!

EPILOGUE TO 'THE APPEAL'

1818

A CAT of yore — or else old Æsop lied —
Was changed into a fair and blooming bride,
But spied a mouse upon her marriage-day,
Forgot her spouse, and seized upon her prey;
Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as you saw,
Threw off poor me and pounced upon papa.
His neck from Hymen's mystic knot made loose,
He twisted round my sire's the literal noose.
Such are the fruits of our dramatic labour
Since the New Jail became our next-door neighbour.[1]

Yes, times *are* changed; for in your father's age
The lawyers were the patrons of the stage;
However high advanced by future fate,
There stands the bench [*points to the Pit*] that first received their weight.
The future legal sage 't was ours to see
Doom though unwigged and plead without a fee.

But now, astounding each poor mimic elf,
Instead of lawyers comes the law herself;

[1] See Note 19.

EPILOGUE TO 'THE APPEAL'

Tremendous neighbour, on our right she dwells,
Builds high her towers and excavates her cells;
While on the left she agitates the town
With the tempestuous question, Up or down?[1]
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis thus stand we,
Law's final end and law's uncertainty.
But, soft! who lives at Rome the Pope must flatter,
And jails and lawsuits are no jesting matter.
Then — just farewell! We wait with serious awe
Till your applause or censure gives the law.
Trusting our humble efforts may assure ye,
We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury.

[1] See Note 20.

MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT

AIR — '*Cha till mi tuille*'

1818

Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this Lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words, 'Cha till mi tuille; gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon,' 'I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return!' The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoored are the galleys;
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, 'Farewell to Dunvegan forever!
Farewell to each cliff on which breakers are foaming;
Farewell, each dark glen in which red-deer are roaming;
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!

'Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping;
To each minstrel delusion, farewell! — and forever —
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!
The *Banshee's* wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,
The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;

But my heart shall not flag and my nerves shall not
shiver,
Though devoted I go — to return again never!

'Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing;
Dear land! to the shores whence unwilling we sever
Return — return — return shall we never!
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!'

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN

AIR — *'Malcolm Caird's come again'*

1818

CHORUS

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

DONALD CAIRD can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Hieland fling.
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglin, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin',

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN

Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.
Donald Caird 's come again!
Donald Caird 's come again!
Gar the bag-pipes hum amain,
Donald Caird 's come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bends a bicker;
When he 's fou he 's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle o' the cawsey;
Hieland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gie room to Donald Caird!
Donald Caird 's come again!
Donald Caird 's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird 's come again.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist;

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN

Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;
Dunts of kebbuck, taits o' woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard —
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again!

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airn;
But Donald Caird wi' mickle study
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie;
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again.

MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS

From *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, published in 1818.

WHEN the glede's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.

'O sleep ye sound, Sir James,' she said,
'When ye suld rise and ride?
There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.'

I glance like the wildfire thro' country and town;
I'm seen on the causeway — I'm seen on the down;
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me.

What did ye wi' the bridal ring — bridal ring — bridal ring?
What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty quean, O?
I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o' mine, O.

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

It is the bonny butcher lad,
That wears the sleeves of blue;
He sells the flesh on Saturday,
On Friday that he slew.

There's a bloodhound ranging Tinwald wood,
There's harness glancing sheen;
There's a maiden sits on Tinwald brae,
And she sings loud between.

With my curch on my foot, and my shoe on my hand,
I glance like the wildfire through brugh and through land.

In the bonny cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane and twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty.

I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own.
The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day;
The wild-fire that flashes so fair and so free
Was never so bright or so bonny as me.

Our work is over — over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone, and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

When the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage vest is wrought,
When Faith hath chased cold Doubt away,
And Hope but sickens at delay,
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere;
Doff thy robes of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away.

Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow;
But thine sall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true love, to-morrow.

And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow;
For he for whom I die to-day,
Shall die for me to-morrow.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

'Tell me, though bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?' —
'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.'

'Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?' —
'The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

'The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing,
"Welcome, proud lady."'

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH[1]

1818

'T was when among our linden-trees
The bees had housed in swarms —
And grey-haired peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms —

Then looked we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame;
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,
So hot their heart and bold,
'On Switzer carles we'll trample now,
And slay both young and old.'

With clarion loud and banner proud,
From Zurich on the lake,
In martial pomp and fair array
Their onward march they make.

'Now list, ye lowland nobles all —
Ye seek the mountain-strand,

[1] See Note 21.

Nor wot ye what shall be your lot
In such a dangerous land.

'I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins
Before ye farther go;
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe.'

'But where now shall we find a priest
Our shrift that he may hear?' —
'The Switzer priest has ta'en the field,[1]
He deals a penance drear.

'Right heavily upon your head
He'll lay his hand of steel,
And with his trusty partisan
Your absolution deal.'

'T was on a Monday morning then,
The corn was steeped in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne,
Together have they joined;
The pith and core of manhood stern,
Was none cast looks behind.

[1] See Note 22.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,
And to the Duke he said,
'Yon little band of brethren true
Will meet us undismayed.' —

'O Hare-castle,[1] though heart of hare!'
Fierce Oxenstern replied. —
'Shalt see then how the game will fare,'
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,
And closing ranks amain;
The peaks they hewed from their boot-points
Might well-nigh load a wain.[2]

And thus they to each other said,
'Yon handful down to hew
Will be no boastful tale to tell,
The peasants are so few.'

The gallant Swiss Confederates there,
They prayed to God aloud,
And he displayed his rainbow fair
Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throbbed more and more
With courage firm and high,

[1] In the original, *Haasenstein*, or 'Hare-stone.' [2] See Note 23.

And down the good Confederates bore
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion[1] 'gan to growl
And toss his mane and tail,
And ball and shaft and crossbow bolt
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halbert mingled there,
The game was nothing sweet;
The bows of many a stately tree
Lay shivered at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It chafed the gallant Winkelreid,
Who to his comrades said —

'I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care, —
This field shall soon be won.

'These nobles lay their spears right thick
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break
And make my brethren way.'

[1] A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

He rushed against the Austrian band,
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splintered on his crest,
Six shivered in his side;
Still on the serried files he pressed —
He broke their ranks and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed
First tamed the Lion's mood,
And the four Forest Cantons freed
From thraldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword and axe and partisan,
And hack and stab and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine
And granted ground amain,
The Mountain Bull[1] he bent his brows,
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield
At Sempach in the flight,

[1] A pun on the urus, or wild bull, which gives name to the canton of Uri.

The cloister vaults at Konig's-field
Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold,
So lordly would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,
'And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

'One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has galled the knight so sore
That to the churchyard he is borne,
To range our glens no more.'

An Austrian noble left the stour,
And fast the flight 'gan take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher called —
His name was Hans von Rot —
'For love or meed or charity,
Receive us in thy boat!'

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And, glad the meed to win,
His shallop to the shore he steered
And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind
Hans stoutly rowed his way,
The noble to his follower signed
He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turned,
The squire his dagger drew,
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
The boat he overthrew.

He whelmed the boat, and as they strove
He stunned them with his oar,
'Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
You 'll ne'er stab boatman more.

'Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught,
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is naught.'

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land:

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH

'Ah! gracious lady, evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

'At Sempach, on the battle-field,
His bloody corpse lies there.' —
'Ah, gracious God!' the lady cried,
'What tidings of despair!'

Now would you know the minstrel wight
Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert the Souter is he hight,
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot
Where God had judged the day.

THE NOBLE MORINGER[1]

AN ANCIENT BALLAD

1819

O, WILL you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day,
It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay;
He halsed and kissed his dearest dame that was as sweet as May,
And said, 'Now, lady of my heart, attend the words I say.

''T is I have vowed a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine,
And I must seek Saint Thomas-land and leave the land that's mine;
Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge thy fay
That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelvemonths and a day.'

Then out and spoke that lady bright, sore troubled in her cheer,
'Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order tak'st thou here;

[1] See Note 24.

And who shall lead thy vassal band and hold thy lordly sway,
And be thy lady's guardian true when thou art far away?'

Out spoke the noble Moringer, 'Of that have thou no care,
There's many a gallant gentleman of me holds living fair;
The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals, and my state,
And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my lovely mate.

'As Christian-man, I needs must keep the vow which I have plight,
When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight;
And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sorrow now,
But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath heard his vow.'

It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him boune.
And met him there his chamberlain with ewer and with gown:

He flung the mantle on his back, 't was furred with miniver,
He dipped his hand in water cold and bathed his forehead fair.

'Now hear,' he said, 'Sir Chamberlain, true vassal art thou mine,
And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth of thine,
For seven years shalt thou rule my towers and lead my vassal train,
And pledge thee for my lady's faith till I return again.'

The chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily said he,
'Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take this rede from me;
That woman's faith's a brittle trust — Seven twelvemonths didst thou say?
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the seventh fair day.'

The noble baron turned him round, his heart was full of care,
His gallant esquire stood him nigh, he was Marstetten's heir,

To whom he spoke right anxiously, 'Thou trusty squire
to me,
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am o'er the
sea?

'To watch and ward my castle strong, and to protect my
land,
And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal band;
And pledge thee for my lady's faith till seven long years
are gone,
And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint
John.'

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and
young,
And readily he answer made with too presumptuous
tongue:
'My noble lord, cast care away and on your journey
wend,
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage have
end.

'Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly
tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and with
your vassals ride;

And for your lovely lady's faith, so virtuous and so dear,
I'll gage my head it knows no change, be absent thirty year.'

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he heard him speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow and sorrow left his cheek;
A long adieu he bids to all — hoists topsails and away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelvemonths and a day.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept,
When on the baron's slumbering sense a boding vision crept;
And whispered in his ear a voice, ''T is time, Sir Knight, to wake,
Thy lady and thy heritage another master take.

'Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds another rein,
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train;
And she, the lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair,
This night within thy fathers' hall she weds Marstetten's heir.'

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his beard,
'O, would that I had ne'er been born! what tidings have
I heard!
To lose my lordship and my lands the less would be my
care,
But, God! that e'er a squire untrue should wed my lady
fair.

'O good Saint Thomas, hear,' he prayed, 'my patron
saint art thou,
A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my
vow!
My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of
name,
And I am far in foreign land and must endure the
shame.'

It was the good Saint Thomas then who heard his pil-
grim's prayer,
And sent a sleep so deep and dead that it o'erpowered
his care;
He waked in fair Bohemian land out-stretched beside a
rill,
High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.

The Moringer he started up as one from spell unbound,
And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all around;

'I know my fathers' ancient towers, the mill, the stream I know,
Now blessèd be my patron saint who cheered his pilgrim's woe!'

He leant upon his pilgrim staff and to the mill he drew.
So altered was his goodly form that none their master knew;
The baron to the miller said, 'Good friend, for charity,
Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may there be?'

The miller answered him again, 'He knew of little news,
Save that the lady of the land did a new bridegroom choose;
Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant word,
His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy lord.

'Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free,
God rest the baron in his grave, he still was kind to me!
And when Saint Martin's tide comes round and millers take their toll,
The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope and stole.'

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began,
And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man;
'Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion take,
To gain the entrance of my hall this woful match to break.'

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow,
For heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all with woe;
And to the warder thus he spoke: 'Friend, to thy lady say,
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves harbour for a day.

'I've wandered many a weary step, my strength is well-nigh done,
And if she turn me from her gate I'll see no morrow's sun;
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pilgrim's bed and dole,
And for the sake of Moringer's, her once-loved husband's soul.'

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before,
'A pilgrim, worn and travel-toiled, stands at the castle-door;

And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, for harbour
and for dole,
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband's soul.'

The lady's gentle heart was moved: 'Do up the gate,'
she said,
'And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet and to bed;
And since he names my husband's name, so that he lists
to stay,
These towers shall be his harbourage a twelvemonth and
a day.'

It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad,
It was the noble Moringer that o'er the threshold strode;
'And have thou thanks, kind Heaven,' he said, 'though
from a man of sin,
That the true lord stands here once more his castle-gate
within.'

Then up the halls paced Moringer, his step was sad and
slow;
It sat full heavy on his heart none seemed their lord to
know;
He sat him on a lowly bench, oppressed with woe and
wrong,
Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seemed little space
so long.

Now spent was day and feasting o'er, and come was
evening hour,
The time was nigh when new-made brides retire to
nuptial bower;
'Our castle's wont,' a bridesman said, 'hath been both
firm and long
No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chant
a song.'

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom there as he sat by
the bride,
'My merry minstrel folk,' quoth he, 'lay shalm and
harp aside;
Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's rule to
hold,
And well his guerdon will I pay with garment and with
gold.'

'Chill flows the lay of frozen age,' 't was thus the pil-
grim sung,
'Nor golden meed nor garment gay unlocks his heavy
tongue;
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board as rich as
thine,
And by my side as fair a bride with all her charms was
mine.

'But time traced furrows on my face and I grew silver-haired,
For locks of brown and cheeks of youth she left this brow and beard;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of frozen age.'

It was the noble lady there this woful lay that hears,
And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was dimmed with tears;
She bade her gallant cupbearer a golden beaker take,
And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for her sake.

It was the noble Moringer that dropped amid the wine
A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so fine:
Now listen, gentles, to my song, it tells you but the sooth,
'T was with that very ring of gold he pledged his bridal truth.

Then to the cupbearer he said, 'Do me one kindly deed,
And should my better days return, full rich shall be thy meed;
Bear back the golden cup again to yonder bride so gay,
And crave her of her courtesy to pledge the palmer grey.'

The cupbearer was courtly bred nor was the boon denied,
The golden cup he took again and bore it to the bride;
'Lady,' he said, 'your reverend guest sends this, and bids me pray
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the palmer grey.'

The ring hath caught the lady's eye, she views it close and near,
Then might you hear her shriek aloud, 'The Moringer is here!'
Then might you see her start from seat while tears in torrents fell,
But whether 't was for joy or woe the ladies best can tell.

But loud she uttered thanks to Heaven and every saintly power
That had returned the Moringer before the midnight hour;
And loud she uttered vow on vow that never was there bride
That had like her preserved her troth or been so sorely tried.

'Yes, here I claim the praise,' she said, 'to constant matrons due,
Who keep the troth that they have plight so steadfastly and true;
For count the term howe'er you will, so that you count aright,
Seven twelvemonths and a day are out when bells toll twelve to-night.'

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there he drew,
He kneeled before the Moringer and down his weapon threw;
'My oath and knightly faith are broke,' these were the words he said,
'Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take thy vassal's head.'

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say,
'He gathers wisdom that hath roamed seven twelvemonths and a day;
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks her sweet and fair,
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her for my heir.

'The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the old bridegroom the old,
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punctually were told;
But blessings on the warder kind that oped my castle gate,
For had I come at morrow tide I came a day too late.'

EPITAPH ON MRS. ERSKINE

1819

PLAIN as her native dignity of mind,
Arise the tomb of her we have resigned;
Unflawed and stainless be the marble scroll,
Emblem of lovely form and candid soul. —
But, O, what symbol may avail to tell
The kindness, wit, and sense we loved so well!
What sculpture show the broken ties of life,
Here buried with the parent, friend, and wife!
Or on the tablet stamp each title dear
By which thine urn, EUPHEMIA, claims the tear!
Yet taught by thy meek sufferance to assume
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Resigned, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below.

SONGS FROM THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

Published in 1819

I

'LOOK NOT THOU ON BEAUTY'S CHARMING'

From Chapter III. 'The silver tones of Lucy Ashton's voice mingled with the accompaniment in an ancient air, to which some one had adapted the following words: '—

Look not thou on beauty's charming;
Sit thou still when kings are arming;
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens;
Speak not when the people listens;
Stop thine ear against the singer;
From the red gold keep thy finger;
Vacant heart and hand and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

II

'THE MONK MUST ARISE WHEN THE MATINS RING'

From Chapter III. 'And humming his rustic roundelay, the yeoman went on his road, the sound of his rough voice gradually dying away as the distance betwixt them increased.'

The monk must arise when the matins ring,
The abbot may sleep to their chime;
But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,
'T is time, my hearts, 't is time.

There's bucks and raes on Bilhope braes,
There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw;
But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,
She's fairly worth them a'.

III

'WHEN THE LAST LAIRD OF RAVENSWOOD TO RAVENSWOOD SHALL RIDE'

From Chapter XVIII. 'With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with apprehension, Caleb faltered out the following lines:' —

WHEN the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermoe!

SONGS FROM A LEGEND OF MONTROSE

Published in 1819

I

ANCIENT GAELIC MELODY

Birds of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream —
All night long he heard your scream.
Haste to cave and ruined tower,
Ivy tod or dingled bower,
There to wink and mope, for, hark!
In the mid air sings the lark.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
Prowling wolf and wily fox, —
Hie you fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trains and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter's early horn.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;

Hie hence, each peevish imp and fay
That scare the pilgrim on his way.
Quench, kelpy! quench, in bog and fen,
Thy torch that cheats benighted men;
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

Wild thoughts that, sinful, dark, and deep,
O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
Like night-mists from the brow of day.
Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
Spur thy dark palfrey and begone!
Thou darest not face the godlike sun.

II

THE ORPHAN MAID

November's hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sunbeam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were bare;
The hail-drops had not melted yet
Amid her raven hair.

'And, dame,' she said, 'by all the ties
That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys, —
Relieve an orphan's woe.'

The lady said, 'An orphan's state
Is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widowed mother's fate,
Who mourns both lord and heir.

'Twelve times the rolling year has sped
Since, when from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelmed my child.'

'Twelve times the year its course has borne,'
The wandering maid replied,
'Since fishers on Saint Bridget's morn
Drew nets on Campsie side.

'Saint Bridget sent no scaly spoil;
An infant, well-nigh dead,
They saved, and reared in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread.'

That orphan maid the lady kissed, —
'My husband's looks you bear;

Saint Bridget and her morn be blessed!
You are his widow's heir.'

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,
In silk and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in her hair.

VERSES FROM IVANHOE

Published in 1819

I

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN

From Chapter xvii

HIGH deeds achieved of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulders borne
Battle and blast had dimmed and torn.
Each dint upon his battered shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, as fell the twilight hour:

'Joy to the fair! — thy knight behold,
Returned from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
Save his good arms and battle-steed,
His spurs to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such — and the hope of Tekla's smile!

'Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favour fired to feats of might!
Unnoted shall she not remain
Where meet the bright and noble train;
Minstrel shall sing, and herald tell —
"Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
'T is she for whose bright eyes was won
The listed field at Ascalon!

"'Note well her smile! — it edged the blade
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.
Seest thou her locks, whose sunny glow
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow?
Twines not of them one golden thread,
But for its sake a Paynim bled."

'Joy to the fair! — my name unknown,
Each deed, and all its praise, thine own;
Then, oh! unbar this churlish gate,
The night-dew falls, the hour is late.
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame.'

II

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR

From Chapter xvii

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at even-song pricked through with a spear;
I confess him in haste — for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

Your monarch! — Pshaw! many a prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown;
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the grey hood of a friar?

The Friar has walked out, and where'er he has gone
The land and its fatness is marked for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair or the porridge of plums:
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale and they fill the black pot;
And the goodwife would wish the goodman in the mire,
Ere he lacked a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope!
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

III

'NORMAN SAW ON ENGLISH OAK'

From Chapter XXVII

NORMAN saw on English oak,
On English neck a Norman yoke;
Norman spoon in English dish,
And England ruled as Normans wish;
Blithe world in England never will be more,
Till England's rid of all the four.

IV

WAR-SONG

From Chapter XXXI. 'The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore raised on the field of battle by the scalds of the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled grey hair flew back from her uncovered head, the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity, and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and slaughter.'

1

WHET the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon!
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist!
The steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet,
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
Whet the steel, the raven croaks!
Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling!
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon!
Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist!

2

The black cloud is low over the thane's castle;
The eagle screams — he rides on its bosom.

Scream not, grey rider of the sable cloud,
Thy banquet is prepared!
The maidens of Valhalla look forth,
The race of Hengist will send them guests.
Shake your black tresses, maidens of Valhalla!
And strike your loud timbrels for joy!
Many a haughty step bends to your halls,
Many a helmèd head.

3

Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,
The black clouds gather round;
Soon shall they be red as the blood of the valiant!
The destroyer of forests shall shake his red crest against them;
He, the bright consumer of palaces,
Broad waves he his blazing banner,
Red, white, and dusky,
Over the strife of the valiant;
His joy is in the clashing swords and broken bucklers;
He loves to lick the hissing blood as it bursts warm from the wound!

4

All must perish!
The sword cleaveth the helmet;
The strong armour is pierced by the lance:

Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,
Engines break down the fences of the battle.
All must perish!
The race of Hengist is gone —
The name of Horsa is no more!
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the sword!
Let your blades drink blood like wine;
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,
By the light of the blazing halls!
Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,
And spare neither for pity nor fear,
For vengeance hath but an hour;
Strong hate itself shall expire!
I also must perish!

V

REBECCA'S HYMN

From Chapter XXXIX

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray!
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

VI

THE BLACK KNIGHT AND WAMBA

From Chapter XL. 'At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a mellow burden to the better instructed Knight of the Fetterlock. And thus ran the ditty:' —

ANNA-MARIE, love, up is the sun,
Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie.

Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn,
The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree,
'T is time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

WAMBA

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit;
For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
Compared with these visions, O Tybalt, my love?
Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,
Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,
But think not I dreamed of thee, Tybalt, my love.

VII

ANOTHER CAROL BY THE SAME

'The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.'

KNIGHT AND WAMBA

THERE came three merry men from south, west, and north,
Evermore sing the roundelay;
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
Evermore sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA

The next that came forth swore by blood and by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;

Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
Ap Tudor Ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
And where was the widow could say him nay?

BOTH

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
There for to sing their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

VIII

FUNERAL HYMN

From Chapter XLII

DUST unto dust,
To this all must;
The tenant hath resigned

VERSES FROM IVANHOE

The faded form
To waste and worm —
  Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown
Thy soul hath flown
  To seek the realms of woe,
Where fiery pain
Shall purge the stain
  Of actions done below.

In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
  Brief may thy dwelling be!
Till prayers and alms,
And holy psalms,
  Shall set the captive free.

VERSES FROM THE MONASTERY

Published in 1820

I

ANSWER TO INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

TAKE thou no scorn,
Of fiction born,
  Fair fiction's muse to woo;
Old Homer's theme
Was but a dream,
  Himself a fiction too.

II

BORDER SONG

From Chapter xxv

I

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
  Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
  All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
    Many a banner spread,
    Flutters above your head,
  Many a crest that is famous in story.
    Mount and make ready then,
    Sons of the mountain glen,
  Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish glory.

2

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms then, and march in good order;
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

III

SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL

From Chapter v

FORDING THE RIVER

I

MERRILY swim we, the moon shines bright,
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.
We have roused the night raven, I heard him croak,
As we plashed along beneath the oak
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
'Who wakens my nestlings!' the raven he said,
'My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red!

For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal,
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel.'

2

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
There's a golden gleam on the distant height:
There's a silver shower on the alders dank,
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,
It is all astir for the vesper hour;
The Monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
But where's Father Philip, should toll the bell?

3

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Downward we drift through shadow and light.
Under yon rock the eddies sleep,
Calm and silent, dark and deep.
The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool,
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool:
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee!

4

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night?
A man of mean or a man of might?
Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove,
Or lover who crosses to visit his love?

Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we passed,
'God's blessing on the warder, he locked the bridge
fast!
All that come to my cove are sunk,
Priest or layman, lover or monk.'

Landed — landed! the black book hath won,
Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun!
Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,
For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

IV

TO THE SUB-PRIOR

From Chapter IX

Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride,
With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide;
But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er hill,
There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.
Back, back,
The volume black!
I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho! Sub-Prior, and came you but here
To conjure a book from a dead woman's bier?
Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise,
Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize.

Back, back,
There's death in the track!
In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.

'In the name of *my* Master,' said the astonished monk, 'that name before which all things created tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art that hauntest me thus?'
The same voice replied, —

That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream;
A form that men spy
With the half-shut eye
In the beams of the setting sun, am I.

Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar me my right!
Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through the night;
I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air,
And travel the world with the bonny nightmare.
Again, again,
At the crook of the glen,
Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee again.

Men of good are bold as sackless,
Men of rude are wild and reckless.

Lie thou still
In the nook of the hill,
For those be before thee that wish thee ill.

V

HALBERT'S INCANTATION

From Chapter XI

THRICE to the holly brake,
Thrice to the well;
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel!

Noon gleams on the Lake,
Noon glows on the Fell;
Wake thee, O wake,
White Maid of Avenel.

VI

TO HALBERT

From Chapter XII

THE WHITE MAID OF AVENEL

YOUTH of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call me?
Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appall thee?
He that seeks to deal with us must know nor fear nor
failing;

To coward and churl our speech is dark, our gifts are unavailing.
The breeze that brought me hither now must sweep Egyptian ground,
The fleecy cloud on which I ride for Araby is bound;
The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the breeze sighs for my stay,
For I must sail a thousand miles before the close of day.

What I am I must not show,
What I am thou couldst not know —
Something betwixt heaven and hell,
Something that neither stood nor fell,
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thee good, may work thee ill.
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,
Haunting lonely moor and meadow,
Dancing by the haunted spring,
Riding on the whirlwind's wing;
Aping in fantastic fashion
Every change of human passion,
While o'er our frozen minds they pass,
Like shadows from the mirrored glass.
Wayward, fickle, is our mood,
Hovering betwixt bad and good,
Happier than brief-dated man,
Living twenty times his span;

Far less happy, for we have
Help nor hope beyond the grave!
Man awakes to joy or sorrow;
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.
This is all that I can show —
This is all that thou mayst know.

Ay! and I taught thee the word and the spell
To waken me here by the Fairies' Well.
But thou hast loved the heron and hawk,
More than to seek my haunted walk;
And thou hast loved the lance and the sword,
More than good text and holy word;
And thou hast loved the deer to track,
More than the lines and the letters black;
And thou art a ranger of moss and of wood,
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood.

Thy craven fear my truth accused,
Thine idlehood my trust abused;
He that draws to harbour late
Must sleep without, or burst the gate.
There is a star for thee which burned,
Its influence wanes, its course is turned;
Valour and constancy alone
Can bring thee back the chance that's flown.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Many a fathom dark and deep
I have laid the book to sleep;
Ethereal fires around it glowing —
Ethereal music ever flowing —
The sacred pledge of Heaven
All things revere,
Each in his sphere,
Save man, for whom 't was given:
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye.

Fearest thou to go with me?
Still it is free to thee
A peasant to dwell;
Thou mayst drive the dull steer,
And chase the king's deer,
But never more come near
This haunted well.

Here lies the volume thou boldly hast sought;
Touch it, and take it, 't will dearly be bought.

Rash thy deed,
Mortal weed
To immortal flames applying;
Rasher trust
Has thing of dust,
On his own weak worth relying:
Strip thee of such fences vain,
Strip, and prove thy luck again.

Mortal warp and mortal woof
Cannot brook this charmèd roof;
All that mortal art hath wrought
In our cell returns to nought.
The molten gold returns to clay,
The polished diamond melts away;
All is altered, all is flown,
Nought stands fast but truth alone.
Not for that thy quest give o'er:
Courage! prove thy chance once more.

Alas! alas!
Not ours the grace
These holy characters to trace:
Idle forms of painted air,

Not to us is given to share
The boon bestowed on Adam's race.
With patience bide,
Heaven will provide
The fitting time, the fitting guide.

VII

TO THE SAME

From Chapter XVII. 'She spoke, and her speech was still song, or rather measured chant; but, as if now more familiar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank verse, and, at other times, in the lyrical measure which she had used at their former meeting.'

THIS is the day when the fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing wind,
And the mermaiden weeps in her crystal grot;
For this is the day that a deed was wrought,
In which we have neither part nor share,
For the children of clay was salvation bought,
But not for the forms of sea or air!
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn.

Daring youth! for thee it is well,
Here calling me in haunted dell,
That thy heart has not quailed,
Nor thy courage failed,

And that thou couldst brook
The angry look
Of Her of Avenel.
Did one limb shiver,
Or an eyelid quiver,
Thou wert lost for ever.
Though I am formed from the ether blue,
And my blood is of the unfallen dew,
And thou art framed of mud and dust,
'T is thine to speak, reply I must.

A mightier wizard far than I
Wields o'er the universe his power;
Him owns the eagle in the sky,
The turtle in the bower.
Changeful in shape, yet mightiest still,
He wields the heart of man at will,
From ill to good, from good to ill,
In cot and castle-tower.

Ask thy heart, whose secret cell
Is filled with Mary Avenel!
Ask thy pride, why scornful look
In Mary's view it will not brook?
Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise
Among the mighty and the wise, —

Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot, —
Why thy pastimes are forgot, —
Why thou wouldst in bloody strife
Mend thy luck or lose thy life?
Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,
Sighing from its secret cell,
'T is for Mary Avenel.
Do not ask me;
On doubts like these thou canst not task me.
We only see the passing show
Of human passions' ebb and flow;
And view the pageant's idle glance
As mortals eye the northern dance,
When thousand streamers, flashing bright,
Career it o'er the brow of night,
And gazers mark their changeful gleams,
But feel no influence from their beams.

By ties mysterious linked, our fated race
Holds strange connexion with the sons of men.
The star that rose upon the House of Avenel,
When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,
That star, when culminating in its orbit,
Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,
And this bright font received it — and a Spirit
Rose from the fountain, and her date of life

Hath coexistence with the House of Avenel,
And with the star that rules it.

Look on my girdle — on this thread of gold —
'T is fine as web of lightest gossamer,
And, but there is a spell on 't, would not bind,
Light as they are, the folds of my thin robe.
But when 't was donned, it was a massive chain,
Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,
Even when his locks were longest; it hath dwindled,
Hath 'minished in its substance and its strength,
As sunk the greatness of the House of Avenel.
When this frail thread gives way, I to the elements
Resign the principles of life they lent me.
Ask me no more of this! — the stars forbid it.

Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel,
Dim as the beacon when the morn is nigh,
And the o'er-wearied warder leaves the lighthouse;
There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,
That dogs its downward course. Disastrous passion,
Fierce hate and rivalry, are in the aspect
That lowers upon its fortunes.

Complain not on me, child of clay,
If to thy harm I yield the way.

We, who soar thy sphere above,
Know not aught of hate or love;
As will or wisdom rules thy mood,
My gifts to evil turn, or good.
When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye.
The sun is westering from the dell,
Thy wish is granted — fare thee well!

VIII

TO THE SAME

From Chapter xx

He, whose heart for vengeance sued,
Must not shrink from shedding blood;
The knot that thou hast tied with word,
Thou must loose by edge of sword.

You have summoned me once, you have summoned me twice,
And without e'er a summons I come to you thrice;
Unasked for, unsued for, you came to my glen,
Unsued and unasked, I am with you again.

IX

TO MARY AVENEL

From Chapter xxx

MAIDEN, whose sorrows wail the Living Dead,
Whose eyes shall commune with the Dead Alive,
Maiden, attend! Beneath my foot lies hid
The Word, the Law, the Path which thou dost strive
To find, and canst not find. Could Spirits shed
Tears for their lot, it were my lot to weep,
Showing the road which I shall never tread,
Though my foot points it. Sleep, eternal sleep,
Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot!
But do not thou at human ills repine;
Secure there lies full guerdon in this spot
For all the woes that wait frail Adam's line —
Stoop, then, and make it yours, — I may not make it
mine!

X

TO EDWARD GLENDINNING

From Chapter xxxii

THOU who seek'st my fountain lone,
With thoughts and hopes thou dar'st not own;
Whose heart within leaped wildly glad,
When most his brow seemed dark and sad;

Hie thee back, thou find'st not here
Corpse or coffin, grave or bier;
The Dead Alive is gone and fled:
Go thou and join the Living Dead!

The Living Dead, whose sober brow
Oft shrouds such thoughts as thou hast now,
Whose hearts within are seldom cured
Of passions by their vows abjured;
Where, under sad and solemn show,
Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes glow.
Seek the convent's vaulted room,
Prayer and vigil be thy doom:
Doff the green, and don the grey,
To the cloister hence away!

XI

THE WHITE LADY'S FAREWELL

From Chapter xxxvii

FARE thee well, thou holly green.
Thou shalt seldom now be seen,
With all thy glittering garlands bending,
As to greet my slow descending,
Startling the bewildered hind,
Who sees thee wave without a wind.

VERSES FROM THE MONASTERY

Farewell, fountain! now not long
Shalt thou murmur to my song,
While thy crystal bubbles, glancing,
Keep the time in mystic dancing,
Rise and swell, are burst and lost,
Like mortal schemes by fortune crossed.

The knot of fate at length is tied,
The churl is lord, the maid is bride!
Vainly did my magic sleight
Send the lover from her sight;
Wither bush, and perish well,
Fallen is lofty Avenel!

GOLDTHRED'S SONG

FROM KENILWORTH

Published in 1821

From Chapter II. 'After some brief interval, Master Goldthred, at the earnest instigation of mine host, and the joyous concurrence of his guests, indulged the company with the following morsel of melody:' —

Of all the birds on bush or tree,
Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl.
For when the sun hath left the west,
He chooses the tree that he loves the best,
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at his jest;
Then though hours be late, and weather foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
He sleeps in his nest till morn;
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,
That all night blows his horn.
Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,
And match me this catch though you swagger and screech,
And drink till you wink, my merry men each;
For though hours be late, and weather be foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

VERSES FROM THE PIRATE

Published in 1821

I

THE SONG OF THE TEMPEST

From Chapter VI. 'A Norwegian invocation, still preserved in the island of Uist, under the name of the Song of the Reim-kennar, though some call it the Song of the Tempest. The following is a free translation, it being impossible to render literally many of the elliptical and metaphorical terms of expression peculiar to the ancient Northern poetry': —

I

STERN eagle of the far northwest,
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,
Thou whose rushing pinions stir ocean to madness,
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer of navies,
Thou the breaker down of towers,
Amidst the scream of thy rage,
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,
Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a perishing nation,
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar of ten thousand waves,
Yet hear, in thine ire and thy haste,
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar.

2

Thou hast met the pine-trees of Drontheim,
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate beside their up-
rooted stems;
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,
And she has struck to thee the topsail
That she had not veiled to a royal armada;
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest among the
clouds,
The battled massive tower of the Jarl of former days,
And the cope-stone of the turret
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth;
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of clouds,
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-kennar.

3

There are verses that can stop the stag in the forest,
Ay, and when the dark-coloured dog is opening on his
track;
There are verses can make the wild hawk pause on his
wing,
Like the falcon that wears the hood and the jesses,
And who knows the shrill whistle of the fowler.
Thou who canst mock at the scream of the drowning
mariner,

And the crash of the ravaged forest,
And the groan of the overwhelmed crowds,
When the church hath fallen in the moment of prayer,
There are sounds which thou also must list,
When they are chanted by the voice of the Reim-kennar.

4

Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,
The widows wring their hands on the beach;
Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the land,
The husbandman folds his arms in despair;
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions,
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength;
Cease thou the flashing of thine eye,
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armoury of Odin;
Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the north-
western heaven, —
Sleep thou at the voice of Norna the Reim-kennar.

5

Eagle of the far northwestern waters,
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar,
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,
And folded them in peace by thy side.
My blessing be on thy retiring path;
When thou stoopest from thy place on high,

Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the unknown ocean,
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee;
Eagle of the northwest, thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar.

II

HALCRO'S SONG

From Chapter XII

FAREWELL to Northmaven,
Grey Hillswicke, farewell!
To the calms of thy haven,
The storms on thy fell —
To each breeze that can vary
The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary!
We meet not again!

Farewell the wild ferry,
Which Hacon could brave
When the peaks of the Skerry
Were white in the wave.
There's a maid may look over
These wild waves in vain
For the skiff of her lover —
He comes not again!

The vows thou hast broke,
On the wild currents fling them;
On the quicksand and rock
Let the mermaiden sing them:
New sweetness they'll give her
Bewildering strain;
But there's one who will never
Believe them again.

O, were there an island,
Though ever so wild,
Where woman could smile, and
No man be beguiled —
Too tempting a snare
To poor mortals were given;
And the hope would fix there
That should anchor on heaven.

III

SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER

From Chapter xv

THE sun is rising dimly red,
The wind is wailing low and dread;
From his cliff the eagle sallies,
Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys;

In the mist the ravens hover,
Peep the wild dogs from the cover,
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
Each in his wild accents telling,
'Soon we feast on dead and dying,
Fair-haired Harold's flag is flying.'

Many a crest in air is streaming,
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,
Many an arm the axe uprears,
Doomed to hew the wood of spears.
All along the crowded ranks,
Horses neigh and armour clanks;
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,
Louder still the bard is singing,
'Gather, footmen; gather, horsemen,
To the field, ye valiant Norsemen!

'Halt ye not for food or slumber,
View not vantage, count not number;
Jolly reapers, forward still,
Grow the crop on vale or hill,
Thick or scattered, stiff or lithe,
It shall down before the scythe.
Forward with your sickles bright,
Reap the harvest of the fight.

Onward footmen, onward horsemen,
To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen!

'Fatal Choosers of the Slaughter,
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter;
Hear the choice she spreads before ye —
Victory, and wealth, and glory;
Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
Her ever-circling mead and ale,
Where for eternity unite
The joys of wassail and of fight.
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen!'

IV

SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND MERMEN

From Chapter XVI

MERMAID

FATHOMS deep beneath the wave,
Stringing beads of glistering pearl,
Singing the achievements brave
Of many an old Norwegian earl;
Dwelling where the tempest's raving
Falls as light upon our ear
As the sigh of lover, craving
Pity from his lady dear,

Children of wild Thule, we,
From the deep caves of the sea,
As the lark springs from the lea,
Hither come, to share your glee.

MERMAN

From reining of the water-horse,
That bounded till the waves were foaming,
Watching the infant tempest's course,
Chasing the sea-snake in his roaming;
From winding charge-notes on the shell,
When the huge whale and sword-fish duel,
Or tolling shroudless seamen's knell,
When the winds and waves are cruel;
Children of wild Thule, we
Have ploughed such furrows on the sea
As the steer draws on the lea,
And hither we come to share your glee.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN

We heard you in our twilight caves,
A hundred fathom deep below,
For notes of joy can pierce the waves,
That drown each sound of war and woe.
Those who dwell beneath the sea
Love the sons of Thule well;

Thus, to aid your mirth, bring we
Dance and song and sounding shell.
Children of dark Thule, know,
Those who dwell by haaf and voe,
Where your daring shallops row,
Come to share the festal show.

V

NORNA'S VERSES

From Chapter XIX

For leagues along the watery way,
Through gulf and stream my course has been;
The billows know my Runic lay,
And smooth their crests to silent green.

The billows know my Runic lay,
The gulf grows smooth, the stream is still;
But human hearts, more wild than they,
Know but the rule of wayward will.

One hour is mine, in all the year,
To tell my woes, and one alone;
When gleams this magic lamp, 't is here,
When dies the mystic light, 't is gone.

Daughters of northern Magnus, hail!
The lamp is lit, the flame is clear;
To you I come to tell my tale,
Awake, arise, my tale to hear!

Dwellers of the mountain, rise,
Trold the powerful, Haims the wise!
Ye who taught weak woman's tongue
Words that sway the wise and strong, —
Ye who taught weak woman's hand
How to wield the magic wand,
And wake the gales on Foulah's steep,
Or lull wild Sumburgh's waves to sleep!
Still are ye yet? Not yours the power
Ye knew in Odin's mightier hour.
What are ye now but empty names,
Powerful Trold, sagacious Haims,
That, lightly spoken, and lightly heard,
Float on the air like thistle's beard?

'When I awoke, I saw, through the dim light which the upper aperture admitted, the unshapely and indistinct form of Trold the dwarf. . . . He spoke, and his words were of Norse, so old that few, save my father or I myself, could have comprehended their import.'

A thousand winters dark have flown,
Since o'er the threshold of my stone
A votaress passed, my power to own.

Visitor bold
Of the mansion of Trold,
Maiden haughty of heart.
Who hast hither presumed,
Ungifted, undoomed,
Thou shalt not depart.
The power thou dost covet
O'er tempest and wave,
Shall be thine, thou proud maiden,
By beach and by cave, —
By stack and by skerry, by noup and by voe,
By air and by wick, and by helyer and gio,
And by every wild shore which the northern winds know,
And the northern tides lave.
But though this shall be given thee, thou desperately brave,
I doom thee that never the gift thou shalt have,
Till thou reave thy life's giver
Of the gift which he gave.

'I answered him in nearly the same strain.'

Dark are thy words, and severe,
Thou dweller in the stone;
But trembling and fear
To her are unknown,

Who hath sought thee here,
In thy dwelling lone.
Come what comes soever,
The worst I can endure;
Life is but a short fever,
And death is the cure.

VI

HALCRO AND NORNA

From Chapter XXI

CLAUD HALCRO

MOTHER darksome, mother dread,
Dweller on the Fitful Head,
Thou canst see what deeds are done
Under the never-setting sun.
Look through sleet, and look through frost,
Look to Greenland's caves and coast, —
By the iceberg is a sail
Chasing of the swarthy whale;
Mother doubtful, mother dread,
Tell us, has the good ship sped?

NORNA

The thought of the aged is ever on gear,
On his fishing, his furrow, his flock, and his steer;

But thrive may his fishing, flock, furrow, and herd,
While the aged for anguish shall tear his grey beard.

The ship, well-laden as bark need be,
Lies deep in the furrow of the Iceland sea;
The breeze for Zetland blows fair and soft,
And gaily the garland is fluttering aloft:
Seven good fishes have spouted their last,
And their jaw-bones are hanging to yard and mast:
Two are for Lerwick, and two for Kirkwall,
And three for Burgh-Westra, the choicest of all.

CLAUD HALCRO

Mother doubtful, mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful Head,
Thou hast conned full many a rhyme,
That lives upon the surge of time:
Tell me, shall my lays be sung,
Like Hacon's of the golden tongue,
Long after Halcro's dead and gone?
Or, shall Hialtland's minstrel own
One note to rival glorious John?

NORNA

The infant loves the rattle's noise;
Age, double childhood, hath its toys;

But different far the descant rings,
As strikes a different hand the strings.
The eagle mounts the polar sky:
The Imber-goose, unskilled to fly,
Must be content to glide along,
Where seal and sea-dog list his song.

CLAUD HALCRO

Be mine the Imber-goose to play,
And haunt lone cave and silent bay;
The archer's aim so shall I shun;
So shall I 'scape the levelled gun;
Content my verses' tuneless jingle
With Thule's sounding tides to mingle,
While, to the ear of wondering wight,
Upon the distant headland's height,
Softened by murmur of the sea,
The rude sounds seem like harmony!

. . . . . .

Mother doubtful, mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful Head,
A gallant bark from far abroad,
Saint Magnus hath her in his road,
With guns and firelocks not a few:
A silken and a scarlet crew,
Deep stored with precious merchandise
Of gold and goods of rare device:

What interest hath our comrade bold
In bark and crew, in goods and gold?

NORNA

Gold is ruddy, fair, and free,
Blood is crimson, and dark to see;
I looked out on Saint Magnus bay,
And I saw a falcon that struck her prey;
A gobbet of flesh in her beak she bore,
And talons and singles are dripping with gore;
Let him that asks after them look on his hand,
And if there is blood on 't, he 's one of their band.

CLAUD HALCRO

Mother doubtful, mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful Head,
Well thou know'st it is thy task
To tell what Beauty will not ask;
Then steep thy words in wine and milk,
And weave a doom of gold and silk;
For we would know, shall Brenda prove
In love, and happy in her love?

NORNA

Untouched by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Rona's crest,

High seated in the middle sky,
In bright and barren purity;
But by the sunbeam gently kissed,
Scarce by the gazing eye 't is missed,
Ere, down the lonely valley stealing,
Fresh grass and growth its course revealing,
It cheers the flock, revives the flower,
And decks some happy shepherd's bower.

MAGNUS TROIL

Mother, speak, and do not tarry,
Here's a maiden fain would marry.
Shall she marry, ay or not?
If she marry, what 's her lot?

NORNA

Untouched by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Rona's crest;
So pure, so free from earthly dye,
It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,
Part of the heaven to which 't is nigh;
But passion, like the wild March rain,
May soil the wreath with many a stain.
We gaze — the lovely vision's gone:
A torrent fills the bed of stone,
That, hurrying to destruction's shock,
Leaps headlong from the lofty rock.

VII

THE FISHERMEN'S SONG

From Chapter XXII. 'While they were yet within hearing of the shore, they chanted an ancient Norse ditty, appropriate to the occasion, of which Claud Halcro had executed the following literal translation':—

FAREWELL, merry maidens, to song and to laugh,
For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the Haaf;
And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain,
Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again.

For now, in our trim boats of Noroway deal,
We must dance on the waves, with the porpoise and seal;
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee,
By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of the sea;
And when twenty-score fishes are straining our line,
Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall be thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing when we haul,
For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us all;
There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the carle,
And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of the earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades, give way for the Haaf,
We shall sooner come back to the dance and the laugh;

For life without mirth is a lamp without oil;
Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus Troil!

VIII

CLEVELAND'S SONGS

From Chapter XXIII

LOVE wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps:
O, for Music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live!
No dream can give
A shadowed bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling.

Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear
  Has left its last soft tone with you, —
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
  And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
  Beneath your frown's controlling check
Must give the word, above the storm,
  To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise, —
  The hand, that shook when pressed to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase —
  Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear, —
  Honour, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
  Farewell! save memory of you!

IX

HALCRO'S VERSES

From Chapter XXIII

And you shall deal the funeral dole;
  Ay, deal it, mother mine,
To weary body and to heavy soul,
  The white bread and the wine.

And you shall deal my horses of pride;
Ay, deal them, mother mine;
And you shall deal my lands so wide,
And deal my castles nine;

But deal not vengeance for the deed,
And deal not for the crime:
The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's grace
And the rest in God's own time.

Saint Magnus control thee, that martyr of treason;
Saint Ronan rebuke thee, with rhyme and with reason;
By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of Saint Mary,
Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou tarry!
If of good, go hence and hallow thee;
If of ill, let the earth swallow thee;
If thou'rt of air, let the grey mist fold thee;
If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee;
If a Pixie, seek thy ring;
If a Nixie, seek thy spring;
If on middle earth thou'st been
Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,
Hast ate the bread of toil and strife,
And dree'd the lot which men call life;
Begone to thy stone! for thy coffin is scant of thee,
The worm, thy play-fellow, wails for the want of thee:

Hence, houseless ghost; let the earth hide thee,
Till Michael shall blow the blast, see that there thou
bide thee!
Phantom, fly hence! take the Cross for a token,
Hence pass till Hallowmass! — my spell is spoken.

Where corpse-light
Dances bright,
Be it by day or night,
Be it by light or dark,
There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

Menseful maiden ne'er should rise,
Till the first beam tinge the skies;
Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,
Till the sun has kissed the rose;
Maiden's foot we should not view,
Marked with tiny print on dew,
Till the opening flowerets spread
Carpet meet for beauty's tread.

X

NORNA'S INCANTATIONS

From Chapter xxv

CHAMPION, famed for warlike toil,
Art thou silent, Ribolt Troil?
Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones
Are leaving bare thy giant bones.

Who dared touch the wild bear's skin
Ye slumbered on, while life was in?
A woman now, or babe, may come
And cast the covering from thy tomb.

Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight
Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight!
I come not with unhallowed tread,
To wake the slumbers of the dead,
Or lay thy giant relics bare;
But what I seek thou well canst spare.
Be it to my hand allowed
To shear a merk's weight from thy shroud;
Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough
To shield thy bones from weather rough.

See, I draw my magic knife:
Never while thou wert in life
Laidst thou still for sloth or fear,
When point and edge were glittering near;
See, the cerements now I sever:
Waken now, or sleep for ever!
Thou wilt not wake: the deed is done!
The prize I sought is fairly won.

Thanks, Ribolt, thanks, — for this the sea
Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee,

And while afar its billows foam,
Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.
Thanks, Ribolt, thanks — for this the might
Of wild winds raging at their height,
When to thy place of slumber nigh,
Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,
Norna of the Fitful Head,
Mighty in her own despite,
Miserable in her might;
In despair and frenzy great,
In her greatness desolate;
Wisest, wickedest who lives,
Well can keep the word she gives.

XI

THE SAME, AT THE MEETING WITH MINNA

From Chapter XXVIII

Thou so needful, yet so dread,
With cloudy crest, and wing of red;
Thou, without whose genial breath
The North would sleep the sleep of death;
Who deign'st to warm the cottage hearth,
Yet hurlst proud palaces to earth;
Brightest, keenest of the Powers
Which form and rule this world of ours,

With my rhyme of Runic, I
Thank thee for thy agency.

Old Reimkennar, to thy art
Mother Hertha sends her part;
She, whose gracious bounty gives
Needful food for all that lives.
From the deep mine of the North
Came the mystic metal forth,
Doomed, amidst disjointed stones,
Long to cere a champion's bones,
Disinhumed my charms to aid:
Mother Earth, my thanks are paid.

Girdle of our islands dear,
Elements of Water, hear!
Thou whose power can overwhelm
Broken mounds and ruined realm
On the lowly Belgian strand;
All thy fiercest rage can never
Of our soil a furlong sever
From our rock-defended land;
Play then gently thou thy part,
To assist old Norna's art.

Elements, each other greeting,
Gifts and powers attend your meeting!

Thou, that over billows dark
Safely send'st the fisher's bark:
Giving him a path and motion
Through the wilderness of ocean;
Thou, that when the billows brave ye,
O'er the shelves canst drive the navy:
Didst thou chafe as one neglected,
While thy brethren were respected?
To appease thee, see, I tear
This full grasp of grizzled hair;
Oft thy breath hath through it sung,
Softening to my magic tongue;
Now, 't is thine to bid it fly
Through the wide expanse of sky,
'Mid the countless swarms to sail
Of wild-fowl wheeling on thy gale;
Take thy portion and rejoice:
Spirit, thou hast heard my voice!

She who sits by haunted well
Is subject to the Nixie's spell;
She who walks on lonely beach,
To the Mermaid's charmèd speech;
She who walks round ring of green
Offends the peevish Fairy Queen;
And she who takes rest in the Dwarfie's cave
A weary weird of woe shall have.

By ring, by spring, by cave, by shore,
Minna Troil has braved all this and more;
And yet hath the root of her sorrow and ill
A source that's more deep and more mystical still.
Thou art within a demon's hold,
More wise than Heims, more strong than Trold;
No siren sings so sweet as he;
No fay springs lighter on the lea;
No elfin power hath half the art
To soothe, to move, to wring the heart,
Life-blood from the cheek to drain,
Drench the eye, and dry the vein.
Maiden, ere we farther go,
Dost thou note me, ay or no?

MINNA

I mark thee, my mother, both word, look, and sign;
Speak on with thy riddle — to read it be mine.

NORNA

Mark me! for the word I speak
Shall bring the colour to thy cheek.
This leaden heart, so light of cost,
The symbol of a treasure lost,
Thou shalt wear in hope and in peace,
That the cause of your sickness and sorrow may cease,
When crimson foot meets crimson hand
In the Martyr's aisle, and in Orkney land.

Be patient, be patient, for Patience hath power
To ward us in danger, like mantle in shower;
A fairy gift you best may hold
In a chain of fairy gold;
The chain and the gift are each a true token,
That not without warrant old Norna hath spoken;
But thy nearest and dearest must never behold them,
Till time shall accomplish the truths I have told them.

XII

BRYCE SNAILSFOOT'S ADVERTISEMENT

From Chapter xxxii

Poor sinners whom the snake deceives
Are fain to cover them with leaves.
Zetland hath no leaves, 't is true,
Because that trees are none, or few;
But we have flax and taits of woo',
For linen cloth and wadmaal blue;
And we have many of foreign knacks
Of finer waft than woo' or flax.
Ye gallanty Lambmas lads, appear,
And bring your Lambmas sisters here,
Bryce Snailsfoot spares not cost or care,
To pleasure every gentle pair.

ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS DUN

1822

Written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the Poet had been engaged with some friends.

On Ettrick Forest's mountains dun
'T is blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood
Far through the noonday solitude;
By many a cairn and trenchèd mound
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And springs where grey-haired shepherds tell
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed
'T is blithe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles through the rings;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'T is blithe along the midnight tide
With stalwart arm the boat to guide;

ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS DUN

On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbèd spear;
Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii armed with fiery spears.

'T is blithe at eve to tell the tale
How we succeed and how we fail,
Whether at Alwyn's [1] lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of Ashestiel; [2]
While the gay tapers cheerly shine,
Bickers the fire and flows the wine –
Days free from thought and nights from care,
My blessing on the Forest fair.

[1] Alwyn, the seat of the Lord Somerville.
[2] The Poet's residence at that time.

THE MAID OF ISLA

1822

AIR — '*The Maid of Isla.*'

Written for Mr. George Thomson's *Scottish Melodies.*

O MAID of Isla, from the cliff
  That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
  Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
  And steeped her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge? —
  O Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

O Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
  Her white wing gleams through mist and spray
Against the storm-cloud lowering dark,
  As to the rock she wheels away; —
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
  Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave? —
  O maid of Isla, 't is her home!

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff
  Thou 'rt adverse to the suit I bring,

And cold as is yon wintry cliff
  Where seabirds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
  Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love or in his grave
  Must Allan Vourich find his home.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE

1822

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoyed me
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester lated with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
O! none but some lover whose heart-strings are breaking
The pang that I feel at our parting can know!

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain and the chillness of age.

'T was thou that once taught me in accents bewailing
To sing how a warrior lay stretched on the plain,

And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers —
Farewell, then, Enchantress; — I meet thee no more.

NIGEL'S INITIATION AT WHITEFRIARS

From Chapter XVII of *The Fortunes of Nigel*, published in 1822.

YOUR suppliant, by name
Nigel Grahame,
In fear of mishap
From a shoulder-tap;
And dreading a claw
From the talons of law,
That are sharper than briars;
His freedom to sue
And rescue by you:
Through weapon and wit,
From warrant and writ,
From bailiff's hand,
From tipstaff's wand,
Is come hither to Whitefriars.

By spigot and barrel,
By bilboe and buff,
Thou art sworn to the quarrel
Of the blades of the Huff.
For Whitefriars and its claims
To be champion or martyr,

And to fight for its dames
Like a Knight of the Garter.

From the touch of the tip,
From the blight of the warrant,
From the watchmen who skip
On the harman-beck's errand,
From the bailiff's cramp speech,
That makes man a thrall,
I charm thee from each,
And I charm thee from all.
Thy freedom's complete
As a blade of the Huff,
To be cheated and cheat,
To be cuffed and to cuff;
To stride, swear, and swagger,
To drink till you stagger,
To stare and to stab,
And to brandish your dagger
In the cause of your drab;
To walk wool-ward in winter,
Drink brandy, and smoke,
And go *fresco* in summer
For want of a cloak;
To eke out your living
By the wag of your elbow

By fulham and gourd,
And by baring of bilboe;
To live by your shifts,
And to swear by your honour
Are the freedom and gifts
Of which I am the donor.

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD SPRING

1822

PART FIRST

THE news has flown frae mouth to mouth,
The North for ance has banged the South;
The deil a Scotsman 's die o' drouth;
Carle, now the King's come!

CHORUS

Carle, now the King's come!
Carle, now the King's come!
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld England held him lang and fast;
And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;
But Scotland's turn is come at last:
Carle, now the King's come:

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay grey,
Thought never to have seen the day;
He's been a weary time away —
But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle-hill;
The Carline's voice is grown sae shrill,
Ye'll hear her at the Canon-mill:
Carle, now the King's come!

'Up, bairns!' she cries, 'baith grit and sma',
And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a' —
Carle, now the King's come!

'Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,
Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,
And match the mettle of your sires:
Carle, now the King's come!

'You're welcome hame, my Montagu!
Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch;
I'm missing some that I may rue:
Carle, now the King's come;

'Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,
You 've graced my causeway mony a day;
I'll weep the cause if you should stay:
Carle, now the King 's come!

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME

'Come, premier Duke, and carry doun
Frae yonder craig [1] his ancient croun;
It's had a lang sleep and a soun':
But, Carle, now the King's come!

'Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,
Bring down your clansmen like a cloud;
Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood:
Carle, now the King's come!

'Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath;
Come, Hopetoun, feared on fields of death;
Come, Clerk,[2] and give your bugle breath;
Carle, now the King's come!

'Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids;
Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny shades;
Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids;
Carle, now the King's come!

'Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew;
We have o'er few such lairds as you:
Carle, now the King's come!

[1] The Castle. [2] See Note 25.

'King Arthur 's grown a common crier,
He 's heard in Fife and far Cantire:
"Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire!"
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Saint Abb roars out, "I see him pass,
Between Tantallon and the Bass!"
Calton, get out your keeking-glass,
Carle, now the King 's come!'

The Carline stopped; and, sure I am,
For very glee had ta'en a dwam,
But Oman helped her to a dram.
Cogie, now the King 's come!

CHORUS

Cogie, now the King 's come!
Cogie, now the King 's come!
I 'se be fou', and ye 's be toom,
Cogie, now the King 's come!

PART SECOND

A Hawick gill of mountain dew
Heised up Auld Reekie's heart, I trow,
It minded her of Waterloo:
Carle, now the King 's come!

Again I heard her summons swell,
For, sic a dirdum and a yell,
It drowned Saint Giles's jowing bell:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'My trusty Provost, tried and tight,
Stand forward for the Good Town's right,
There 's waur than you been made a knight:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'My reverend Clergy, look ye say
The best of thanksgivings ye ha'e,
And warstle for a sunny day —
Carle, now the King 's come!

'My Doctors, look that you agree,
Cure a' the town without a fee;
My Lawyers, dinna pike a plea:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Come forth each sturdy Burgher's bairn,
That dints on wood or clanks on airn,
That fires the o'en, or winds the pirn —
Carle, now the King 's come!

CARLE, NOW THE KING 'S COME

'Come forward with the Blanket Blue,
Your sires were loyal men and true,
As Scotland's foemen oft might rue:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Scots downa loup, and rin and rave,
We 're steady folks and something grave,
We 'll keep the causeway firm and brave:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Sir Thomas, thunder from your rock,[1]
Till Pentland dinnles wi' the shock,
And lace wi' fire my snood o' smoke:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Melville, bring out your bands of blue,
A' Louden lads, baith stout and true,
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn, too:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'And you, who on yon bluidy braes
Compelled the vanquished Despot's praise,
Rank out, rank out, my gallant Greys:
Carle, now the King 's come!

[1] Edinburgh Castle.

CARLE, NOW THE KING 'S COME

'Cock of the North, my Huntly bra',
Where are you with the Forty-twa?[1]
Ah! waes my heart that ye 're awa':
Carle, now the King 's come!

'But yonder come my canty Celts,
With durk and pistols at their belts,
Thank God, we 've still some plaids and kilts:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!
Macdonell 's ta'en the field himsell,
Macleod comes branking o'er the fell:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Bend up your bow each Archer spark,
For you 're to guard him light and dark;
Faith, lads, for ance ye 've hit the mark:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Young Errol, take the sword of state,
The Sceptre, Pane-Morarchate;
Knight Mareschal, see ye clear the gate:
Carle, now the King 's come!

[1] Marquis of Huntly, now Duke of Gordon, Colonel of the 42d regiment.

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME

'Kind cummer, Leith, ye 've been misset,
But dinna be upon the fret:
Ye 'se hae the handsel of him yet,
Carle, now the King 's come!

'My daughters, come with een sae blue,
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew:
He ne'er saw fairer flowers than you:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'What shall we do for the propine:
We used to offer something fine,
But ne'er a groat 's in pouch of mine:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'Deil care — for that I 'se never start,
We 'll welcome him with Highland heart;
Whate'er we have he 's get a part:
Carle, now the King 's come!

'I 'll show him mason-work this day:
Nane of your bricks of Babel clay,
But towers shall stand till Time 's away:
Carle, now the King 's come!

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME

'I'll show him wit, I'll show him lair,
And gallant lads and lasses fair,
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?
Carle, now the King's come!

'Step out, Sir John, of projects rife,
Come win the thanks of an auld wife,
And bring him health and length of life:
Carle, now the King's come!'

THE BANNATYNE CLUB

1823

Assist me, ye friends of Old Books and Old Wine,
To sing in the praises of sage Bannatyne,
Who left such a treasure of old Scottish lore
As enables each age to print one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
We'll ransack old Banny for one volume more.

And first, Allan Ramsay was eager to glean
From Bannatyne's *Hortus* his bright Evergreen;
Two light little volumes — intended for four —
Still leave us the task to print one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

His ways were not ours, for he cared not a pin
How much he left out or how much he put in;
The truth of the reading he thought was a bore,
So this accurate age calls for one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

Correct and sagacious, then came my Lord Hailes,
And weighed every letter in critical scales,
But left out some brief words which the prudish abhor
And castrated Banny in one volume more.

One volume more, my friends, one volume more;
We'll restore Banny's manhood in one volume more.

John Pinkerton next, and I'm truly concerned
I can't call that worthy so candid as learned;
He railed at the plaid and blasphemed the claymore,
And set Scots by the ears in his one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
Celt and Goth shall be pleased with one volume more.

As bitter as gall and as sharp as a razor,
And feeding on herbs as a Nebuchadnezzar;
His diet too acid, his temper too sour,
Little Ritson came out with his two volumes more.
But one volume, my friends, one volume more,
We'll dine on roast-beef and print one volume more.

The stout Gothic yeditur, next on the roll,
With his beard like a brush and as black as a coal;
And honest Greysteel that was true to the core,
Lent their hearts and their hands each to one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

Since by these single champions what wonders were done,
What may not be achieved by our Thirty and One?
Law, Gospel, and Commerce, we count in our corps,
And the Trade and the Press join for one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

Ancient libels and contraband books, I assure you,
We'll print as secure from Exchequer or Jury;
Then hear your Committee and let them count o'er
The Chiels they intend in their three volumes more.
Three volumes more, etc.

They'll produce you King Jamie, the sapient and Sext,
And the Rob of Dumblane and her Bishops come next;
One tome miscellaneous they'll add to your store,
Resolving next year to print four volumes more.
Four volumes more, my friends, four volumes more;
Pay down your subscriptions for four volumes more.

COUNTY GUY

From Chapter IV of *Quentin Durward*, published in 1823.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know —
But where is County Guy?

EPILOGUE

TO THE DRAMA FOUNDED ON SAINT RONAN'S WELL

1824

[Enter MEG DODDS, *encircled by a crowd of unruly boys, whom a town's-officer is driving off.]*

THAT 's right, friend — drive the gaitlings back,
And lend yon muckle ane a whack;
Your Embro' bairns are grown a pack,
Sae proud and saucy,
They scarce will let an auld wife walk
Upon your causey.

I 've seen the day they would been scaured
Wi' the Tolbooth or wi' the Guard,
Or maybe wud hae some regard
For Jamie Laing —
The Water-hole was right weel wared
On sic a gang.

But whar 's the gude Tolbooth gane now?
Whar 's the auld Claught, wi' red and blue?
Whar 's Jamie Laing? and whar 's John Doo?
And whar 's the Weigh-house?
Deil hae 't I see but what is new,
Except the Playhouse!

Yoursells are changed frae head to heel,
There 's some that gar the causeway reel
With clashing hufe and rattling wheel,
And horses canterin',
Wha's fathers' daundered hame as weel
Wi' lass and lantern.

Mysell being in the public line,
I look for howfs I kenned lang syne,
Whar gentles used to drink gude wine
And eat cheap dinners;
But deil a soul gangs there to dine
Of saints or sinners!

Fortune's and Hunter's gane, alas!
And Bayle's is lost in empty space;
And now if folk would splice a brace
Or crack a bottle,
They gang to a new-fangled place
They ca' a Hottle.

The deevil hottle them for Meg!
They are sae greedy and sae gleg,
That if ye're served but wi' an egg —
And that's puir picking —
In comes a chiel and makes a leg,
And charges chicken!

'And wha may ye be,' gin ye speer,
'That brings your auld-warld clavers here?'
Troth, if there's onybody near
That kens the roads,
I'll haud ye Burgundy to beer
He kens Meg Dodds.

I came a piece frae west o' Currie;
And, since I see you're in a hurry,
Your patience I'll nae langer worry,
But be sae crouse
As speak a word for ane Will Murray
That keeps this house.

Plays are auld-fashioned things in truth,
And ye've seen wonders mair uncouth;
Yet actors shouldna suffer drouth
Or want of dramock,
Although they speak bu wi' their mouth,
Not with their stamock.

But ye take care of a' folk's pantry;
And surely to hae stooden sentry
Ower this big house — that's far frae rent-free —
For a lone sister,
Is claims as gude 's to be a ventri—
How'st ca'd — loquister.

EPILOGUE

Weel, sirs, gude'en, and have a care
The bairns mak fun o' Meg nae mair;
For gin they do, she tells you fair
And without failzie,
As sure as ever ye sit there,
She 'll tell the Bailie.

EPILOGUE

THE sages — for authority, pray, look
Seneca's morals or the copy-book —
The sages to disparage woman's power,
Say beauty is a fair but fading flower; —
I cannot tell — I've small philosophy —
Yet if it fades it does not surely die,
But, like the violet, when decayed in bloom,
Survives through many a year in rich perfume.
Witness our theme to-night; two ages gone,
A third wanes fast, since Mary filled the throne.
Brief was her bloom with scarce one sunny day
'Twixt Pinkie's field and fatal Fotheringay:
But when, while Scottish hearts and blood you boast,
Shall sympathy with Mary's woes be lost?
O'er Mary's memory the learned quarrel,
By Mary's grave the poet plants his laurel,
Time's echo, old tradition, makes her name
The constant burden of his faltering theme;
In each old hall his grey-haired heralds tell
Of Mary's picture and of Mary's cell,
And show — my fingers tingle at the thought —
The loads of tapestry which that poor queen wrought.
In vain did fate bestow a double dower
Of every ill that waits on rank and power,

EPILOGUE

Of every ill on beauty that attends —
False ministers, false lovers, and false friends.
Spite of three wedlocks so completely curst,
They rose in ill from bad to worse and worst,
In spite of errors — I dare not say more,
For Duncan Targe lays hand on his claymore.
In spite of all, however humours vary,
There is a talisman in that word Mary,
That unto Scottish bosoms all and some
Is found the genuine *open sesamum!*
In history, ballad, poetry, or novel,
It charms alike the castle and the hovel,
Even you — forgive me — who, demure and shy,
Gorge not each bait not stir at every fly,
Must rise to this, else in her ancient reign
The Rose of Scotland has survived in vain.[1]

[1] 'I recovered the above with some difficulty. I believe it was never spoken, but written for some play, afterwards withdrawn, in which Mrs. H. Siddons was to have spoken it in the character of Queen Mary.' — (*Letter to Constable*, 22d October, 1824.)

VERSES FROM REDGAUNTLET

Published in 1824

I

A CATCH OF COWLEY'S ALTERED

From Letter x

For all our men were very very merry,
  And all our men were drinking:
There were two men of mine,
Three men of thine,
And three that belonged to old Sir Thom o' Lyne.
As they went to the ferry, they were very very merry,
  And all our men were drinking.

Jack looked at the sun, and cried, Fire, fire, fire!
Tom stabled his keffel in Birkendale mire;
Jem started a calf, and hallooed for a stag;
Will mounted a gate-post instead of his nag:
For all our men were very very merry,
  And all our men were drinking;
There were two men of mine,
Three of thine,
And three that belonged to old Sir Thom o' Lyne.
As they went to the ferry, they were very very merry,
  For all our men were drinking.

II

'AS LORDS THEIR LABOURERS' HIRE DELAY'

From Chapter IX

As lords their labourers' hire delay,
  Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
  Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,
  Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason towards man,
  And blasphemy to Heaven.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE, THE CELEBRATED VENTRILOQUIST

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folk say to *you?* who have faces such plenty,
That from under one hood, you last night showed us twenty!
Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child — a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing, did I ask? each dead implement, too,
A work-shop in your person, — saw, chisel, and screw!
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be at least Alexandre and Co.
But I think you're a troop, an assemblage, a mob,
And that I, as the Sheriff, should take up the job;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the Riot-Act, and bid you disperse.

TO J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF MAIDA'S EPITAPH

Dear John, — I some time ago wrote to inform his
Fat worship of *jaces*, misprinted for *dormis;*
But that several Southrons assured me the *januam*
Was a twitch to both ears of Ass Priscian's cranium.
You perhaps may observe that one Lionel Berguer,
In defence of our blunder appears a stout arguer.
But at length I have settled, I hope, all these clatters,
By a *rowt* in the papers, fine place for such matters.
I have therefore to make it for once my command, sir,
That my gudeson shall leave the whole thing in my hand, sir,
And by no means accomplish what James says you threaten, —
Some banter in Blackwood to claim your dog-Latin.
I have various reasons of weight, on my word, sir,
For pronouncing a step of this sort were absurd, sir.
Firstly, erudite sir, 't was against your advising
I adopted the lines this monstrosity lies in;
For you modestly hinted my English translation
Would become better far such a dignified station.
Second, how, in God's name, would my bacon be saved
By not having writ what I clearly engraved?
On the contrary, I, on the whole, think it better
To be whipped as the thief, than his lousy resetter.

Thirdly, don't you perceive that I don't care a boddle
Although fifty false metres were flung at my noddle,
For my back is as broad and as hard as Benlomon's,
And I treat as I please both the Greeks and the Romans;
Whereas the said heathens might rather look serious
At a kick on their drum from the scribe of Valerius.
And, fourthly and lastly, it is my good pleasure
To remain the sole source of that murderous measure.
So, *stet pro ratione voluntas*, — be tractile,
Invade not, I say, my own dear little dactyl;
If you do, you'll occasion a breach in our intercourse.
To-morrow will see me in town for the winter-course,
But not at your door, at the usual hour, sir,
My own pye-house daughter's good prog to devour, sir.
Ergo, peace! — on your duty your squeamishness throttle,
And we'll soothe Priscian's spleen with a canny third bottle.
A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondees,
A fig for all dunces and Dominie Grundys;
A fig for dry thrapples, south, north, east, and west, sir,
Speats and raxes ere five for a famishing guest, sir;
And as Fatsman and I have some topics for haver, he'll
Be invited, I hope, to meet me and Dame Peveril,
Upon whom, to say nothing of Oury and Anne, you a
Dog shall be deemed if you fasten your *Janua*.

SONGS FROM THE BETROTHED

Published in 1825

I

'SOLDIER, WAKE!'

From Chapter XIX

SOLDIER, wake! the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping;
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'T is when they are glinted back
From axe and armour, spear and jack,
That they promise future story
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foeman's terror
Ever are the morning's mirror.

Arm and up! the morning beam
Hath called the rustic to his team,
Hath called the falc'ner to the lake,
Hath called the huntsman to the brake;
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
Soldier, wake! thy harvest, fame;
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.

Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;
More paltry still the sportsman's gain:
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toiled,
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled:
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

II

WOMAN'S FAITH

From Chapter xx

WOMAN'S faith, and woman's trust:
Write the characters in dust,
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the things those letters mean.

I have strained the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weighed a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken:
Again her word and truth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night.

III

'I ASKED OF MY HARP'

From Chapter xxxi. 'A lay, of which we can offer only a few fragments, literally translated from the ancient language in which they were chanted, premising that they are in that excursive symbolical style of poetry which Taliessin, Llewarch Hen, and other bards had derived perhaps from the time of the Druids.'

I ASKED of my harp, 'Who hath injured thy chords?'
And she replied, 'The crooked finger, which I mocked in my tune.'
A blade of silver may be bended — a blade of steel abideth:
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

The sweet taste of mead passeth from the lips,
But they are long corroded by the juice of wormwood;

The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the wolf rangeth the mountain;
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I asked the red-hot iron, when it glimmered on the anvil,
'Wherefore glowest thou longer than the fire-brand?'
'I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in the pleasant greenwood.'
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I asked the green oak of the assembly, wherefore its boughs were dry and seared like the horns of the stag,
And it showed me that a small worm had gnawed its roots.
The boy who remembered the scourge undid the wicket of the castle at midnight.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires pierce the clouds;
Storms destroy armadas, though their sails intercept the gale.
He that is in his glory falleth, and that by a contemptible enemy.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

IV

'WIDOWED WIFE AND WEDDED MAID'

From the last Chapter

WIDOWED wife and wedded maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, and betrayed,
All is done that has been said;
Vanda's wrong has been y-wroken:
Take her pardon by this token.

VERSES FROM THE TALISMAN

Published in 1825

I

'DARK AHRIMAN, WHOM IRAK STILL'

From Chapter III

DARK Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill!
  When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the world with troubled eye,
Where see we, 'neath the extended sky,
  An empire matching thine!

If the Benigner Power can yield
A fountain in the desert field,
  Where weary pilgrims drink;
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,
  Where countless navies sink!

Or if He bid the soil dispense
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,
  How few can they deliver
From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red Fever, spotted Pestilence,
  The arrows of thy quiver!

Chief in Man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray
  Before another throne,
Whate'er of specious form be there,
The secret meaning of the prayer
  Is, Ahriman, thine own.

Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
  As Eastern Magi say;
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,
  And fangs to tear thy prey?

Or art thou mixed in Nature's source,
An ever-operating force,
  Converting good to ill;
An evil principle innate,
Contending with our better fate,
  And oh! victorious still?

Howe'er it be, dispute is vain.
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,
  Nor less on all within;
Each mortal passion's fierce career,
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,
  Thou goadest into sin.

Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,
To brighten up our vale of tears,
  Thou art not distant far;
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,
Thou whett'st our very banquet-knives
  To tools of death and war.

Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,
  Thou rul'st the fate of men;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And — who dare answer? — is thy power,
  Dark Spirit! ended THEN?

II

'WHAT BRAVE CHIEF SHALL HEAD THE FORCES'

From Chapter XI. 'A hearing was at length procured for the poet who sung, in high German, stanzas which may be thus translated': —

WHAT brave chief shall head the forces,
  Where the red-cross legions gather?
Best of horsemen, best of horses,
  Highest head and fairest feather.

Ask not Austria why, 'midst princes,
  Still her banner rises highest;
Ask as well the strong-wing'd eagle
  Why to heaven he soars the highest.

III

THE BLOODY VEST

From Chapter XXVI. 'The song of Blondel was, of course, in the Norman language; but the verses which follow express its meaning and its manner.'

'T WAS near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,
And knights were preparing in bower and tent,
On the eve of the Baptist's tournament;
When in Lincoln green a stripling gent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wandered the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas à Kent.

Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion, nor stately nor rare, —
Little save iron and steel was there:
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's care,
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did repair
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.

'Thus speaks my lady,' the page said he,
And the knight bent lowly both head and knee:
'She is Benevent's Princess so high in degree,
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be —

He that would climb so lofty a tree,
Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men may see
His ambition is backed by his hie chivalrie.

'Therefore thus speaks my lady,' the fair page he said,
And the knight lowly louted with hand and with head:
'Fling aside the good armour in which thou art clad,
And don thou this weed of her night-gear instead,
For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread:
And charge thus attired, in the tournament dread,
And fight, as thy wont is, where most blood is shed,
And bring honour away, or remain with the dead.'

Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his breast,
The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently hath kissed:
'Now blessed be the moment, the messenger be blest!
Much honoured do I hold me in my lady's high behest;
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed dressed,
To the best armed champion I will not veil my crest;
But if I live and bear me well, 't is her turn to take the test.'
Here, gentles, ends the foremost fytte of the Lay of the Bloody Vest.

FYTTE SECOND

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats:
There was winning of honour, and losing of seats:
There was hewing with falchions, and splintering of staves,
The victors won glory, the vanquished won graves.
Oh, many a knight there fought bravely and well,
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,
And 't was he whose sole armour on body and breast
Seemed the weed of a damsel when bound for her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds, that were bloody and sore,
But others respected his plight, and forebore.
'It is some oath of honour,' they said, 'and I trow,
'T were unknightly to slay him achieving his vow.'
Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tournament cease,
He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung peace;
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the Knight of the Night-gear was first in the field.

The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was nigher,
When before the fair Princess low louted a squire,
And delivered a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hacked and pierced through;

All rent and all tattered, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud;
Not the point of that lady's small finger, I ween,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.

'This token my master, Sir Thomas à Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent:
He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit;
Through life's utmost peril the prize I have won,
And now must the faith of my mistress be shown;
For she who prompts knights on such danger to run
Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

'I restore,' says my master, 'the garment I've worn,
And I claim of the Princess to don it in turn.
For its stains and its rents she should prize it the more,
Since by shame 't is unsullied, though crimsoned with gore.'
Then deep blushed the Princess, yet kissed she and pressed
The blood-spotted robes to her lips and her breast.
'Go tell my true knight, church and chamber shall show
If I value the blood on this garment or no.'

And when it was time for the nobles to pass
In solemn procession to minster and mass,

The first walked the Princess in purple and pall,
But the blood-besmeared night-robe she wore over all;
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine,
When she knelt to her father and proffered the wine,
Over all her rich robes and state jewels she wore
That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whispered ladies, as well you may think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink:
And the Prince, who in anger and shame had looked
down,
Turned at length to his daughter, and spoke with a
frown:
'Now since thou hast published thy folly and guilt,
E'en atone with thy hand for the blood thou hast spilt;
Yet sore for your boldness you both will repent,
When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent.'

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where he stood,
Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood;
'The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,
I poured forth as freely as flask gives its wine:
And if for my sake she brooks penance and blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and shame;
And light will she reck of thy princedom and rent,
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of Kent.'

VERSES FROM WOODSTOCK

Published in 1826

I

'BY PATHLESS MARCH, BY GREENWOOD TREE'

From Chapter XIV

By pathless march, by greenwood tree,
It is thy weird to follow me:
To follow me through the ghastly moonlight,
To follow me through the shadows of night,
To follow me, comrade, still art thou bound:
I conjure thee by the unstanched wound,
I conjure thee by the last words I spoke,
When the body slept and the spirit awoke,
In the very last pangs of the deadly stroke!

II

GLEE FOR KING CHARLES

From Chapter XX

Bring the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim;
'T is to him we love most,
And to all who love him.

Brave gallants, stand up,
  And avaunt ye, base carles!
Were there death in the cup,
  Here's a health to King Charles!

Though he wanders through dangers,
  Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
  Estranged from his own;
Though 't is under our breath
  Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honour and faith,
  And a health to King Charles!

Let such honours abound
  As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
  And the hand on the sword;
But the time shall come round
  When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
The loud trumpet shall sound,
  Here's a health to King Charles!

III

'AN HOUR WITH THEE'

From Chapter XXVI

AN hour with thee! When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern grey,
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,
New griefs which coming hours unfold,
And sad remembrance of the old?
One hour with thee!

One hour with thee! When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
What shall repay the faithful swain
His labour on the sultry plain;
And more than cave or sheltering bough,
Cool feverish blood and throbbing brow?
One hour with thee!

One hour with thee! When sun is set,
Oh! what can teach me to forget
The thankless labours of the day;
The hopes, the wishes, flung away;
The increasing wants and lessening gains,
The master's pride who scorns my pains? —
One hour with thee!

IV

'SON OF A WITCH'

From Chapter xxx

Son of a witch,
Mayst thou die in a ditch,
With the butchers who back thy quarrels;
And rot above ground,
While the world shall resound
A welcome to Royal King Charles.

LINES TO SIR CUTHBERT SHARP

1827

FORGET thee! No! my worthy fere!
Forget blithe mirth and gallant cheer!
Death sooner stretch me on my bier!
Forget thee? No.

Forget the universal shout
When 'canny Sunderland' spoke out:
A truth which knaves affect to doubt:
Forget thee? No.

Forget you? No: though nowaday
I've heard your knowing people say,
'Disown the debt you cannot pay,
You'll find it far the thriftiest way' —
But I? — O no.

Forget your kindness found for all room,
In what, though large, seemed still a small room,
Forget my *Surtees* in a ball-room:
Forget you? No.

Forget your sprightly dumpty-diddles,
And beauty tripping to the fiddles,
Forget my lovely friends the *Liddells:*
Forget you? No.

VERSES FROM CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE

Published in 1827

I

OLD SONG

From *The Highland Widow*, Chapter II

Oh, I'm come to the Low Country,
Och, och, ohonochie,
Without a penny in my pouch
To buy a meal for me.
I was the proudest of my clan,
Long, long may I repine;
And Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

II

THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE

From Chapter X of *The Fair Maid of Perth*

Ah, poor Louise! the livelong day
She roams from cot to castle gay;
And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way,
Think on Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,
It smirched her cheek, it dimmed her eye,
The woodland walk was cool and nigh,
Where birds with chiming streamlets vie
To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;
The wolves molest not paths so fair —
But better far had such been there
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold
She met a huntsman fair and bold;
His baldrick was of silk and gold,
And many a witching tale he told
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
Hadst thou for treasures of the mine;
For peace of mind, that gift divine,
And spotless innocence were thine,
Ah, poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's reft!
I know not if by force or theft,
Or part by violence, part by gift;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have!
She will not long your bounty crave,
Or tire the gay with warning stave —
For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave,
For poor Louise.

III

DEATH CHANT

From Chapter XXII. 'Ere he guessed where he was going, the leech was hurried into the house of the late Oliver Proudfute, from which he heard the chant of the women, as they swathed and dressed the corpse of the umquhile bonnet-maker, for the ceremony of next morning, of which chant the following verses may be received as a modern imitation' : —

VIEWLESS Essence, thin and bare,
Well-nigh melted into air;
Still with fondness hovering near
The earthly form thou once didst wear;

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right;
Be thou doomed to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

To avenge the deed expelling
Thee untimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force thou shalt retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darkened on thy closing eye;
When the footstep thou shalt hear
That thrilled upon thy dying ear;

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake;
The wounds renew their clottered flood,
And every drop cry blood for blood.

IV

SONG OF THE GLEE-MAIDEN

From Chapter xxx. 'The maiden sung a melancholy dirge in Norman French; the words, of which the following is an imitation, were united to a tune as doleful as they are themselves': —

YES, thou mayst sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground;
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die.

Yes, lay thee down,
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the grey monk his soul-mass mutter,
And the deep bell its death-tone utter:
Thy life is gone.

Be not afraid,
'T is but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill,
And then an end of human ill:
For thou art dead.

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR

1828

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
  Careered along the lea;
The Palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound:
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
  They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
  On Cheviot's rueful day:
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras ne'er was stancher steed,
A peerless archer, Percy Rede;
  And right dear friends were they.

The chase engrossed their joys and woes.
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose
  By fountain or by stream;

And oft when evening skies were red
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
  Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear;
Yon thicket holds the harboured deer,
  The signs the hunters know:
With eyes of flame and quivering ears
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
  The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot! — Halloo! Halloo!
Hunter and horse and hound pursue; —
But woe the shaft that erring flew —
  That e'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scathless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
  Has drenched the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound — he dies, he dies;
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes;
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies
  Without a groan or quiver.

Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps forever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise;
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death — but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder mixed with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite bending low
In speechless grief recline;
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say,
'The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?

'And if it be, the shaft be blessed'
Which sure some erring aim addressed,
Since in your service prized, caressed,
I in your service die;

And you may have a fleeter hound
To match the dun-deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
  So true a guard as I.'

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud
  And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
'Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied —
  I had not died to-day!'

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had joined the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
  Down dark oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest
And snatch his spoil from Lethe's breast,
And, in her Cooper's colours drest,
  The scene shall live forever.

THE SECRET TRIBUNAL

From *Anne of Geierstein*, published in 1829.

From Chapter XX. 'Philipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the Black Friars of Saint Francis's Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus': —

MEASURERS of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level, —
Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
Cubits six, from end to end,
Must the fatal bench extend;
Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the Court assembles,
On the west the Accused trembles:
Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done?

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

How wears the night? Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine?

What music floats upon his tide?
Do birds the tardy morning chide?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night?

The night is old; on Rhine's broad breast
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.
No beams are twinkling in the east.
There is a voice upon the flood,
The stern still call of blood for blood;
'T is time we listen the behest.

Up, then, up! When day 's at rest,
'T is time that such as we are watchers;
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise!
Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,
He and night are matchers.

THE FORAY

1830

Set to music by John Whitefield, Mus. Doc. Cam.

THE last of our steers on the board has been spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblet is red;
Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and begone,
There are dangers to dare and there's spoil to be won.

The eyes that so lately mixed glances with ours
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,
And strive to distinguish through tempest and gloom,
The prance of the steed and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending; the wind rises loud;
And the moon her red beacon has veiled with a cloud;
'T is the better, my mates! for the warder's dull eye
Shall in confidence slumber nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blithe Grey!
There is life in his hoof-clang and hope in his neigh;
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.

The drawbridge has dropped, the bugle has blown;
One pledge is to quaff yet — then mount and begone! —
To their honour and peace that shall rest with the slain;
To their health and their glee that see Teviot again!

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT

1830

To youth, to age, alike, this tablet pale
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier,
The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,
With opening talents and a generous heart;
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine own?
Lo! here their end — a monumental stone.
But let submission tame each sorrowing thought,
Heaven crowned its champion ere the fight was fought.

SONGS FROM THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL

Published in 1830

I

'THE SUN UPON THE LAKE'

THE sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart;

And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side
Twitters his closing song —
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard tarries long.

II

'WE LOVE THE SHRILL TRUMPET'

We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's rattle,
They call us to sport, and they call us to battle;
And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a stranger,
While our comrades in pastime are comrades in danger.

If there's mirth in our house, 't is our neighbour that shares it —
If peril approach, 't is our neighbour that dares it;
And when we lead off to the pipe and the tabour,
The fair hand we press is the hand of a neighbour.

Then close your ranks, comrades, the bands that combine them,
Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, joined to entwine them;
And we'll laugh at the threats of each insolent stranger,
While our comrades in sport are our comrades in danger.

III

'ADMIRE NOT THAT I GAINED THE PRIZE'

ADMIRE not that I gained the prize
From all the village crew;
How could I fail with hand or eyes
When heart and faith were true?

And when in floods of rosy wine
My comrades drowned their cares,
I thought but that thy heart was mine,
My own leapt light as theirs.

My brief delay then do not blame,
Nor deem your swain untrue;
My form but lingered at the game,
My soul was still with you.

IV

'WHEN THE TEMPEST'

WHEN the tempest 's at the loudest
On its gale the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the proudest
Through the foam the sea-bird glides —
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure,
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure —
Pain and Fear and Poverty
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor,
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor —
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endowed with constancy.

V

BONNY DUNDEE

AIR — '*The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee*'

To the Lords of Convention 't was Claver'se who spoke,
'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses and call up your men;
Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!'

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes —
'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'There 's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks —
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men;
Come open your gates and let me gae free,
For it 's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

VI

'WHEN FRIENDS ARE MET'

WHEN friends are met o'er merry cheer,
And lovely eyes are laughing near,
And in the goblet's bosom clear
The cares of day are drowned;
When puns are made and bumpers quaffed,
And wild Wit shoots his roving shaft,
And Mirth his jovial laugh has laughed,
Then is our banquet crowned,
Ah! gay,
Then is our banquet crowned.

When glees are sung and catches trolled,
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,
And beauty is no longer cold,
  And age no longer dull;
When chimes are brief and cocks do crow
To tell us it is time to go,
Yet how to part we do not know,
  Then is our feast at full,
    Ah! gay,
  Then is our feast at full.

'HITHER WE COME'

A song from *Auchindrane; or, The Ayrshire Tragedy*

1830

HITHER we come,
Once slaves to the drum,
But no longer we list to its rattle;
Adieu to the wars,
With their slashes and scars,
The march, and the storm, and the battle.

There are some of us maimed,
And some that are lamed,
And some of old aches are complaining;
But we'll take up the tools
Which we flung by like fools,
'Gainst Don Spaniard to go a-campaigning.

Dick Hathorn doth vow
To return to the plough,
Jack Steele to his anvil and hammer;
The weaver shall find room
At the wight-wapping loom,
And your clerk shall teach writing and grammar.

THE DEATH OF DON PEDRO

1823

Henry and King Pedro clasping,
Hold in straining arms each other;
Tugging hard and closely grasping,
Brother proves his strength with brother.

Harmless pastime, sport fraternal,
Blends not thus their limbs in strife;
Either aims, with rage infernal,
Naked dagger, sharpened knife.

Close Don Henry grapples Pedro,
Pedro holds Don Henry strait;
Breathing, this, triumphant fury,
That, despair and mortal hate.

Sole spectator of the struggle,
Stands Don Henry's page afar,
In the chase, who bore his bugle,
And who bore his sword in war.

Down they go in deadly wrestle,
Down upon the earth they go,
Fierce King Pedro has the vantage,
Stout Don Henry falls below.

Marking then the fatal crisis,
Up the page of Henry ran,
By the waist he caught Don Pedro,
Aiding thus the fallen man.

'King to place, or to depose him,
Dwelleth not in my desire,
But the duty which he owes him,
To his master pays the squire.'

Now Don Henry has the upmost,
Now King Pedro lies beneath,
In his heart his brother's poniard,
Instant finds its bloody sheath.

Thus with mortal gasp and quiver,
While the blood in bubbles welled,
Fled the fiercest soul that ever
In a Christian bosom dwelled.

LINES ON FORTUNE

1831

FORTUNE, my Foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will my Fortune never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, forever breed my pain?
And wilt thou ne'er return my joys again?

No — let my ditty be henceforth —

Fortune, my friend, how well thou favourest me!
A kinder Fortune man did never see!
Thou propp'st my thigh, thou ridd'st my knee of pain,
I'll walk, I'll mount — I'll be a man again.

THE END

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

NOTES

Note 1, p. 14

Collins, according to Johnson, 'by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.'

Note 2, p. 16

Triermain was a fief of the Barony of Gilsland, in Cumberland; it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, 'after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Tryermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Tryermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Ranulph Vaux; which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lanercost, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilmore's lands to his own younger son, named Roland, and let the Barony descend to his eldest son Robert, son of Ranulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and they were named Rolands successively, that were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward IV. That house gave for arms, Vert, a bend dexter, chequy, or and gules.' (Burn's *Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, II, 482.)

This branch of Vaux, with its collateral alliances, is now represented by the family of Braddyl of Conishead Priory, in the county palatine of Lancaster; for it appears that about the time above mentioned, the house of Triermain was united to its kindred family Vaux of Caterlen, and, by marriage with the

heiress of Delamore and Leybourne, became the representative of those ancient and noble families. The male line failing in John de Vaux, about the year 1665, his daughter and heiress, Mabel, married Christopher Richmond, Esq., of Highhead Castle, in the County of Cumberland, descended from an ancient family of that name, Lords of Corby Castle, in the same county, soon after the Conquest, and which they alienated about the 15th of Edward II, to Andrea de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle. Of this family was Sir Thomas de Raigemont (miles auratus), in the reign of King Edward I, who appears to have greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Kaerlaveroc, with William, Baron of Leybourne. In an ancient heraldic poem, now extant, and preserved in the British Museum, describing that siege, his arms are stated to be, Or, 2 Bars Gemelles Gules, and a Chief Or, the same borne by his descendants at the present day. The Richmonds removed to their Castle of Highhead in the reign of Henry VIII, when the then representative of the family married Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh Lowther, by the Lady Dorothy de Clifford, only child by a second marriage of Henry Lord Clifford, great-grandson of John Lord Clifford, by Elizabeth Percy, daughter of Henry (surnamed Hotspur) by Elizabeth Mortimer, which said Elizabeth was daughter of Edward Mortimer, third Earl of Marche, by Philippa, sole daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

The third in descent from the above-mentioned John Richmond became the representative of the families of Vaux, of Triermain, Caterlen, and Torcrossock, by his marriage with Mabel de Vaux, the heiress of them. His grandson Henry Richmond died without issue, leaving five sisters coheiresses, four of whom married; but Margaret, who married William Gale, Esq., of Whitehaven, was the only one who had male issue surviving. She had a son, and a daughter married to Henry Curwen of Workington, Esq., who represented the County of Cumberland for many years in Parliament, and by her had a daughter, married to John Christian, Esq. (now Curwen). John, son and heir of William Gale, married Sarah, daughter

and heiress of Christopher Wilson of Bardsea Hall, in the County of Lancaster, by Margaret, aunt and coheiress of Thomas Braddyl, Esq., of Braddyl, and Conishead Priory, in the same county, and had issue four sons and two daughters: 1st, William Wilson, died an infant; 2d, Wilson, who upon the death of his cousin, Thomas Braddyl, without issue, succeeded to his estates, and took the name of Braddyl, in pursuance of his will, by the King's sign-manual; 3d, William, died young; and, 4th, Henry Richmond, a lieutenant-general of the army, married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. R. Baldwin; Margaret married Richard Greaves Townley, Esq., of Fulbourne, in the County of Cambridge, and of Bellfield, in the County of Lancaster; Sarah married to George Bigland of Bigland Hall, in the same county. Wilson Braddyl, eldest son of John Gale, and grandson of Margaret Richmond, married Jane, daughter and heiress of Matthias Gale, Esq., of Catgill Hall, in the County of Cumberland, by Jane, daughter and heiress of the Rev. S. Bennet, D.D.; and, as the eldest surviving male branch of the families above mentioned, he quarters, in addition to his own, their paternal coats in the following order, as appears by the records in the College of Arms: 1st, Argent, a fess azure, between 3 saltiers of the same, charged with an anchor between 2 lions' heads erased, or, — Gale. 2d, Or, 2 bars gemelles gules, and a chief or, — Richmond. 3d, Or, a fess chequey, or and gules between 9 gerbes gules, — Vaux of Caterlen. 4th, Gules, a fess chequey, or and gules between 6 gerbes or, — Vaux of Torcrossock. 5th, Argent (not vert, as stated by Burn), a bend chequey, or and gules, for Vaux of Triermain. 6th, Gules, a cross patonce, or, Delamore. 7th, Gules, 6 lions rampant argent, 3, 2, and 1, Leybourne. This more detailed genealogy of the family of Triermain was obligingly sent to the author by Major Braddyll of Conishead Priory.

NOTE 3, p. 20

Dunmailraise is one of the grand passes from Cumberland into Westmoreland. It takes its name from a cairn, or pile of

stones, erected, it is said, to the memory of Dunmail, the last King of Cumberland.

NOTE 4, p. 20

A circular intrenchment, about half a mile from Penrith, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with openings, or approaches, directly opposite to each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured, that the enclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chivalry; and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators.

NOTE 5, p. 21

Higher up the river Eamont than Arthur's Round Table, is a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently sloping hill, called Mayburgh. In the plain which it encloses there stands erect an unhewn stone of twelve feet in height. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The whole appears to be a monument of Druidical times.

NOTE 6, p. 23

The small lake called Scales-tarn lies so deeply embosomed in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddleback, more poetically Glaramara, is of such great depth, and so completely hidden from the sun, that it is said its beams never reach it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen at midday.

NOTE 7, p. 27

This was the name of King Arthur's well-known sword, sometimes also called Excalibar.

NOTE 8, p. 29

Tintagel Castle, in Cornwall, is reported to have been the birthplace of King Arthur.

Note 9, p. 41

The author has an indistinct recollection of an adventure somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to King Arthur. having befallen one of the ancient kings of Denmark. The horn in which the burning liquor was presented to that monarch is said still to be preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

Note 10, p. 41

'We now gained a view of the Vale of St. John's, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meanderings, washing little enclosures of grass-ground, which stretch up the rising of the hills. In the widest part of the dale you are struck with the appearance of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements; we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterised in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

'The traveller's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural art and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and by enchantment, transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance

of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John.' (Hutchinson's *Excursion to the Lakes*, p. 121.)

Note 11, p. 42

Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats alluded to in the text.

Note 12, p. 44

The characters named in the following stanza are all of them more or less distinguished in the romances which treat of King Arthur and his Round Table, and their names are strung together according to the established custom of minstrels upon such occasions; for example, in the ballad of the *Marriage of Sir Gawaine:* —

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with them that daye,
And, foremost of the companye,
There rode the stewarde Kaye.

Soe did Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratte keen,
Sir Tristrem too, that gentle knight,
To the forest fresh and greene.

Note 13, p. 44

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur: 'But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenever, wife of King Arthur) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honestie, I would spare the impayred honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the eare, and willeth not onely, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authoritie were indeede unto mei a controversie, and that greate.' (*Assertion of King Arthure.* Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.)

Note 14, p. 48

'In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, savying certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chanons. As one, for example, *La Morte d'Arthure;* the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two speciall poynts, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at, yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and La Morte d'Arthure received into the prince's chamber.' (Ascham's *Schoolmaster.*)

Note 15, p. 49

See the comic tale of *The Boy and the Mantle*, in the third volume of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, from the Breton or Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his *Tale of the Enchanted Cup.*

Note 16, p. 143

Such is the law in the New Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and deer-stealers, who infest it. In the forest courts the presiding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr. William Rose's spirited poem, entitled *The Red King.*

Note 17, p. 148

In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor, the French pulled down a part of the rampart, and marched out over the glacis.

Note 18, p. 209

In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet feebly rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

Note 19, p. 256

It is necessary to mention, that the allusions in this piece are all local, and addressed only to the Edinburgh audience. The new prisons of the city, on the Calton Hill, are not far from the theatre.

Note 20, p. 257

At this time, the public of Edinburgh was much agitated by a lawsuit betwixt the magistrates and many of the inhabitants of the city, concerning a range of new buildings on the western side of the North Bridge, which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.

Note 21, p. 267

These verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence; the author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meister-Singer*, or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Æschylus, that —

> —— Not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
> But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot steel.

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the

more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength; and therefore some of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeling it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes, must be set down to Tchudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelreid, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in those iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light-armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the peaks from their boots ere they could act upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of foppery, often mentioned in the Middle Ages. Leopold III, Archduke of Austria, called 'The handsome man-at-arms,' was slain in the battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

Note 22, p. 268

All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought in this patriotic war.

Note 23, p. 269

This seems to allude to the preposterous fashion, during the Middle Ages, of wearing boots with the points or peaks turned upwards, and so long, that in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains. When they alighted to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen

found it necessary to cut off these peaks that they might move with the necessary activity.

NOTE 24, p. 275

The original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled *Sammlung Deutschen Volkslieder* (Berlin, 1807), published by Messrs. Busching and Von der Hagen, both, and more especially the last, distinguished for their acquaintance with the ancient popular poetry and legendary history of Germany.

In the German editor's notice of the ballad, it is stated to have been extracted from a manuscript chronicle of Nicolaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1533; and the song is stated by the author to have been generally sung in the neighbourhood at that early period. Thomann, as quoted by the German editor, seems faithfully to have believed the event he narrates. He quotes tombstones and obituaries to prove the existence of the personages of the ballad, and discovers that there actually died, on the 11th May, 1349, a Lady Von Neuffen, Countess of Marstetten, who was, by birth, of the house of Moringer. This lady he supposes to have been Moringer's daughter, mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berckhold Von Neuffen, in the same year. The editors, on the whole, seem to embrace the opinion of Professor Smith of Ulm, who, from the language of the ballad, ascribes its date to the fifteenth century.

The legend itself turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which, perhaps, was not unlikely to happen in more instances than one, when crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate. A story very similar in circumstances, but without the miraculous machinery of Saint Thomas, is told of one of the ancient Lords of Haigh Hall in Lancashire, the patrimonial inheritance of the late Countess of Balcarras; and the particulars are represented on stained glass upon a window in that ancient manor-house.

Note 25, p. 365

Sir George Clark of Pennycuik, Bart. The Baron of Pennycuik is bound by his tenure, whenever the king comes to Edinburgh, to receive him at the Harestone (in which the standard of James IV was erected when his army encamped on the Boroughmuir, before his fatal expedition to England), now built into the park-wall at the end of Tipperlain Lone, near the Boroughmuir-head; and, standing thereon, to give three blasts on a horn.

GLOSSARY

abbaye, an abbey.
aboon, above.
abye, atone for.
acton, a buckram vest worn under armour.
ain, own.
air, a sand-bank, an open sea-beach.
airn, iron.
almagest, an astronomical or astrological treatise.
Almayn, German.
amice, an ecclesiastical vestment.
amrie, ambry, a cupboard, a locker.
an, if.
ance, once.
ane, one.
anerly, alone.
aneugh, enough.
angel, an old English gold coin.
arquebus, a hagbut, or heavy musket.
assagay, a slender spear or lance.
atabal, a kind of kettle-drum.
auld, old; **auld Reekie,** Edinburgh.
aventayle, the movable front of a helmet.
avoid thee, begone.

bairn, a child.
baith, both.
baldric, a belt.
bale, a beacon-fire.
ballium, a fortified court.
bandelier, a belt for carrying ammunition.
ban-dog, a watch-dog.
bandrol, a kind of banner or ensign.
banes, bones.
bang, strike violently, beat, surpass.
barbican, the fortification at a castle-gate.
barded, armoured (said of horses).
barding, horse-armour.
barret-cap, a cloth cap.
bartizan, a small overhanging turret.
basnet, basinet, a light helmet.
bassened, having a white stripe down the face.
battalia, a battalion, an army (*not* a plural).
battle, an army.
bauld, bold.
beadsman, one hired to offer prayers for another.
beamed, having a horn of the fourth year.
beaver, the movable front of a helmet.
Beltane, the first of May (a Celtic festival).
bend, bind.
bend (noun), a heraldic term.
bent, a slope; also, aimed.
beshrew, may evil befall, confound.
bicker, a cup, a wooden vessel; also, to make a brawling sound.
bickering, quivering, flashing.
bilboe, a sword.
bill, a kind of battle-axe or halberd.
billmen, troops armed with the bill.
black-jack, a leather jug or pitcher.
blaze, blazon, proclaim.
blink, a glimpse.
bluidy, bloody.
bonail, i. e., **bonallez,** a god-speed, parting with a friend.
bonnet-pieces, gold coins with the king's cap (bonnet) on them.
boot and bale, help and hurt.
boune, bowne, prepare, make ready.
boune, ready, prepared.
bountith, a gratuity.
bourd, a jest.
bow o' kye, a herd of cattle.
bower, a chamber, a lodging-place, a lady's apartments.
bra', braw, brave.
brach, a bitch-hound.
bracken, fern.
brae, a hillside.

braid, broad.
branking, prancing.
brast, burst.
bratchet, a slowhound.
braw, worthy, excellent.
brigantine, a kind of body armour.
brigg, a bridge.
brock, a badger.
broke, quartered (the cutting up of a deer).
brose, broth.
brotikins, buskins.
brugh, borough, town.
buff, a thick cloth.
burn, burnie, a brook.
busk, dress, prepare.
buxom, lively.
by times, betimes, early.

caird, a tinker.
cairn, a heap of stones, a rocky point.
canna, cotton-grass.
cantle, the crown.
canty, cheerful, lively.
cap of maintenance, a cap worn by the king-at-arms or chief herald.
carle, a fellow.
carline, a woman, a witch.
carp, talk.
cast, a pair (of hawks).
cast, kind, sort, style.
causey, a causeway.
chanters, the pipes of the bagpipe.
check at, meditate attack (in falconry).
cheer, face, countenance.
chiel, a child, a fellow.
claymore, a large sword.
clerk, a scholar.
clip, clasp, embrace.
clout, mend.
cogie, a small wooden bowl.
combust, an astrological term.
corbel, a bracket.
coronach, a dirge.
correi, a hollow in a hillside, a resort of game.
couthie, genial, pleasing.
crabs, crab-apples.
craig, the head.
crenell, an aperture for shooting arrows through.
cresset, a hanging lamp.
crouse, bold.
cuish, a thigh-piece of armour.
cuittle, coax, wheedle.
culver, a small cannon.
cumber, trouble.
cummer, a gossip, an intimate friend.
curch, a matron's coif, or head-dress.
cushat-dove, a wood-pigeon.
cutty, short.

daggled, bespattered.
darkling, in the dark.
daunder, saunter, wander.
daunton, subdue, tame.
deas, a dais, a platform.
deft, skilful.
demi-volt, a movement in horsemanship.
dern, hid.
descant, a melodious accompaniment to a simple musical theme.
dight, decked, dressed, prepared.
dingle, a closely wooded hollow.
dinna, do not.
dinnle, tinkle, thrill.
dint, strike, knock.
dirdum, an uproar.
donjon, the main tower or keep of a castle.
doom, judgment, arbitration.
double tressure, a kind of border in heraldry.
douce, quiet, steady.
dought, was able, could.
down, a hill.
downa, do not.
dramock, meal and water.
dree, drie, bear, suffer, endure.
drouth, thirst.
duddies, rags, tatters.
duniewassals, gentlemen of secondary rank.
dunts, large pieces.
dwam, a swoon, a fainting fit.

earn, erne, an eagle.
eburnine, made of ivory.

een, eyes.
embossed, exhausted by running, foaming at the mouth (hunter's term).
emprise, enterprise.
ensenzie, an ensign, a war-cry.
even, spotless, pure.

failzie, failure.
falcon, a kind of small cannon.
fand, found.
fang, to catch.
far yaud, the signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance.
Fastern's night, Shrove Tuesday.
fauld, a sheepfold.
fay, faith.
fell, a moorland ridge.
fere, a companion.
ferlie, a marvel.
fieldfare, a species of thrush.
fleech, flatter, cajole.
flemens-firth, an asylum for outlaws.
flyting, chiding, scolding.
foray, a predatory inroad.
force, a waterfall.
fosse, a ditch, a moat.
fou, full, tipsy.
frae, from.
fretted, adorned with raised work.
fro, from.
frounced, flounced, plaited.
fulham, a die loaded at the corner.

gae, go; **gaed**, went.
gaitling, a young child.
galliard, a lively dance.
gallowglasses, heavy-armed soldiers.
gane, gone.
gang, go.
gar, make.
gazehound, a hound that pursues by sight rather than scent.
gear, goods, possessions.
gent, high-born, valiant and courteous.
gest, a deed, an exploit.
ghast, ghastly.
gie, give.
gin, if.
gio, a deep ravine which admits the sea.
gipon, a doublet or jacket worn under armour.
glaive, a broadsword.
glamour, a magical illusion.
glee-maiden, a dancing-girl.
gleg, quick, sharp, lively.
glidders, slippery stones.
glozing, flattering.
gonfalone, a banner or ensign.
gorged, having the throat cut.
gorget, armour for the throat.
graith, armour.
gramarye, magic.
gramercy, great thanks (French, *grand merci*).
gree, **grie**, prize.
greese, fat; **hart of greese**, a fat hart.
greet and grane, weep and groan.
gripple, grasping, miserly.
grisly, horrible, grim.
guarded, edged, trimmed.
gude, good.
gules, red (heraldic).
gullies, large knives.
gylte, a young sow.

haaf, the deep or open sea.
hackbuteer, a soldier armed with hackbut or hagbut, a musketeer.
hae't, **haet**, an atom.
haffets, cheeks.
hag, broken ground in a bog.
hagbut (**hackbut**, **haquebut**, **arquebus**, **harquebuss**, etc.), a heavy musket.
halberd, **halbert**, a combined spear and battle-axe.
hale, haul, drag.
hame, home.
handsel, a gift, earnest money.
hanger, a short broadsword.
harried, plundered, sacked.
hauberk, a coat of mail.
haud, hold.
hearse, a canopy over a tomb, or the tomb itself.
heeze, **heise**, hoist, raise.
helyer, a cavern into which the tide flows.
hent, seize.

heriot, tribute due to a lord from a vassal.
heron-shew, a young heron.
hight, called, named, promised.
hirsels, flocks of sheep.
holt, wood, woodland.
hosen, hose (old plural).
howf, howff, a haunt, a resort.

idlesse, idleness.
ilka, ilk, each, every.
imp, a child.
inch, an island.

jack, a leather jacket, a kind of armour for the body.
jennet, a small Spanish horse.
jerkin, a kind of short coat.
jerrid, a wooden javelin about five feet long.
jowing, ringing or tolling.

kale, broth.
kames, combs.
kebbuck, cheese.
keek, peep.
keffel, a horse.
ken, know.
kern, a light-armed soldier (Celtic).
kill, a cell.
kipper, salmon or sea trout.
kirk, a church.
kirn, the Scottish harvest-home.
kirtle, a skirt, a gown.
kist, a chest.
kittle, ticklish, delicate.
knosp, a knob (architectural).
knowe, a knoll, a hillock.
kye, cows.

lair, learning.
lair, to stick in the mud.
lang-hafted, long-handled.
largesse, largess, liberality, gift.
lauds, psalms.
launcegay, a kind of spear.
laverock, a lark.
leading-staff, a staff carried by a commanding officer.
leaguer, a camp.
leal, leal-fast, loyal, faithful.
leash, a thong for leading a greyhound; also the hounds so led.
leglin, a milk-pail.
leister, to spear.
leven, a lawn, an open space between or among woods.
leveret, a young hare.
levin, lightning, thunderbolt.
libbard, a leopard.
Lincoln green, a cloth worn by huntsmen.
linn, a waterfall, a pool below a fall, a precipice.
linstock, lintstock, a handle for the lint or match used in firing cannon.
lists, the enclosure for a tournament.
litherlie, mischievous, vicious.
loon, a rogue, a strumpet.
loot, let.
lorn, lost.
loup, leap.
lourd, rather.
lout, bend, stoop.
lunzie, lunyie, loin.
lurch, rob.
lurcher, a dog that lurches (lurks), or lies in wait for game.
lurdane, a blockhead.
lyke-wake, the watching of a corpse before burial.
lyme-dog, a bloodhound.

mair, more.
make, do.
malison, a malediction, a curse.
Malvoisie, Malmsey wine.
march, a border, a frontier.
march-treason, offences committed on the Border.
marrows, companions.
massy, massive.
maukin, a hare.
maun, must.
mavis, the thrush.
mazers, large drinking cups or goblets.
meikle, much, great.
mell, melle, meddle.
merk, a Scottish coin worth about 13⅓ *d.*

merle, the blackbird.
merlin, a species of falcon.
mewed, shut up, confined.
mickle, much, great.
minion, favourite.
miniver, a kind of fur.
mirk, dark.
mony, many.
moonlight, smuggled spirits.
morion, a steel cap, a helmet.
morrice-pike, a long heavy spear.
morris, a kind of dance.
morse, the walrus.
morsing-horns, powder-flasks.
moss, a morass, a bog.
mot, mote, must, might.
muckle, much, large.
muir, a moor, a heath.
mullet, a figure of a star, usually with five straight points.

nae, no.
need-fire, a beacon-fire.
neist, next.
nese, a nose.
noup, a round-headed eminence.

oe, an island.
O hone, alas!
Omrahs, nobles (Turkish).
or, gold (heraldic).
orra, odd, occasional.
owches, jewels.
ower, over, too.

pall, fine or rich cloth.
pallioun, a pavilion.
palmer, a pilgrim to the Holy Land.
pardoner, a seller of priestly indulgences.
partisan, a halberd, a combination of spear and battle-axe.
peel, a Border tower.
pensils, small pennons or streamers.
pentacle, a magic diagram.
pibroch, a Highland air on the bagpipe.
pied, variegated.
pike, pick.
pinnet, a pinnacle.
pirn, a spool, a reel.
placket, a stomacher, a petticoat, a slit in a petticoat, etc.
plate-jack, coat-armour.
plump, a body of cavalry, a group, a company.
poke, a sack, a pocket.
port, a lively tune, a catch.
post and pair, an old game at cards.
pow, a head.
pranked, dressed up, adorned.
presence, the royal presence-chamber.
pricked, spurred.
pricker, a horseman, a mounted soldier.
propine, a present.
prore, the prow.
pryse, the note blown at the death of the game.
puir, poor.
pursuivant, an attendant on a herald.

quaigh, a wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together.
quarry, game (hunter's term).
quatre-feuille, quatrefoil (Gothic ornament).
quean, a young woman, a wench.
quit, requite.

rack, a floating cloud.
racking, flying, like a breaking cloud.
rade, rode.
rais, the master of a vessel.
reads, counsels.
reave, tear away.
rebeck, an ancient musical instrument, an early form of the fiddle.
rede, a story, counsel, advice.
reif, plunder, robbery.
reim-kennar, one skilled in magic rhymes.
reiver, a plunderer, a robber.
reliquaire, a repository for relics.
retrograde, an astrological term.
rie, a prince or chief; **O hone a rie**, alas for the chief!
rin, run.
risp, creak.
rive, tear.

rochet, a bishop's short surplice.
rokelay, a short cloak.
rood, a cross (as in **Holy-Rood**).
room, a piece of land.
rowan, the mountain-ash.
runnel, a small stream of water.
ruth, pity, compassion.

sack, Sherry or Canary wine.
sackless, innocent.
sae, so.
saga, a Scandinavian epic.
sained, blessed.
sair, sore, very.
sall, shall.
saltier, in heraldry an ordinary in the form of a St. Andrew's cross.
salvo-shot, a salute of artillery.
sark, a shirt.
saye, say, assertion.
scalds, Scandinavian minstrels.
scallop, a pilgrim's cockle-shell worn as an emblem.
scapular, an ecclesiastical scarf or short cloak.
scathe, harm, injury.
scaur, a cliff, a precipitous bank of earth.
scaur'd, scared.
scrae, a bank of loose stones.
scrogg, a stunted tree, underwood.
sea-dog, a seal.
seguidille, a Spanish dance.
selcouth, strange, uncouth.
selle, a saddle.
seneschal, the steward of a castle.
sewer, an officer who serves up a feast.
shalm, a shawm, a musical instrument.
sheeling, a shepherd's hut.
sheen, bright, shining.
shent, shamed.
shirra, a sheriff.
shrieve, shrive, absolve.
shroud, a garment, a plaid.
sic, such.
siller, silver.
skerry, a flat insulated rock not subject to the overflowing of the sea.
skirl, scream, sound shrilly.
sleights, tricks, stratagems.
slogan, the war-cry or gathering word of a Border clan.
snood, a maiden's hair-band or fillet.
soland, solan-goose, gannet.
sooth, true, truth.
sped, despatched, 'done for.'
speer, speir, ask.
speerings, tidings.
spell, make out, study out.
sperthe, a battle-axe.
splent, a splinter.
spring, a quick and cheerful tune.
springlet, a small spring.
spule, a shoulder.
spurn, kick.
stack, a precipitous rock rising from the sea.
stag of ten, one having ten branches on his antlers.
stamock, the stomach.
stance, a station.
stane, stone.
stark, stout, stalwart.
steek, shut.
stern, a star.
sterte, started.
stirrup-cup, a parting cup.
stole, an ecclesiastical scarf or robe.
stoled, wearing the **stole**.
store, stored up.
stoun, stown, stolen.
stour, severe.
stowre, battle, tumult.
strain, stock, race.
strath, a broad river-valley.
strathspey, a Highland dance.
streight, strait.
strook, struck, stricken.
stumah, faithful.
swith, haste, quickly.
syde, long.
syne, since; **lang syne**, long ago.

tabard, a herald's coat.
tait, a tuft.
targe, a shield.
tarn, a mountain lake.
tartan, the full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

tett, a plait or plaited knot.
thraw, twist, thwart.
throstle, a thrush.
tide, time.
tine, lose; **tint**, lost.
tire, a head-dress.
toom, empty.
torsk, a fish of the cod family.
tottered, tattered, ragged.
toun, a town.
train, allure, entice.
trental, a service of thirty masses for a deceased person.
tressure, a border (heraldic).
trews, Highland trousers.
trine, threefold, an astrological term.
trow, believe, trust.
trowls, passes round.
truncheon, a staff, the shaft of a spear.
twa, two.
tyke, a dog.
tyne, lose.

uncouth, strange, unknown.
uneath, not easily, with difficulty.
unsparred, unbarred.
upsees, a Bacchanalian cry or interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.
urchin, an elf.

vail, avail.
vail, lower, let fall.
vair, a kind of fur, probably of the squirrel.
vantage-coign, an advantageous position.
vaunt-brace, or **warn-brace**, armour for the forearm.
vaward, van, front.
vilde, vile.
voe, a creek or inlet of the sea.

wad, would.
wadmaal, a thick woollen cloth.
wan, won.
Warden-raid, a raid commanded by a Border Warden in person.
ware, beware of.
warlock, a wizard.
warped, frozen.
warre, worse.
warrison, a note of assault.
warstle, wrestle.
wassail, spiced ale, a drinking-bout.
wauk, wake.
waur, worse.
weapon-schaw, a military array of a county, a muster.
weed, a garment.
weird, fate, doom.
whenas, when.
whilere, while-ere, erewhile, a while ago.
whiles, sometimes.
whilom, whilome, formerly.
whin, gorse, furze.
whingers, knives, poniards.
whinyard, a hunter's knife.
wick, an open bay.
wight, active, gallant, war-like.
wight-wapping, swift moving.
wildering, bewildering.
wimple, a veil.
woe-worth, woe be to.
woned, dwelt.
wraith, an apparition, a spectre.
wreak, avenge.
wud, would.
wuddie, the gallows.

yare, ready.
yate, a gate.
yaud, see **far yaud.**
yerk, jerk.
yode, went.

INDEXES

In this edition the Poetical Works occupy Volumes 24 and 25 and the latter half of Volume 23. The Index references will be found as follows: I in Volume 23, II and III in Volume 24, and IV and V in Volume 25.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

[Including the first Lines of Songs contained in the longer Poems]

A cat of yore — or else old Æsop lied —, v, 256.
A mightier wizard far than I, v, 319.
A thousand winters dark have flown, v, 336.
A weary lot is thine, fair maid, iv, 103.
A weary month has wandered o'er, v, 185.
Admire not that I gained the prize, v, 421.
Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh, v, 375.
Ah, poor Louise! the livelong day, v, 405.
Alas! alas! v, 317.
All joy was bereft me the day that you left me, v, 125.
Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning, iv, 104.
Amid these aisles where once his precepts showed, v, 138.
An hour with thee! When earliest day, v, 402.
And art thou cold and lowly laid, iii, 205.
And did ye not hear of a mirth befell, v, 165.
And ne'er but once, my son, he says, i, 85.
And what though winter will pinch severe, v, 226.
And whither would you lead me then, iv, 170.
And you shall deal the funeral dole, v, 345.
Anna-Marie, love, up is the sun, v, 304.
As lords their labourers' hire delay, v, 383.
As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound, v, 247.
Ask thy heart, whose secret cell, v, 319.
Assist me, ye friends of Old Books and Old Wine, v, 372.
Autumn departs — but still his mantle's fold, iv, 231.
Ave Maria! maiden mild! iii, 107.
Ay! and I taught thee the word and the spell, v, 315.

Birds of omen dark and foul, v, 292.
Bold knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear, i, 75.
Bring the bowl which you boast, v, 400.
But follow, follow me, v, 178.
By pathless march, by greenwood tree, v, 400.
By ties mysterious linked, our fated race, v, 320.

Canny moment, lucky fit, v, 203.
Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald, v, 265.

Champion, famed for warlike toil, v, 347.
Come, Lucy, while it is morning hour, v, 9.
Complain not on me, child of clay, v, 321.

Daring youth! for thee 't is well, v, 318.
Dark Ahriman, whom Irak still, v, 392.
Dark are thy words, and severe, v, 337.
Dark shall be light, v, 206.
Dear John, — I some time ago wrote to inform his, v, 385.
Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel, v, 321.
Dinas Emlinn, lament; for the moment is nigh, v, 115.
Donald Caird 's come again, v, 260.
Dust unto dust, v, 306.
Dwellers of the mountain, rise, v, 336.

Emblem of England's ancient faith, v, 176.
Enchantress, farewell, who so oft has decoyed me, v, 358.

Fair Brussels, thou art far behind, III, 317.
Far in the bosom of the deep, v, 157.
Fare thee well, thou holly green! v, 324.
Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear, v, 345.
Farewell, merry maidens, to song and to laugh, v, 343.
Farewell to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North, v, 181.
Farewell to Northmaven, v, 330.
Fathoms deep beneath the wave, v, 333.
Fearest thou to go with me? v, 316.
For all our men were very very merry, v, 382.
For leagues along the watery way, v, 335.
Forget thee! No! my worthy fere! v, 404.
Fortune, my Foe, why dost thou frown on me? v, 430.
Frederick leaves the land of France, I, 95.
From heavy dreams fair Helen rose, I, 3.
From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending, v, 201.
From thy Pomeranian throne, III, 250.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame, v, 198.
Go sit old Cheviot's crest below, I, 94.
God protect brave Alexander, v, 219.
Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee, v, 264.
Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride, v, 311.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances! III, 58.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam, IV, 42.
Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark, III, 215.
Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung, III, 9.
Hawk and osprey screamed for joy, III, 258.
He came; but valour so had fired his eye, V, 221.
He is gone on the mountain, III, 93.
He, whose heart for vengeance sued, V, 322.
Health to the chieftain from his clansman true! V, 158.
Hear what Highland Nora said, V, 215.
Heir lyeth John o' ye Girnell, V, 222.
Henry and King Pedro clasping, V, 428.
Here lies the volume thou hast boldly sought, V, 317.
Here lyes ane saint to prelates surly, V, 228.
Hie away, hie away, V, 169.
High deeds achieved of knightly fame, V, 296.
Hither we come, V, 427.
Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done, V, 93.

I asked of my harp, 'Who hath injured thy chords?' V, 389.
I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn, I, 139.
I glance like the wildfire thro' country and town, V, 263.
I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain, V, 298.
I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town, V, 264.
I was a wild and wayward boy, IV, 160.
Ill fares the bark with tackle riven, III, 263.
In awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh, I, 31.
In the bonny cells of Bedlam, V, 264.
It chanced that Cupid on a season, V, 200.
It is the bonny butcher lad, V, 264.
It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed, V, 169.
It was a little naughty page, I, 41.
It was an English ladye bright, I, 278.
It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine, V, 196.

Joy to the victors, the sons of old Aspen, I, 42.

Late, when the autumn evening fell, V, 166.
Lives there a strain whose sounds of mounting fire, II, 277.
Look not thou on beauty's charming, V, 290.
Look on my girdle — on this thread of gold, V, 321.
Lord William was born in gilded bower, III, 240.
Loud o'er my head though awful thunders roll, I, 32.
Love wakes and weeps, V, 344.

Macleod's wizard flag from the grey castle sallies, v, 258.
Maiden, whose sorrows wail the Living Dead, v, 323.
Many a fathom dark and deep, v, 316.
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale, v, 308.
Measurers of good and evil, v, 414.
Menseful maiden ne'er should rise, v, 347.
Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright, v, 309.
Merry it is in the good greenwood, III, 121.
Mortal warp and mortal woof, v, 317.
Mother darksome, Mother dread, v, 338.
My hawk is tired of perch and hood, III, 208.
My wayward fate I needs must plain, v, 135.

Night and morning were at meeting, v, 189.
Norman saw on English oak, v, 299.
Not faster yonder rowers' might, III, 41.
November's hail-cloud drifts away, v, 293.
November's sky is chill and drear, II, 11.

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair, IV, 91.
O, dread was the time, and more dreadful the omen, v, 154.
O for a glance of that gay Muse's eye, v, 229.
O for the voice of that wild horn, v, 252.
O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'! I, 46.
O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight, v, 207.
O, lady, twine no wreath for me, IV, 154.
O listen, listen, ladies gay! I, 285.
O, lovers' eyes are sharp to see, v, 123.
O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro, v, 119.
O Maid of Isla from the cliff, v, 356.
O, open the door, some pity to show, v, 121.
O, say not, my love, with that mortified air, v, 134.
'O sleep ye sound, Sir James,' she said, v, 263.
O, tell me, Harper, wherefore flow, v, 151.
O, who rides by night thro' the woodland so wild? I, 36.
O, will you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day, v, 275.
O, will ye hear a mirthful bourd? I, 110.
Of all the birds on bush or tree, v, 326.
Of all the palaces so fair, II, 145.
Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good, v, 384.
Oh, I'm come to the Low Country, v, 405.
Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west, II, 183.
On Ettrick Forest's mountains dun, v, 354.
On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest, v, 170.

Once again, — but how changed since my wanderings began, v, 208.
Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule, III, 184.
Our work is over — over now, v, 265.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, v, 212.
Plain as her native dignity of mind, v, 289.
Poor sinners whom the snake deceives, v, 353.
Proud Maisie is in the wood, v, 266.

Quake to your foundations deep, v, 105.

Rash adventurer, bear thee back, v, 90.
Rash thy deed, v, 317.
Red glows the forge in Striguil's bounds, v, 117.

Saint Magnus control thee, that martyr of treason, v, 346.
See the treasures Merlin piled, v, 95.
'She may be fair,' he sang, 'but yet,' III, 264.
Since here we are set in array round the table, v, 128.
So sung the old bard in the grief of his heart, v, 183.
Soft spread the southern summer night, v, 187.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, III, 35.
Soldier, wake! the day is peeping, v, 387.
Son of a witch, v, 403.
Son of Honour, theme of story, v, 103.
Staffa, sprung from high Macdonald, v, 156.
Stern eagle of the far Northwest, v, 327.
Summer eve is gone and past, IV, 147.
Sweet shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro, I, 43.

Take these flowers which, purple waving, I, 35.
Take thou no scorn, v, 308.
That day of wrath, that dreadful day, I, 293.
That's right, friend — drive the gaitlings back, v, 376.
The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day, I, 59.
The Druid Urien had daughters seven, III, 278.
The forest of Glenmore is drear, I, 136.
The heath this night must be my bed, III, 100.
The herring loves the merry moonlight, v, 223.
The knight's to the mountain, v, 168.
The last of our steers on the board has been spread, v, 416.
The Minstrel came once more to view, III, 196.
The monk must arise when the matins ring, v, 290.
The moon is in her summer glow, IV, 11.

The moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae, v, 217.
The news has flown frae mouth to mouth, v, 363.
The Pope he was saying the high, high mass, i, 69.
The rose is fairest when 't is budding new, iii, 110.
The sages — for authority, pray, look, v, 380.
The sound of Rokeby's woods I hear, iv, 166.
The sun is rising dimly red, v, 331.
The sun upon the lake is low, v, 419.
The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill, v, 250.
The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set, iii, 135.
The violet in her greenwood bower, i, 34.
The way was long, the wind was cold, i, 159.
The Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn, i, 17.
There came three merry men from south, west, and north, v, 305.
There is a mood of mind we all have known, iii, 219.
There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale, v, 173.
There's a bloodhound ranging Tinwald wood, v, 264.
They bid me sleep, they bid me pray, iii, 132.
This is the day when the fairy kind, v, 318.
Those evening clouds, that setting ray, i, 33.
Thou so needful, yet so dread, v, 349.
Thou who seek'st my fountain lone, v, 323.
Though right be aft put down by strength, v, 179.
Thrice to the holly brake, v, 313.
Thy craven fear my truth accused, v, 315.
Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright, v, 226.
'T is sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh, v, 139.
To horse! to horse! the standard flies, i, 38.
To the Lords of Convention 't was Claver'se who spoke, v, 422.
To youth, to age, alike, this tablet pale, v, 418.
Traquair has ridden up Chapelhope, i, 115.
True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank, i, 121.
'T was a Maréchal of France, and he fain would honour gain, v, 148.
'T was All-souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high, i, 281.
'T was near the fair city of Benevent, v, 395.
'T was when among our linden-trees, v, 267.
Twist ye, twine ye! even so, v, 204.

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead, v, 410.

Viewless Essence, thin and bare, v, 407.

Wake, Maid of Lorn! the moments fly, iv, 235.
Waken, lords and ladies gay, v, 132.

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay, v, 205.
We are bound to drive the bullocks, v, 178.
We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's rattle, v, 420.
Welcome, grave stranger, to our green retreats, v, 141.
What brave chief shall head the forces, v, 394.
What did ye wi' the bridal ring, v, 263.
What I am I must not show, v, 314.
What makes the troopers' frozen courage muster, i, 44.
Wheel the wild dance, v, 192.
When friends are met o'er merry cheer, v, 425.
When fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers, i, 83.
When Israel of the Lord beloved, v, 302.
When princely Hamilton's abode, i, 100.
When the fight of grace is fought, v, 265.
When the glede's in the blue cloud, v, 263.
When the heathen trumpet's clang, v, 254.
When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride, v, 291.
When the lone pilgrim views afar, v, 245.
When the tempest's at the loudest, v, 421.
Whence the brooch of burning gold, iv, 266.
Where corpse-light, v, 347.
Where shall the lover rest, ii, 103.
Whet the bright steel, v, 300.
While the dawn on the mountain was misty and grey, iv, 163.
Why sit'st thou by that ruined hall, v, 221.
Why weep ye by the tide, ladie? v, 210.
Widowed wife and wedded maid, v, 391.
With my curch on my foot, and my shoe on my hand, v, 264.
Within that awful volume lies, v, 316.
Woman's faith, and woman's trust, v, 388.

Yes, thou mayst sigh, v, 408.
You have summoned me once, you have summoned me twice, v, 322.
Young men will love thee more fair and more fast, v, 172.
Your suppliant, by name, v, 360.
Youth of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call me? v, 313.

INDEX OF TITLES

[The Titles of Major Works and General Divisions are set in SMALL CAPITALS]

'Admire not that I gained the prize,' v, 421.
Albert Græme's Song, i, 278.
Alexandre, M., the celebrated Ventriloquist, Lines addressed to, v, 384.
Alice Brand, iii, 121.
Allen-a-Dale, iv, 104.
'An hour with thee,' v, 402.
Ancient Gaelic Melody, v, 292.
'And did ye not hear of a mirth befell,' v, 165.
'And what though winter will pinch severe,' v, 226.
Anne of Geierstein, verses from, v, 414.
Answer to Introductory Epistle, v, 308.
Antiquary, The, verses from, v, 221.
Appeal, The, Epilogue to, v, 256.
'As lords their labourers' hire delay,' v, 383.
Avenel, Mary, To, v, 323.

Ballads: —
Alice Brand, iii, 121.
'And whither would you lead me then,' iv, 170.
Battle of Sempach, The, v, 267.
Bothwell Castle, i, 83.
Cadyow Castle, i, 100.
Castle of the Seven Shields, The, iii, 278.
Christie's Will, i, 115.
Erl-King, The, i, 36.
Eve of St. John, The, i, 59.
Fire-King, The, i, 75.
Frederick and Alice, i, 95.
Glenfinlas, i, 45.
Grey Brother, The, i, 69.
Noble Moringer, The, v, 275.
Reiver's Wedding, The, i, 110.
Shepherd's Tale, The, i, 85.
'The herring loves the merry moonlight,' v, 223.

Thomas the Rhymer, I, 121.
Wild Huntsman, The, I, 16.
William and Helen, I, 3.
BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER, TWO, I, 1.
Bannatyne Club, The, V, 372.
Bard's Incantation, The, I, 136.
Barefooted Friar, The, V, 298.
Battle of Beal' an Duine, III, 196.
Battle of Sempach, The, V, 267.
Betrothed, The, songs from, V, 387.
Black Knight and Wamba, The, V, 304, 305.
Bloody Vest, The, V, 395.
Boat Song, III, 58.
Bold Dragoon, The, V, 148.
Bonny Dundee, V, 422.
Border Song, V, 308.
Bothwell Castle, I, 83.
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN, THE, V, 1.
Bride of Lammermoor, The, songs from, V, 290.
Brooch of Lorn, The, IV, 266.
Bryce Snailsfoot's Advertisement, V, 353.
Buccleuch, Duke of, To his Grace the, V, 158.
BÜRGER, TWO BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN OF, I, 1.
'But follow, follow me,' V, 178.
'By pathless march, by greenwood tree,' V, 400.

Cadyow Castle, I, 100.
'Canny moment, lucky fit,' V, 203.
'Carle, now the king's come,' V, 363.
Castle of the Seven Shields, The, III, 278.
Catch of Cowley's altered, A, V, 382.
Cavalier, The, IV, 163.
Cheviot, I, 94.
Christie's Will, I, 115.
Chronicles of the Canongate, verses from, V, 405.
Cleveland's Songs, V, 344.
Coronach, III, 93.
Coronach, Lord Ronald's, I, 45.
County Guy, V, 375.
Crusader's Return, The, V, 296.
Cypress Wreath, The, IV, 154.

Dance of Death, The, V, 189.
'Dark Ahriman, whom Irak still,' V, 392.

'Dark shall be light,' v, 206.
Dead, Hymn for the, I, 293.
Death Chant, v, 407.
Death of Don Pedro, The, v, 428.
Death of Keeldar, The, v, 410.
De Wilton's History, II, 229.
'Donald Caird's Come Again,' v, 260.
Don Roderick, The Vision of, II, 273.
Doom of Devorgoil, The, songs from, v, 419.
Dying Bard, The, v, 115.

Early Ballads and Lyrics, I, 29.
Edward the Black Prince, To the Memory of, v, 252.
Epilogue ('The sages — for authority, pray, look'), v, 380.
Epilogue to 'The Appeal,' v, 256.
Epilogue to the Drama founded on 'Saint Ronan's Well,' v, 376.
Epitaph designed for a monument in Lichfield Cathedral, v, 138.
Epitaph ('Heir lyeth John o' ye Girnell'), v, 222.
Epitaph on Balfour of Burley, v, 228.
Epitaph on Mrs. Erskine, v, 289.
Erl-King, The, I, 36.
Eve of St. John, The, I, 59.

Fair Maid of Perth, The, verses from, v, 405.
'Family Legend, The,' Prologue to, v, 139.
Farewell, The, IV, 166.
Farewell to Mackenzie, v, 181.
Farewell to the Muse, v, 358.
Field of Waterloo, The, III, 315.
Fire-King, The, I, 75.
Fishermen's Song, The, v, 343.
Fitztraver's Song, I, 281.
Flora Mac-Ivor's Song, v, 173.
'For a' That an' a' That, v, 179.
Foray, The, v, 416.
Fording the River, v, 309.
Fortune, Lines on, v, 430.
Fortunes of Nigel, The, lines from, v, 360.
Frederick and Alice, I, 95.
From Virgil, a translation, I, 31.
Funeral Hymn, v, 306.

Gaelic Melody, Ancient, v, 292.
Glee for King Charles, v, 400.

Glee-Maiden, Song of the, v, 408.
Glencoe, On the Massacre of, v, 151.
Glendinning, Edward, To, v, 323.
Glenfinlas, i, 45.
Goetz von Berlichingen, song from, i, 41.
Goldthred's Song, v, 326.
Grey Brother, The, i, 69.
Guy Mannering, songs from, v, 203.

Halbert, To, v, 313, 318, 322.
Halbert's Incantation, v, 313.
Halcro and Norna, v, 338.
Halcro's Song, v, 330.
Halcro's Verses, v, 345.
Harold's Song, i, 285.
Harold Harfager's Song, v, 331.
HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS, iii, 217.
Harp, The, iv, 160.
'He came, but valour so had fired his eye,' v, 221.
Health to Lord Melville, v, 128.
Heart of Midlothian, The, songs from, v, 263.
Hellvellyn, i, 139.
'Hie away, hie away,' v, 169.
Highland Widow, The, song from, v, 405.
'Hither we come,' v, 427.
Host's Tale, The, ii, 111.
'Hour with Thee, An,' v, 402.
House of Aspen, The, songs from, i, 42.
Hunting Song, v, 132.
Hymns: —
    Funeral, v, 306.
    for the Dead, i, 293.
    Rebecca's, v, 302.
Hymn to the Virgin, iii, 107.

'I asked of my harp,' v, 389.
Imitation (of the Farewell to Mackenzie), v, 183.
Imprisoned Huntsman, Lay of the, iii, 208.
Inscription for the Monument of the Rev. George Scott, v, 418.
Invocation, iii, 250.
'It chanced that Cupid on a season,' v, 200.
'It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,' v, 169.
Ivanhoe, verses from, v, 296.

Jock of Hazeldean, v, 210.

Kenilworth, song from, v, 326.
Kemble's, Mr., Farewell Address, v, 247.

Lady of the Lake, The, iii, 1.
Lady, To a, i, 35.
Lament, iii, 205.
'Late, when the autumn evening fell,' v, 166.
Lay of Poor Louise, The, v, 405.
Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman, iii, 208.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, The, i, 141.
Legend of Montrose, A, songs from, v, 292.
Letter in Verse, v, 158.
Lines: addressed to M. Alexandre the celebrated ventriloquist, v, 384; addressed to Ronald Macdonald, Esq., of Staffa, v, 156; on Fortune, v, 430; to Sir Cuthbert Sharp, v, 404; written for Miss Smith, v, 245.
Lochinvar, ii, 183.
Lockhart, Esq., J. G., To, v, 385.
'Look not thou on beauty's charming,' v, 290.
Lord of the Isles, The, iv, 223.
Lord Ronald's Coronach, i, 45.
Lullaby of an Infant Chief, v, 207.
Lyulph's Tale, v, 22.

Macdonald, Ronald, Esq., of Staffa, Lines addressed to, v, 156.
MacGregor's Gathering, v, 217.
Mackenzie, Farewell to, v, 181.
Mackrimmon's Lament, v, 258.
Madge Wildfire's Songs, v, 263.
Maid of Isla, The, v, 356.
Maid of Neidpath, The, v, 123.
Maid of Toro, The, v, 119.
Marmion, ii, 1.
Massacre of Glencoe, On the, v, 151.
Melville, Lord, Health to, v, 128.
Mermaids and Mermen, Song of the, v, 333.
Miscellaneous Poems, v, 113.
Monastery, The, verses from, v, 308.
Monks of Bangor's March, The, v, 254.
Moon, Song to the, iv, 42.
Mortham's History, iv, 127.

Nigel's Initiation at Whitefriars, v, 360.
Noble Moringer, The, v, 275.
Nora's Vow, v, 215.
Norman Horse-Shoe, The, v, 117.
'Norman saw on English Oak,' v, 299.
Norna's Incantations, v, 347. The same, at the meeting with Minna, v, 349.
Norna's Verses, v, 335.

Oak Tree, To an, v, 176.
Old Mortality, verses from, v, 226.
On a Thunder-Storm, i, 32.
On Ettrick Forest's Mountains Dun, v, 354.
On the Massacre of Glencoe, v, 151.
On the Setting Sun, i, 33.
Orphan Maid, The, v, 293.

Palmer, The, v, 121.
Pharos Loquitur, v, 157.
Pibroch of Donald Dhu, v, 212.
Pirate, The, verses from, v, 327.
Poacher, The, v, 141.
Postscriptum, v, 162.
Prologue to Miss Baillie's Play of 'The Family Legend,' v, 139.

Quest of Sultaun Solimaun, The, v, 229.

Rebecca's Hymn, v, 302.
Redgauntlet, verses from, v, 382.
Reiver's Wedding, The, i, 110.
Resolve, The, v, 135.
Return to Ulster, The, v, 208.
Rhein-Wein Lied, i, 44.
Rob Roy, song from, v, 252.
Rokeby, iv, i.
Romance of Dunois, v, 196.

Saint Cloud, v, 187.
St. Swithin's Chair, v, 170.
Scott, Rev. George, Inscription for the Monument of, v, 418.
Search after Happiness, The, v, 229.
Secret Tribunal, The, v, 414.
Sempach, The Battle of, v, 267.
Setting Sun, On the, i, 33.

Sharp, Sir Cuthbert, Lines to, v, 404.
Shepherd's Tale, The, I, 85.
Sir David Lindesay's Tale, II, 145.
Smith, Miss, Lines written for, v, 245.
'Soldier, wake!' v, 387.
Soldier's Song, III, 184.
'Son of a Witch,' v, 403.
Songs: —
'A weary lot is thine, fair maid,' IV, 103.
'Admire not that I gained the prize,' v, 421.
Albert Græme's, I, 278.
Allen-a-Dale, IV, 104.
Ancient Gaelic Melody, v, 292.
'And did ye not hear of a mirth befell,' v, 165.
Battle of Beal' an Duine, III, 196.
Black Knight and Wamba, The, v, 304, 305.
Boat Song, III, 58.
Bold Dragoon, The, v, 148.
Bonny Dundee, v, 422.
Border Song, v, 308.
Brooch of Lorn, The, IV, 266.
'But follow, follow me,' v, 178.
'Canny moment, lucky fit,' v, 203.
Catch of Cowley's altered, A, v, 382.
Cavalier, The, IV, 163.
Cleveland's, v, 344.
Coronach, III, 93.
County Guy, v, 375.
Cypress Wreath, The, IV, 154.
'Dark shall be light,' v, 206.
'Donald Caird's Come Again,' v, 260.
Doom of Devorgoil, The, songs from, v, 419.
Farewell, The, IV, 166.
Farewell to Mackenzie, v, 181.
Fishermen's, The, v, 343.
Fitztraver's, I, 281.
Flora Mac-Ivor's, v, 173.
'For a' That an' a' That,' v, 179.
For the Anniversary Meeting of the Pitt Club of Scotland, v, 154.
Glee for King Charles, v, 406.
Glee-Maiden's, v, 408.
'God protect brave Alexander,' v, 219.
Goetz von Berlichingen, from, I, 41.

Goldthred's, v, 326.
Halcro's, v, 330.
Harold's, i, 285.
Harold Harfager's, v, 331.
Harp, The, iv, 160.
'Hawk and osprey screamed for joy,' iii, 258.
Health to Lord Melville, v, 128.
'Hie away, hie away,' v, 169.
Highland Widow, The, from, v, 405.
'Hither we come,' v, 427.
House of Aspen, The, songs from, i, 42.
Hunting Song, v, 132.
'I asked of my harp,' v, 389.
'Ill fares the bark with tackle riven,' iii, 263.
'It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,' v, 169.
'It was a little naughty page,' i, 41.
'Joy to the victors, the sons of old Aspen,' i, 42.
Lament, iii, 205.
Lament, Mackrimmon's, v, 258.
Lay of Poor Louise, The, v, 405.
Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman, iii, 208.
Lochinvar, Lady Heron's Song, ii, 183.
'Look not thou on beauty's charming,' v, 290.
'Lord William was born in gilded bower,' iii, 240.
Lullaby of an Infant Chief, v, 207.
MacGregor's Gathering, v, 217.
Madge Wildfire's, v, 263.
Maid of Isla, The, v, 356.
Maid of Neidpath, The, v, 123.
Maid of Toro, The, v, 119.
Mermaids and Mermen, of the, v, 333.
Monks of Bangor's March, The, v, 254.
Moon, To the, iv, 42.
Nora's Vow, v, 215.
'Not faster yonder rowers' might,' iii, 41.
'O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,' iv, 91.
'O for the voice of that wild horn,' v, 252.
'O, say not, my love, with that mortified air,' v, 134.
Old Song, v, 405.
On the Lifting of the Banner of the House of Buccleuch, v, 201.
Orphan Maid, The, v, 293.
Palmer, The, v, 121.
Pibroch of Donald Dhu, v, 212.

'Quake to your foundations deep,' v, 105.
'Rash adventurer, bear thee back,' v, 90.
Rhein-Wein Lied, i, 44.
St. Swithin's Chair, v, 170.
'See the treasures Merlin piled,' v, 95.
'She may be fair,' he sang, 'but yet,' iii, 264.
'Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,' iii, 35.
'Soldier, wake!' v, 387.
Soldier's, iii, 184.
'Son of Honour, theme of story,' v, 103.
'Summer eve is gone and past,' iv, 147.
Sun upon the Lake, The, v, 419.
Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill, The, v, 250.
'Sweet shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,' i, 43.
Tempest, Song of the, v, 327.
'The heath this night must be my bed,' iii, 100.
'The knight's to the mountain,' v, 168.
'The monk must arise when the matins ring,' v, 290.
'They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,' iii, 132.
'Twist ye, twine ye! even so,' v, 204.
'Wake, Maid of Lorn,' iv, 235.
Wandering Willie, v, 125.
War-Song, v, 300.
War-Song of Lachlan, v, 185.
War-Song of the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons, i, 38.
'Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,' v, 205.
'We are bound to drive the bullocks,' v, 178.
'We love the shrill trumpet,' v, 420.
'Wheel the wild dance,' v, 192.
'When friends are met,' v, 425.
'When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,' v, 291.
'When the tempest,' v, 421.
'Where shall the lover rest,' ii, 103.
White Lady of Avenel, of the, v, 309.
'Widowed wife and wedded maid,' v, 391.
Woman's Faith, v, 388.
'Young men will love thee more fair and more fast!' v, 172.
Sun upon the Lake, The, v, 419.
Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill, The, v, 250.

Talisman, The, verses from, v, 392.
Tempest, Song of the, v, 327.
'The herring loves the merry moonlight,' v, 223.

'The knight's to the mountain,' v, 168.
'The monk must arise when the matins ring,' v, 290.
Thomas the Rhymer, i, 121.
'Thou, so needful, yet so dread,' v, 349.
Thunder-Storm, On a, i, 32.
To a Lady, i, 35.
To an Oak Tree, v, 176.
To Edward Glendinning, v, 323.
To Halbert (The White Maid of Avenel), v, 313, 318, 322.
To his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, v, 158.
To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., v, 385.
To Mary Avenel, v, 323.
To the Memory of Edward the Black Prince, v, 252.
To the Sub-Prior, v, 311.
TRIERMAIN, THE BRIDAL OF, v, 1.
Troubadour, The, v, 198.
'Twist ye, twine ye! even so,' v, 204.

Verses found, with a lock of hair, in Bothwell's pocket-book, v, 226.
Verses sung at the dinner to the Grand-duke Nicholas, v, 219.
Violet, The, i, 34.
Virgil, a Translation from, i, 31.
Virgin, Hymn to the, iii, 107.
VISION OF DON RODERICK, THE, ii, 273.

Wandering Willie, v, 125.
War-Song, v, 300.
War-Song of Lachlan, v, 185.
War-Song of the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons, i, 38.
'Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,' v, 205.
WATERLOO, THE FIELD OF, iii, 315.
Waverley, songs and verses from, v, 165.
'We are bound to drive the bullocks,' v, 178.
'We love the shrill trumpet,' v, 420.
'What brave chief shall head the forces,' v, 394.
'When friends are met,' v, 425.
'When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,' v, 291.
'When the tempest,' v, 421.
White Lady's Farewell, The, v, 324.
White Lady of Avenel, Songs of the, v, 309.
Why sit'st thou by that ruined hall,' v, 221.
'Widowed wife and wedded maid,' v, 391.

INDEX OF TITLES

Wild Huntsman, The, I, 16.
William and Helen, I, 3.
Woman's Faith, V, 388.
Woodstock, verses from, V, 400.

'Young men will love thee more fair and more fast,' V, 172.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09939 114 4